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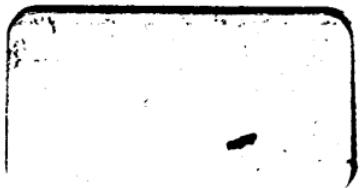
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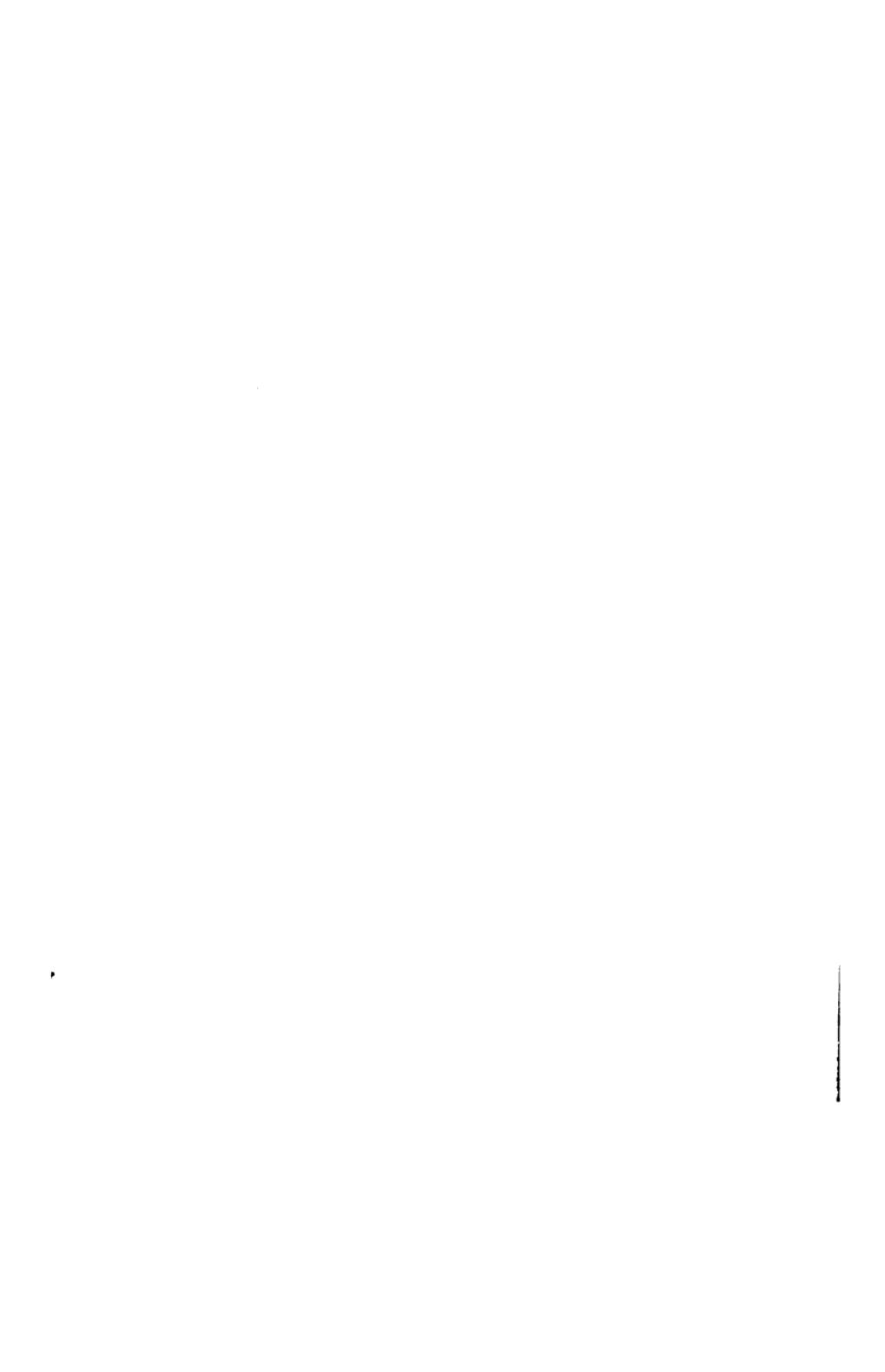
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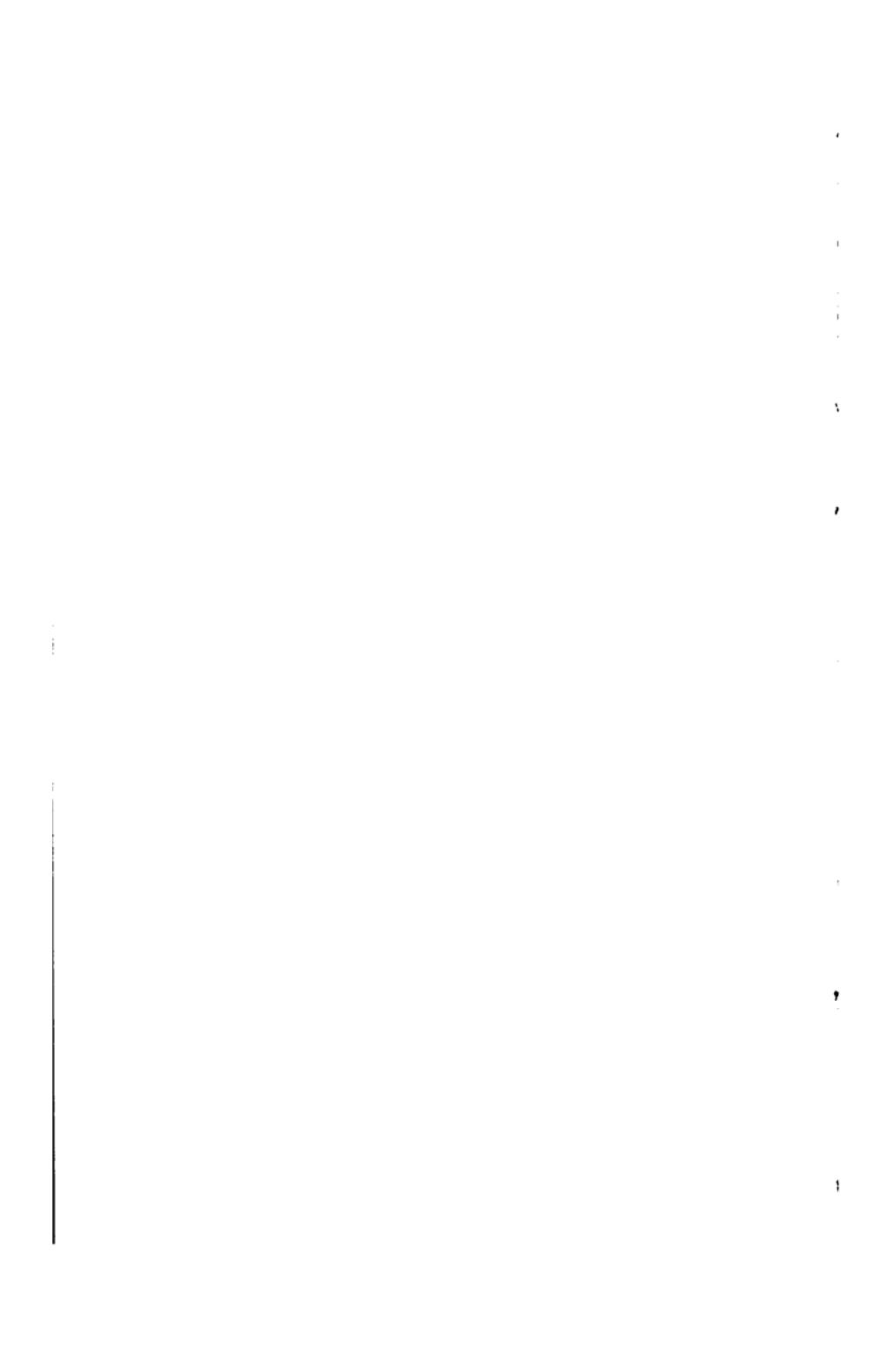
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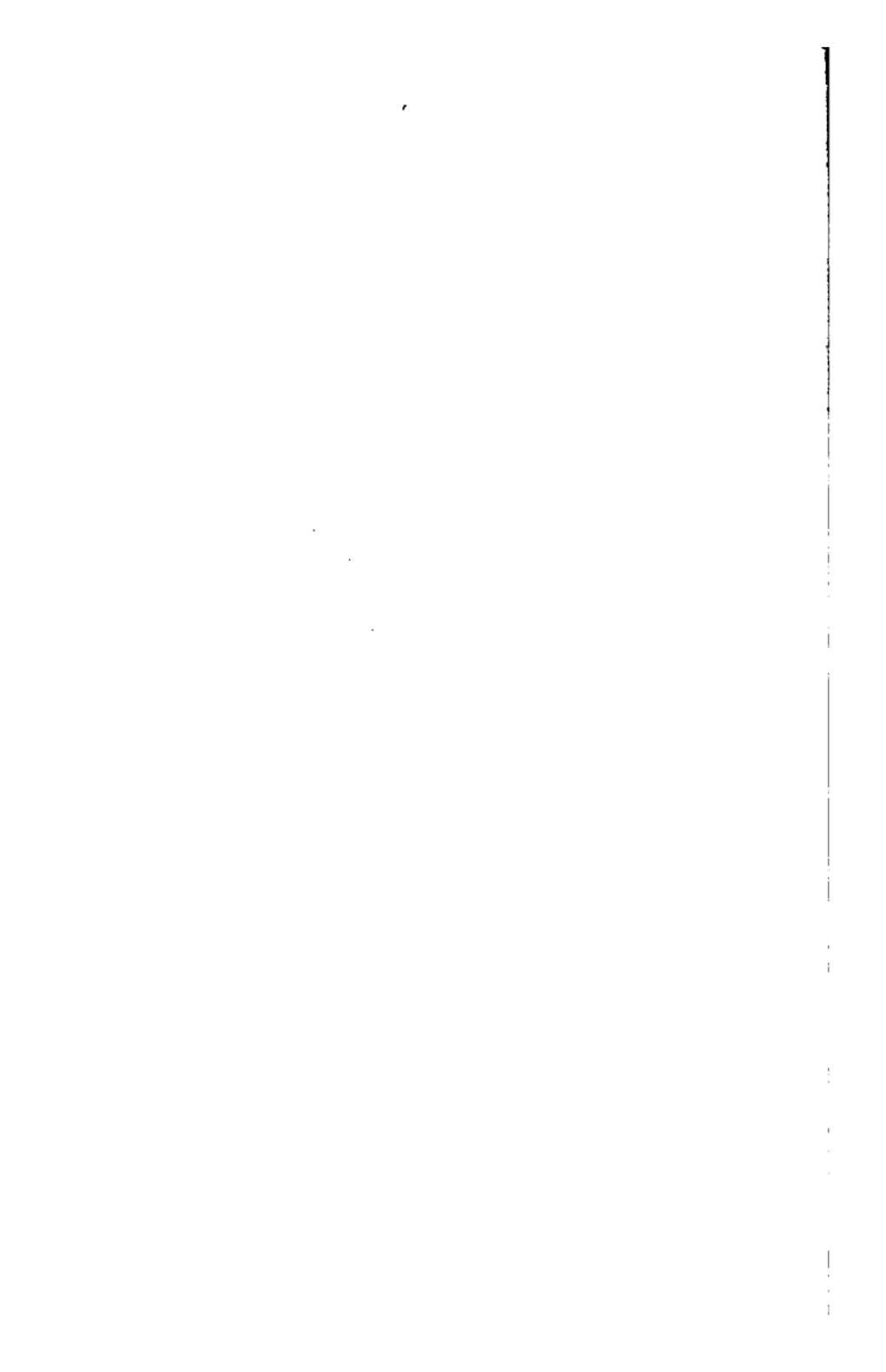












**Lyra Eucharistica.**

BY THE SAME EDITOR

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1864.

**Lyra Eucharistica :**  
HYMNS AND VERSES ON  
THE HOLY COMMUNION,  
ANCIENT AND MODERN ;  
*WITH OTHER POEMS.*

EDITED BY  
THE REV. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.  
||

Second Edition.



London :  
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS,  
AND GREEN.

1864.

BV465  
C555-

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## Preface.

THE Second Edition of *Lyra Eucharistica* has been considerably enlarged. One entirely new Part, the Sixth, has been added, which contains Miscellaneous Hymns; and each of the five original Parts has been increased. In all, about one hundred and thirty Hymns have been added, twenty-three in Part I, fifteen in Part II, sixteen in Part III, nineteen in Part IV, ten in Part V, and the remainder in the last Part. Of these about ninety, or three-fourths of the whole, are either original or new translations, or reprints of privately printed or unpublished Hymns. Sixteen are translations from ancient Latin Sources which, with two exceptions, have neither been previously published nor translated; three Hymns are respectively of Spanish and Italian origin; and six are Versions from the German.

This Edition has also been carefully revised, and that in several ways. Many of the Hymns have been critically revised, either by their Authors or with their consent, by which means more polish and a greater finish have been attained. In order to save all available space for the introduction of fresh Hymns, several typographical and other changes and improvements have been made. The references in the Index of Sources have been classified and re-arranged, without impairing its completeness. Secondary titles or texts for the several Hymns have been omitted, and the Sources of the Hymns, with the Authors' names, have been removed from the Text to the Table of Contents and the Index. Many of the Hymns have been shortened, either by the entire omission of the Gloria, by which an element of inevitable sameness in treatment has been avoided, or by the suppression of the Refrain, with the exception in some cases of the first and last verses; or again by the removal of some stanzas and by the union of others. Several Hymns also have been withdrawn, either because their devotional value did not appear, on re-consideration, to be combined with corresponding poetic worth, or because they were duplicated translations, or adaptations of English Hymns of the last Century, or beyond the limits proposed from whence to seek for contributions. And lastly, a few Hymns have been revised, shortened, or withdrawn on controversial grounds.

On the latter alteration I wish to say a few words ; and I have used the word controversial intentionally. Some Hymns have been altered on controversial, none on doctrinal grounds. The main object in the publication of *Lyra Eucharistica* was a devotional one : it was not poetical, nor critical, nor dogmatic, nor, least of all, controversial. Doubtless some of these objects, if not all of them, were incidentally included : and it is not too much to say that some poetic beauties found their way into the Collection, nor that some critically valuable translations of ancient and mediæval Hymns were published. Moreover the devotional object certainly included clear and precise statements in doctrine, and indeed was based upon such statements. But the purpose of the work was not to teach the Doctrine of the Real Presence in the Holy Communion. That Doctrine was assumed throughout, and in many places, albeit in poetry and verse, it was stated definitively and with exactitude. And it is hardly needful to add that all such statements remain unaltered and unchanged.

But in the first Edition of *Lyra Eucharistica* there were statements upon and allusions to matters suggestive of controversy, which could not, nevertheless, be for a moment assumed to rank in dignity or importance with that Doctrine. Five Hymns, or six at the most, contained passages thus suggestive ; and with one exception

(in which the words, though difficult to understand, were capable of bearing a meaning to which we could not assent) the expressions referred either to ceremonies or to customs which, as a matter of fact, we neither hold nor use, or language was employed with which we are unfamiliar. The omission of a single stanza in two instances, slight verbal alterations in two others, and the withdrawal of the remaining two Hymns, the unity of which would have been marred by contraction, and in which alteration was impracticable, represent the full extent to which revision in this direction has been carried. I wish to be explicit on this point, in order that there may be no opportunity for mistake as to the amount of revision carried out, either in kind or degree. And I may add, on the other hand, that both in the reprint of *Lyra Eucharistica*, as well as in the first Edition, not only have stanzas from printed Hymns been omitted, but also many Hymns themselves have been neglected, which did not appear to enunciate the Doctrine of the Real Objective Presence with sufficient clearness. The changes and omissions, however, on either side are insignificant. They have been made simply with a view to avoid the suggestions of controversy, at all times painful, but singularly out of place in a work the aim of which is devotional.

To one other point I wish to draw attention. It has been made a charge of inconsistency against

the first Edition, that whilst it contained translations of modern German Hymns, those from English sources, by Authors not in Communion with the Church, had been deliberately omitted. The inconsistency I now perceive, and have, in principle, removed. As a matter of fact, in the former Edition two or three Hymns owed their origin to Nonconformists; but, their Authors were at the time unknown to me. Since then, by the obliging help of Friends and by my own researches, I have consulted many of the works of the chief Hymn-writers amongst the Dissenters. But on the subject of the Collection, and with the exception of a single Author, my former inconsistency did not deprive *Lyra Eucharistica*, so far as I have been able to judge, of many contributions of value. For after considerable search, I have found, with but few exceptions, no printed Hymns from this source which satisfied at once critical taste and doctrinal requirements, and which possessed sufficient poetic merit to make me desirous to add them to the Collection. From the published works, however, of one Author, whose Hymns have been kindly placed at my disposal, and from the unprinted verses of a Friend, the second Edition has been enriched by several valuable contributions.

The Second Edition of *Lyra Eucharistica* is also under great obligation to many kind Friends, either for additional or for fresh assistance. All

the Contributors to the first Edition are Contributors to the second : and the majority of those who helped me in the compilation of *Lyra Messianica* have helped me to enlarge the *Lyra Eucharistica*, which is also indebted to the aid of several new Contributors.



The following Collection of Hymns and Verses on the Holy Communion has been made with a twofold object.

It is well known, even to those who are but little acquainted with the subject of Hymnology, that there exists a large number of Hymns, ancient and mediæval, on the Holy Eucharist. A considerable number of these Hymns have, of late years, been made accessible to ordinary students in the collections of Daniel, Mone, and others abroad, and by Dr. Neale, Dr. Littledale, and other Liturgical scholars amongst ourselves. But, in the revived and increasing appreciation of ancient Hymns, those which relate to or bear upon the Holy Communion have, for the most part, been overlooked, or at least unheeded. For this disregard of old Eucharistic Hymns several reasons may be given. That it is not caused by any lack of devotional sentiment, nor by any absence of poetic beauty in the Hymns themselves, will be readily admitted.

Perhaps an adequate reason may be found in the opinion entertained by many, that the English Office for Holy Communion is not sufficiently elastic in character to allow of the introduction of Sacramental Hymns. It is true indeed that at a time at which, speaking ritually, they are sung without authority, before the Sermon, such Hymns are occasionally employed ; but as a rule, the custom has not yet obtained of making use of Eucharistic Hymns (other than those which the Divine Office itself already contains) in the place in which they were formerly sung, namely between the Epistle and the Holy Gospel for the Day. On this question, however, which is not an unimportant one, I shall venture to offer a few suggestions at the close of the Preface.

Hence, although we are indebted, at the present day, to ancient Sources for many of the more beautiful of our Hymns, which are also the most popular, yet these Hymns were chiefly composed either for the greater Festivals of the Church, or for the Commemoration of some Holy Day or Season : they were not intended for use at Holy Communion. And since Hymns specially adapted for the Altar Office are seldom required, and still less often employed, it is only natural that such Hymns from Latin and Greek Sources, as well as those of German and other origin, have been but rarely translated into English verse.

To how small an extent ancient Sacramental

Hymns have been translated for public use in Church, may be perceived by an examination of some of the Hymnals most generally employed, and of some of the more popular Collections of Hymns which have of late been published. And this examination will incidentally shew us the poverty of our possessions in English Eucharistic Hymns from any source whatever. Thus, it will be found that in the Collection which has deservedly secured by far the widest circulation of any Hymnal of the present day, under the title of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, out of 273 Hymns from all sources, there are only five Hymns printed in the body of the work on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament, of which two only are translated from ancient Sources; although there are two more, and part of a third, amongst the Introits, all of which are ancient. In the still more recently published Volume of Hymns, edited by Dr. KENNEDY, with the title of *Hymnologia Christiana*, which contains the largest number of Hymns, for the use of the Church, hitherto collected into a single Volume, namely 1500 Psalms and Hymns, only one Psalm and twenty-three Hymns are devoted to the Holy Communion. Several of these are only by an accommodation Eucharistic Hymns, and hardly more than a tithe of them may be referred to ancient Sources for their origin.

If we turn to other Collections of Hymns and Hymnals between the extremes suggested by these

two Books, we shall find the same law, as regards Eucharistic Hymns, to prevail in all of them. Of course it is possible to enlarge the number which I purpose to mention by including those amongst the general Hymns, which may accidentally refer to the Holy Communion, or which may be made to bear an Eucharistic meaning. But in the Sacramental portions of the volumes which I have consulted we shall find the following results; and I only refer to a few instances where many might be quoted. *The Salisbury Hymn Book*, edited by Lord NELSON, contains 204 Hymns, of which only ten are printed under the heading 'Holy Communion,' and of these, two are certainly Hymns on the Passion, and a third can only in a secondary sense be made to apply to the Blessed Sacrament. Of the remaining seven, one only is a translation from the Latin. *The Hymnal*, edited by the Rev. R. R. CHOPPE, is another widely used Hymn Book. The new edition contains 300 Hymns, and only seven Hymns are printed in the part appropriated to the Altar Office, whilst but two of these can claim an ancient source, one complete Hymn and one Cento. The Collection, edited by the Rev. W. J. HALL, and known by the name of the *Mitre Hymn Book*, contains four modern Hymns on the Holy Communion out of 303, and no ancient ones. The precursor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, entitled *Hymns and Introits*, in its fourth Edition contains

a single Hymn on the Holy Eucharist, and that an ancient one. The Hymn Book published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in its enlarged edition of 300 Hymns contains only seven Hymns on the Holy Communion, none of which are of ancient origin. And not further to multiply cases, *The Church Psalter and Hymn Book* out of 510 Hymns devotes ten to the subject of the Blessed Sacrament, in none of which can any ancient features be traced. If we pass from Hymn Books for use in Divine Service to Collections of Hymns for private reading at home, in the most recent compilation, *The Book of Praise*, selected and arranged by Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, out of an aggregate of 412 Hymns, in the first edition, from the whole range of English Hymnology, we find only seven Hymns or Poems on the Blessed Sacrament which are deemed to be of sufficient merit to deserve a place in its pages. One of these is a translation from a Latin Hymn; and two are not the production of the present Century.

The numerical paucity of Eucharistic Hymns in the Hymn Books of the day is only equalled, as a rule, by their poverty in value, and by their lack of variety. Of course some of the finest of the ancient and mediæval Hymns have been translated for, and some of the best of modern English Hymns are printed in, certain Hymnals. But, of either class of Hymns, none of the Collections

contain all, many but a few. Indeed, it forces itself on the attention of any one who will examine most of the recently published Hymn Books, that so little care has been paid to the Collection of Eucharistic Hymns, that the best and most devotional of their class appear almost systematically to be omitted. In no one Hymnal with which I am acquainted are those five or six Hymns from ancient Sources, which are allowed to be the first of their kind, to be found translated. Neither are the best specimens of English verse invariably, or generally met with. And in their place second-rate Hymns appear and reappear over and over again in well nigh every succeeding Collection. In truth there appear to be certain stock Hymns on the Holy Communion with which, being free to every person, every person makes free; and these with more or less variety of reading, according to each succeeding Editor's poetic judgment, in a different order, and mingled with others of similar type and character, are generally to be found in popular Hymn Books. In such Books HEBER's Hymns are not always reprinted; KEBLE is not frequently seen; even OSLER is not invariably used; CASWALL and FABER but seldom; ISAAC WILLIAMS and ARCHER GURNEY hardly more often. But Sacramental Hymns of exceedingly little value critically, whilst devotionally they are altogether unequal to the position in which they are placed, and the part they are forced to play

in Divine Service, help to fill the pages of many Hymn Books ; and with or without the addition of one or more of WESLEY's, of a WATTS, an ELLIOTT, or a BATTY we usually find in each selection the Hymns of DODDRIDGE, of CONDER, and of J. MONTGOMERY.

As my studies have been directed to the English Office for Holy Communion, its history, ritual and devotions, the question of Eucharistic Hymns naturally forced itself on my attention ; and I soon found how little we had yet gathered, in an English form, from that particular portion of the wide field of ancient Hymnology. It is true that several Hymns on the Blessed Sacrament have been translated into English verse, and some of them very frequently.\* But they are chiefly versions, with more or less fidelity and force, by different persons, of the same majestic Hymns which, in their original Latin, have attained world-wide renown. The grandest and most beautiful of these Hymns are, in one form or another, familiar to English readers, but they are few ; whilst many other Hymns and Sequences, which competent judges declare to be only second, and sometimes not at all inferior to the inspirations of S. THOMAS AQUINAS, have

\* Of the Sacramental *Pange lingua* there have been at least, and may have been many more than seventeen or eighteen different versions or translations, published of late years ; of the *Adoro Te* about thirteen or fourteen.

been allowed to remain in the language in which, and for the most part, in the position for which they were originally composed.

Until lately, the great body of these Sacramental Hymns, even in their original form, has been unknown to all but Liturgical students. Of late years, however, a large number have been discovered and collected, and have been rendered accessible in the Collections mentioned above. But there is good reason to believe that we are still unacquainted with the extent of the Church's heritage in Hymnological wealth, as further research is continually bringing to light Hymns previously unknown, or long ago forgotten. Many of these treasures which have been obtained from many parts of Christendom, have appeared from time to time, and it is hoped will continue to appear, under the common title of *Sequentiæ Ineditæ* in the pages of the contemporary Periodical, *The Ecclesiologist*. But in these Collections, the Eucharistic Hymns remained in the language in which they were written; and only the favoured few, chiefly those of S. THOMAS AQUINAS, have found their way into Hymn Books or Books of Poetry.

Perhaps one of the earliest attempts during the present revival of the taste for ancient Hymns, (although there have been several incidental efforts in previous Centuries,) to popularise Hymns on the Holy Eucharist was made about the year 1839, by the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, who, in the

Volume of *Hymns translated from the Parisian Breviary*, reprinted in a collected form, amongst others, four out of the five well-known Hymns composed by S. THOMAS AQUINAS. The same four Hymns, together with the *Lauda Sion*, were translated afresh, ten years later, by the Rev. E. CASWALL: and in 1858, several other English renderings of Sacramental Hymns were added to these, which, with his wonted kindness, Mr. CASWALL has allowed to be reprinted, together with several other of his Hymns, in *Lyra Eucharistica*. Between these two dates several other versions and imitations of one or more of these Hymns were issued. In 1852, Dr. NEALE, in *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*, published two fresh translations of the *Adoro Te devote* and the *Pange lingua*; and to these he added a Sacramental Hymn of the viij. Century. In a later Volume, *Hymns from the Eastern Church*, Dr. NEALE has translated two more Poems of the viij. and viiji. Centuries respectively; and the three latter of these Hymns, by the kindness of the Translator, appear in the present Collection.

In 1857 *Lauda Syon* was published; and this, with another publication by the same Author, was the first effort to escape from the accustomed groove in which translators of Hymns on the Holy Communion had hitherto chiefly moved. And in addition to the five usual Sacramental Hymns, seven other Hymns, some of considerable length, have

been translated by J. D. CHAMBERS, Esq., only one of which, it is believed, had previously appeared in English. At the time of its publication, *Lauda Syon* contained the largest number of Eucharistic Hymns that had been collected in one Volume. And it was only by the kindness of the Translator, who was so good as to allow his Hymns to be reprinted, that a Manual of Devotions for the Altar Office, *The Divine Liturgy*, published at the close of 1862, contained a still larger collection of this class of Hymns. But the latest effort to popularise Hymns on the Holy Communion has been made by a ‘Committee of Clergy,’ which has lately issued some valuable Tracts and Books of Devotion. *Eucharistic Hymns* is the title of a little Book of sixteen pages, which contains valuable translations of seven Hymns, the greater number of which appeared for the first time in an English version. All these Hymns have been generously placed at my disposal, by the learned Translator, for incorporation into *Lyra Eucharistica*; and those of which I have not elsewhere obtained translations, have been thankfully reprinted.

The first main object, then, in the publication of *Lyra Eucharistica*, was the collection into one Book of many of the more beautiful of the ancient and mediæval Hymns on the Blessed Sacrament, not only reprints from Works already published, but also and chiefly new translations. And this

object has been accomplished entirely through the kindness and instrumentality of Friends.

The result has been this—that out of the large number of Hymns from ancient or mediæval Sources which this Book contains, either directly on the subject of the Holy Communion, or indirectly bearing upon it, upwards of forty are new translations.\* Some few, indeed, were printed in *The Divine Liturgy*; but these were kindly undertaken at my suggestion, and have been rendered into English in order to form a part of the present Collection; so that, substantially, they now appear for the first time as translations. And although this, in comparison with previous efforts to introduce ancient Sacramental Hymns into our language, is a large advance on the past, yet it is believed that the store, whence these Hymns are drawn, has not nearly been exhausted, and will amply repay further examination.

The dates of the newly translated or recently published Hymns, from ancient and mediæval Sources, contained in this Book extend from the viij. to the xvij. Century; the Hymn written at the latest date being composed by SANTOLIUS of S. VICTOR, and the two which bear the earlier date being respectively of Latin origin, from the Antiphonary of Bangor, and from a Greek source, by S. ANDREW, Archbishop of Crete. The period,

\* These and all future numbers refer to the details of the Second Edition of *Lyra Eucharistica*.

however, which appears to be the richest in Eucharistic Hymns is that which began in and succeeded the age of S. THOMAS AQUINAS, from the xiiij. to the xvj. Centuries ; and for the causes of this increase in the number of Hymns on the Holy Communion at this particular time, there is obvious evidence in the History of the Church. The institution of the Feast of CORPUS CHRISTI, with its Octave of Commemorative Services, of itself was sufficient to create a demand for additional Sacramental Hymns ; and many were those who must have been inspired by, even if they did not actually imitate, the compositions of the Poet and Doctor of the Church, who supplied the authorised Hymns and Sequences for that and other Festivals of Western Christendom.

The dates of all these Hymns cannot be ascertained. In most cases, however, it is believed that the date assigned represents the latest Century to which the Hymn can probably be attributed. But if there is uncertainty with reference to the dates, there exists absolute ignorance about the Authors of many of the Hymns from ancient Sources in the following Collection ; so that the Hymns, for the most part, have to be distinguished by the locality in which they were discovered, the Office Book in which they are enshrined, or even the Collection in which they may now be found. For although the names of S. ANDREW of Crete, of S. JOHN DAMASCENE, of S. ANSELM, S. BER-

NARD, S. THOMAS and S. ALPHONSO, of GUYETUS, of HUSS, of ANGELUS and SANTOLIUS, and of S. TERESA, are attached to some of the Hymns, yet many more are lacking in any clue for the discovery of their authorship. Most of them may be claimed by some Continental Church or Conventional Establishment. Canterbury, York, Salisbury, and Bangor, however, have contributed their quota to the Collection. But the Office Books of the Gallican and Spanish Churches, of Strasburg, Carlsruhe, Munich, and Mayence, of Liege, and Augsburg, of Freising in Bavaria, Drontheim in Norway, Prague, and the famous Benedictine Abbey of Reichenau, an Island in the Lake of Constance, have supplied the chief materials for that older portion of *Lyra Eucharistica* which is now first published.

The second main object in the publication of *Lyra Eucharistica* was this—the collection into a single Volume of many scattered Hymns and Verses, either already published, or not yet in print on the subject of the Holy Communion. Those who will give the matter consideration may remember, that in many recently published Books of Poetry, amongst the miscellaneous Poems, may be found a single one or more on the Blessed Sacrament. Also in those Magazines of the day, which have more or less of a religious aim, such short pieces of Verse may often be found. It is

true, that neither of these two Sources of Eucharistic Hymns have been drawn from to the extent to which they might, possibly, have been made to contribute. Still, there are many Poems thus collected which have either attained temporary notice and have then been forgotten, or have been printed in Volumes, the scarceness of which at the present day proves that they are now but little known. And these it is believed many persons will be glad to possess in a more accessible, as well as more permanent form.

In addition to these reprints, there are many Hymns in the following pages which are neither forgotten nor scarce. And *Lyra Eucharistica* is indebted to several Collections of the present day for some of the most beautiful of its Poems. The only difficulty in the selection was to know where to stop, or what to abstain from taking, where permission was kindly given to choose. But in a Collection which aimed to a certain extent at completeness, it was thought wise to admit many Hymns well known and deservedly appreciated, which otherwise it would have been needless to reprint.

To these two classes of modern Hymns and Verses has been added another, that of original and unpublished Poems. And this is a distinction where a distinction is not needless. For whilst *Lyra Eucharistica* contains many Original Hymns, written for this Work, it also contains many which,

although hitherto unpublished, were not written expressly for it. It is perhaps not strange, that in the present wide-spread teaching of the true Doctrine of the Holy Communion, and in the consequent revived dignity and honour in which It is esteemed, and the care and frequency with which It is celebrated, the minds of many persons should find relief from devotion and meditation on the Mystery of the Holy Eucharist, in poetic composition. Such, however, is the fact : and it needed only the knowledge that such a Collection of Poems as *Lyra Eucharistica* was contemplated, to produce from many quarters Hymns, written some of them long ago, which have been with much courtesy placed at my disposal.

This is the second object with which *Lyra Eucharistica* was printed ; and, as far as regards unprinted Verses, the result has been this, that between eighty and ninety original or unpublished Hymns have been added to our formerly but scanty stock of Poems on the Blessed Sacrament. And all of these, I have to acknowledge with gratitude, are due to the kindness and courtesy of known or unknown friends.

In addition to Hymns from the Sources indicated above, there have been added several Hymns of much beauty from the Italian, the Spanish, and the German, both new translations and reprints of former translations. Hymns of German origin are

generally full of devotional beauty ; and I only regret that *Lyra Eucharistica* possesses so few specimens of Communion Hymns, either of Catholic or Protestant origin, from that Source. The paucity of translations, however, of Hymns on the Holy Communion, which has been observed in the case of ancient and mediæval Hymns, is equally apparent in that of Hymns from the German. For whilst *Sacred Hymns from the German*, by Miss Cox, contains but a single Eucharistic Hymn, Miss Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica* possesses only seven Hymns out of about 225 (in both series), and the volume published under the title of *Hymns from the Land of Luther* has only one Poem specially on the subject of Holy Communion : all of which translations have been kindly placed at my disposal, and most of which will be found below. There will also be found sixteen or seventeen new translations by Friends, from the German, which have not previously been published.

Lastly, scattered through the Collection, there are Hymns and Verses, original, newly translated, and reprinted, which, although they are not directly Eucharistic in character, are indirectly connected with the Doctrine of Sacrifice which is involved in the Holy Communion, or may be made to bear an Eucharistic signification. For these too, I owe many thanks to several Contributors ; and it is hoped that these miscellaneous Hymns, whilst not

out of harmony with the subject-matter of the Volume, will tend to prevent too much sameness in its treatment.

Thus I have endeavoured to combine Hymns ancient and modern, and by the mutual contrast to enhance the relative value of both. The subjective devotion and tenderness of modern Hymns, will be strengthened by the definite Theological statements of those of ancient and mediæval origin ; and the systematic Theology and the enunciation of the highest objective Truths in the old Hymns, will be softened and brought home to the inner consciousness by the contemplative elements in the new. In addition to this double benefit, monotony and sameness will be avoided, which could hardly fail to result from a Collection of Hymns on the Holy Communion from any one single Source : whilst, in the case of *Lyra Eucharistica*, additional variety is ensured by the introduction of miscellaneous Hymns, not out of harmony with those with which they come in contact.

I have now to express my sincere gratitude to all the many friends—as Contributors, as Authors, or as Publishers—who have assisted me in the compilation of *Lyra Eucharistica*. Where all have been kind, it would be invidious to refer to any,

unless reference were made to all. The names or initials or signatures of all those to whom this Collection is indebted, together with whatever information as to the origin of the various Hymns I am enabled to give, will be found in the Table of Contents, and the Index of Sources. All the Hymns which have been reprinted in the following pages have been reprinted *verbatim*, except in a few instances of adaptation, which have been duly acknowledged. In all cases, where it was either practicable or needful, and in many in which it was not necessary, I have obtained permission from those concerned to reprint the Hymns which are now republished. On this subject, I have only to add, first, that as a rule, the Hymns in this Volume are not meant for public worship, nor for singing. Some of the Verses, it is true, are intended for both purposes; and some have either had music set to them, or have themselves been written for music. Secondly, that the Collection contains specimens of many kinds of rendering. Literal versions have been placed side by side with those that are freer in translation and that seek to convey the sense of the original, rather in corresponding than in absolutely equivalent terms. And thirdly, that no Contributor is responsible for the statements or sentiments contained in the contributions of other persons.

The Hymns in *Lyra Eucharistica* have been arranged according to the fivefold Division into which the English Office for the Holy Communion is separable ; whilst the concluding Part contains miscellaneous and unarranged Poems, both ancient and modern. In many cases this division of the Verses is arbitrary. But it was thought better to attempt some arrangement, even an imperfect one, than to print the Hymns under no system : and to arrange them according to their subject-matter, as far as possible, rather than in their chronological order, or under the headings of their Authors' or Translators' names. The Altar Office has ever been divisible into five Ritualistic portions ; and although the Office in the Book of Common Prayer has received several additions to, and has suffered from many transpositions in its component parts, from its earlier and purer form, yet these five Divisions can still be distinctly traced. The Introduction reaches from the beginning of the Office to the Creed. Then follows the Oblation, which includes the Offering of the Elements, and the collection of the Alms, and extends to the Prayer of Humble Access. Thirdly, comes the sacred Act of Consecration, or as it was anciently termed, the Canon. After that, the Communion of the People follows : and the Office is concluded with the Thanksgiving. Now the first and last Divisions of the Office are easily supplied with Hymns ; for many of the Eucharistic Hymns were composed

for use either in Preparation for, or in Thanksgiving after the Blessed Sacrament. In the Part entitled the Consecration, it was thought well that the majority of the Hymns should be from ancient or mediæval Sources. The difficulty of arrangement is therefore chiefly confined to the second and fourth Parts ; and in these two Divisions, German Hymns and reprinted English Hymns have been combined with original Verses and translations from the Latin or Greek, in such a manner as to produce the least amount of sameness in the combination.

In conclusion may I venture to ask why we do not more extensively make use of Eucharistic Hymns in the Celebration of the Holy Communion ? The principle of singing even the Hymn of DODDRIDGE, the Communion Hymn on Sacrament Sundays, as they were wont to be called, whatever may be thought of the practice, I apprehend to be sound—the principle, that is to say, of singing a special Hymn on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament in the Office for Holy Communion. And this is only an extension of the same principle by which we sing Hymns suitable for Holy Days, Sundays, and Saints' Days in Divine Service, morning and evening, after the Third Collect. The use of the Introit, at the beginning of the Altar Service, of course has authority and

custom for its support and sanction. And where it is possible to sing Eucharistic Hymns at a later stage of the Office, one would not willingly see this use lightly set aside. Yet, even in this case, when Introits are constantly repeated, the same words to the same music, Sunday after Sunday, it would seem to be well, occasionally, to forego the customary portion of the Psalms on behalf of some Eucharistic Hymn. But in cases wherein the usual Introit is not employed, it is difficult to discover why Hymns specially adapted for Communion are not more frequently sung. The time before the commencement of the Celebration would seem to be very suitable either for teaching persons, or for reminding them of the Truths of the Holy Sacrament through the medium of Hymns.

But this is not the only position in the Liturgy in which Hymns may be used, or in which they are employed. A very wise discretionary power appears, on all hands, to be left with the Parish Priest as to the introduction of Hymns in Divine Service, not only with respect to the compositions themselves, but also to the time at which they may be sung. It is true that this licence is carried to an extent which ignores the ritual time for singing Hymns in favour of times for which there is no authority. But the latitude very fairly allows of additional opportunities for singing, when the ordinary and regular demands of the Office have been complied with. And in our search for precedent in

this matter, we find that Hymns were formerly sung before the Holy Gospel for the Day. Of course there could be no valid objection to a return to such an use ; but the general consent of Churchmen, it is feared, would hardly be obtained in favour of singing ‘ Sequences’ at this point in the Office. The widely spread custom of singing the Nicene Creed, which thus becomes devotionally a Hymn of Praise, as well as doctrinally a Confession of Faith, would appear to many a sufficient reason for not adding to the length of the Service by the introduction of a Eucharistic Hymn in this place. And in this practical objection there is much weight. So that we are obliged to consider some position in the Office, other than immediately after the Creed (which adds to the practical objection a grave ritual one) for the introduction of a Hymn. Such a position may be found at the Offertory ; and in this place Eucharistic Hymns, after the saying of the Antiphon or Sentence, are now wont to be sung. And not only may no practical reason be urged against congregational singing in this portion of the Office, but devotionally it would appear to be helpful. To some minds there seems to be needed a sort of connecting link between the Sermon and the remainder of the Service ; and the interval between instruction, specially in the case of powerful or able Sermons, and worship, in a return to the Office, is fitly occupied with Acts of Praise by singing. Whilst the

Collection of the Alms during the singing would obviate any practical difficulty arising from an increase in the length of Divine Service.

The question, however, is a wide one, and is not suited for discussion here. But a suggestion for the more extended use of Eucharistic Hymns in the Altar Office is not wholly out of place in the Preface of a Book which is enabled to give publicity to several new Hymns on the Blessed Sacrament, which are not intended for, although they may be used in, Public Worship. I therefore venture to suggest that the custom of those Churches, not only where a Hymn is sung kneeling after the Consecration (which is the more common practice), but also (which is the less usual) where Eucharistic Hymns are sung during the Collection of the Offertory, may be followed with benefit and edification.

ORBY SHIPLEY.

Whitsun-Tide,

A. D. 1864.



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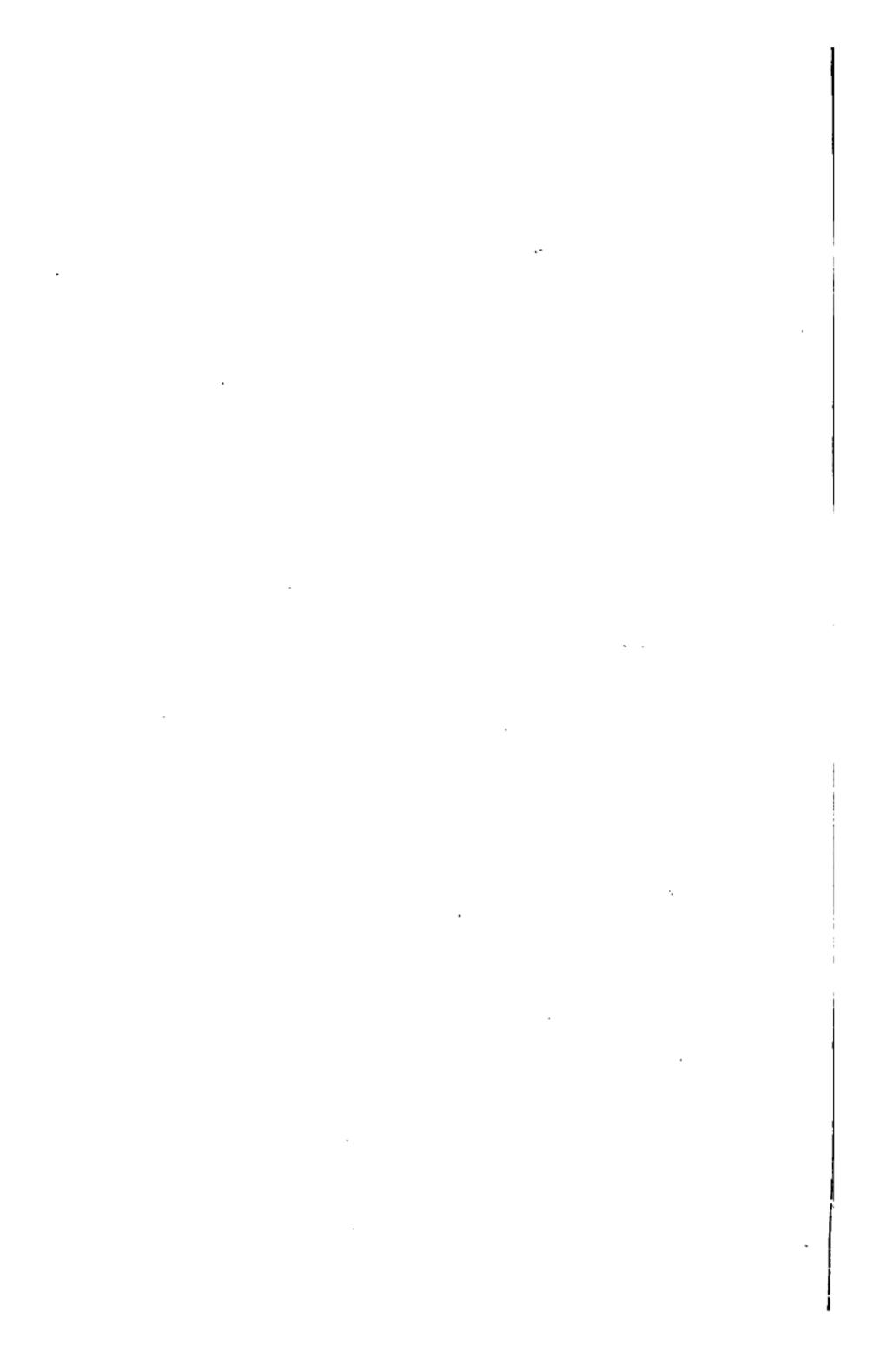
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# **Lyra Eucharistica.**





# Hymns and Verses on the Holy Communion.

## PART I.

### The Preparation.

*THE INTRODUCTORY PORTION OF  
THE DIVINE OFFICE.*

*Duo me, Deus, amore.*



Y God, what lack I more when  
Thou dost bless?  
Deep calleth unto deep when Thou  
Bendest from Heaven o'er my un-  
worthiness

Hastening to pay its vow;  
For me Thou comest to Thy Altar holy,  
For me, O Love beyond all ken!  
Priest of the most High God, yet Victim lowly,  
Giver, yet Gift to men.

## The Preparation.

Here no slain beasts, nor birds of air are resting,  
 Not with earth's fruits the Soul is fed,  
 But Sweets of Paradise, Thy Love attesting,  
 Here are full lavished ;  
 With love for that vast Love, with strong self-  
 loathing  
 Thee in this Sacrament we hail ;  
 Thee we do worship, clothed in that poor Clothing,  
 Veiled in that lowly Veil.

Farewell then all ! The LAMB's blest Supper  
 waiteth ;  
 Farewell then all I loved before !  
 Farewell, farewell for aye ! my heart repeateth,  
 Ye have my heart no more :  
 O Bethlehem, whence springs the Bread of  
 Heaven,  
 O Jordan, whence is Drink Divine,  
 Not earthly husks, nor Abana's wave be given,  
 Only my LORD be mine.

Sweet is the Grape in fair Engaddi's valley,  
 Sweet was the Manna sent to bless  
 The weary fainting people, wandering daily  
 In the great Wilderness ;  
 But Thou, O Flour of Wheat, O Vine of Glad-  
 ness,  
 Only for Thee I thirst. Do Thou  
 Come to Thy lowliest Graft and cheer his sadness,  
 So shall he pay his Vow.

### Sing, each Mountain.



ING ! each mountain ; joy ! each vale ;  
Hushed be mortal plaint or wail ;  
Glorious, awful Banquet, hail !

As the flame doth upward tend  
Would our Souls to GOD ascend,  
GOD, our being's Source and End.

Lo ! our trembling prayers are said ;  
Lo ! Thine Altar, LORD, is spread ;  
Thou art nigh for all Who bled.

Yea, to us, whose sins did slay,  
Com'st Thou in Thy wondrous way,  
Bread and Wine yield CHRIST this day.

O, let all who seek Thee here  
At Thy Right, O GOD, appear.  
Heart, adore ! Thy Maker's near.

### The Living Bread.



HENCE shall a man buy bread  
The fainting crowds to bless,  
When day is gone and night comes on  
The lonely Wilderness ?

## The Preparation.

Not from the deathful waste  
 With Manna overspread ;  
 Though Angel dews each morn renews,  
 And turns the stones to bread.

LORD, in Thy FATHER's House  
 The meanest slave has Bread  
 Enough to share, and still to spare,  
 When every Soul is fed.

LORD, day by day with Bread  
 Our fainting hearts restore ;  
 The Living Bread which lifts the dead,  
 LORD, give us evermore.

## Verbum a Patre prodicens.



THOU from the FATHER sent, O WORD,  
 O very Light from Light outpoured,  
 GOD, come most lowly from the sky,  
 MAN, visible to mortal eye ;  
 Thou Who hast made the Law give place,  
 Grant us the guidance of Thy Grace,  
 Wherewith Thou makest secrets clear  
 And lightenest our darkness here.

O CHRIST, draw nigh our Souls to save  
 Through shedding of Thy Precious BLOOD,  
 Grant resurrection from the grave  
 To all for whom Thy FLESH is Food :

That with Thy Saints in Bliss for aye  
Our ceaseless praises we may pay,  
And evermore in triumph sing  
Unto the world's Creator-King.

Come unto Me.



H, for the time gone by, when thought  
of CHRIST  
Made His Yoke easy and His Burden  
light ;

When my heart stirred within me at the sight  
Of Altar spread for awful Eucharist ;  
When all my hopes His Promises sufficed,  
When my Soul watched for Him by day, by  
night,  
When my lamp lightened and my robe was  
white,  
And all seemed loss, except the Pearl unpriced.  
Yet, since He calls me still with tender Call,  
Since He remembers Whom I half forgot,  
I even will run my race and bear my lot :  
For Faith the walls of Jericho cast down,  
And Hope to whoso runs holds forth a Crown,  
And Love is CHRIST, and CHRIST is All in all.

**Thou art fair, My Love, there is no  
spot in thee.**



WOULD that I were fairer, LORD,  
More what Thy Bride should be,  
More meet to be the sharer, LORD,  
Of Love and Heaven with Thee ;  
Yet if Thy Love with me Thou'l share,  
I know that Love can make me fair.

O, would that I were purer, LORD,  
More filled with Grace Divine ;  
O, would that I were surer, LORD,  
That my whole heart is Thine ;  
Were it so pure that I might see  
Thy Beauty, I would grow like Thee.

O, would that I could higher, LORD,  
Above these senses live,  
Each feeling, each desire, LORD,  
Could wholly to Thee give ;  
The Love I thus would daily share,  
That Love alone would make me fair.

Thy Goodness and Thy Beauty, LORD,  
Shall robe and mirror be ;  
With ornaments of duty, LORD,  
I'll deck my Soul for Thee ;  
Till all Thy Love beyond compare  
Pass into me, and make me fair.

**Viva, Viva, Gesu, che per mio bene.**

**H**AIL ! JESUS, hail ! Who for my sake  
Sweet BLOOD from Mary's Veins didst  
take

And shed It all for me ;  
Oh, blessed be my SAVIOUR'S BLOOD,  
My Life, my Light, my only Good  
To all Eternity.

To endless ages let us praise  
The Precious BLOOD, Whose Price could raise  
The world from wrath and sin ;  
Whose Streams our inward thirst appease,  
And heal the sinner's worst disease  
If he but bathe therein.

O Sweetest BLOOD, that can implore  
Pardon of GOD and Heaven restore,  
The Heaven which sin had lost ;  
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,  
What JESUS sheds still intercedes  
For those who wrong Him most.

Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells  
Of CHRIST's own Sacred BLOOD, excels  
Earth's best and highest bliss ;  
The Ministers of Wrath Divine  
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine  
With those red Drops of His.

## The Preparation.

Ah, there is joy amid the Saints,  
 And Hell's despairing courage faints  
     When this sweet song we raise ;  
 Oh, louder then, and louder still,  
 Earth with one mighty chorus fill,  
     The Precious BLOOD to praise.

### Hier ist mein Herz.

ERE is my Heart—my God, I give it  
 Thee ;  
 I heard Thee call and say—  
 Not to the world, My Child, but unto  
 Me—

I heard, and will obey :  
 Here is Love's offering to my King,  
 Which in glad sacrifice I bring—  
     Here is my Heart.

Here is my Heart—surely the gift, though poor,  
 My God will not despise ;  
 Vainly and long I sought to make it pure  
     To meet Thy searching Eyes ;  
 Corrupted first in Adam's fall,  
 The stains of sin pollute it all—  
     My guilty Heart.

Here is my Heart—my Heart so hard before,  
 Now by Thy Grace made meet,  
 Yet bruised and wearied it can only pour  
     Its anguish at Thy Feet :

It groans beneath the weight of sin,  
It sighs Salvation's joy to win—  
My mourning Heart.

Here is my Heart—in CHRIST my longings end,  
Near to His Cross it draws ;  
It says—Thou art my Portion, O my Friend,  
Thy BLOOD my Ransom was :  
And in the SAVIOUR it has found  
What Blessedness and Peace abound—  
My trusting Heart.

Here is my Heart—Ah, HOLY SPIRIT, come !  
Its nature to renew,  
And consecrate it wholly to Thy Home  
A Temple fair and true :  
Teach it to love and serve Thee more,  
To fear Thee, trust Thee and adore—  
My cleansèd Heart.

Here is my Heart—it trembles to draw near  
The Glory of Thy Throne :  
Give it the shining Robe Thy Servants wear  
Of Righteousness Thine own :  
Its pride and folly chase away  
And all its vanity, I pray—  
My humbled Heart.

Here is my Heart—teach it, O LORD, to cling  
In gladness unto Thee ;  
And in the day of sorrow still to sing—  
Welcome, my God's Decree ;

Believing all its journey through  
 That Thou art Wise and Just and True—  
 My waiting Heart.

Here is my Heart—O Friend of friends be near  
 To make each tempter fly ;  
 And when my latest Foe I wait with fear  
 Give me the victory :  
 Gladly on Thy Love reposing,  
 Let me say when life is closing—  
 Here is my Heart.

### Draw near with Faith.



INTO Thy holy Altar, LORD,  
 Our heads and hearts bowed low,  
 Where Thou art most to be adored  
 We come Thy Grace to know.  
 Wearied and wounded in our strife  
 With Satan and with sin,  
 We come to Thee, the Bread of Life,  
 New Strength and Hope to win.  
 We do not ask how it can be,  
 That Thou Thyself shouldst give  
 Into our hands and hearts ; but we  
 Receive Thee there and live.  
 Oh, dwell within us when we turn  
 Back on our earthly way ;  
 And may we by Thy Presence learn  
 To love Thee more each day.

## Salve, Saluberrima.

**H**AIL ! Thou, Who from Heaven on high  
 Health to all sickness bearest ;  
 Hail ! Unto the darkened eye  
 Thou of all light the fairest ;  
 Hail ! Desire which life transcends  
 Of all Thy Saints departed ;  
 Hail ! Who to Thy loving Friends  
 Art e'er the Loving-hearted.

Hail ! Thou Bread of Angels blest,  
 Most sweet and ever-precious ;  
 Hail ! Who with Divinest taste  
 Dost in Thy Paths refresh us ;  
 Thou in very truth art He  
 Whom my whole Soul desireth ;  
 God and MAN I worship Thee,  
 To Thee my faith aspireth.

When in conscience or in thought  
 Guilt or dark error dwelleth,  
 Faith, by Thy dear Presence brought,  
 All gloom and woe dispelleth :  
 Make me all the fervour feel  
 Of that Thy Fire Divinest ;  
 Now Thyself unseen reveal  
 Who e'er in secret shinest.

## The Preparation.

Let the clouds, which dim my Soul,  
 Before Thy genial Splendour  
 Hence away far distant roll,  
 And leave it pure and tender.

Come ! O CHRIST, King ever blest,  
 Come ! Thou our Consolation,  
 In my heart a welcome Guest  
 Fix Thy glad habitation.

May that golden shaft of Love  
 Which once so deeply smote Thee,  
 And from Heaven, Thy Throne above,  
 Into this sad world brought Thee,  
 Wound anew Thy tender Heart,  
 That Thou in Glory reigning  
 Mayst to me Thy SELF impart,  
 From all Thy Wrath refraining.

Here Thy blessed sojourn make,  
 Fragrance and Joy diffusing ;  
 Rest in my sad bosom take,  
 Therein Thy mansion choosing.  
 GOD of Love and Clemency,  
 Now to Thyself unite me ;  
 And transgressor though I be  
 Ne'er in displeasure slight me.

LORD, of Thee this Gift I claim,  
 For this one Mercy pleading ;  
 For Thine ever-blessed Name,  
 For that Thy Love exceeding,

**Lord, to Thine Altar let me go.**    13

Which erst made Thee deign to be  
    Of our frail flesh partaker ;  
With Grace and Kindness visit me  
    Thy Servant, O my Maker.

Choose me for Thy dwelling-place  
    O God of my Salvation ;  
Fold my heart in Thine Embrace,  
    Sweet Guest, take here Thy station :  
Think not how I am with Thee  
    A vile and weak transgressor ;  
Rather how, made MAN, for me  
    Thou art an Intercessor.

By that mighty Love which moved  
    Thee on that Cross ascending,  
When thereon Thy Limbs beloved  
    Thou wast meekly bending,  
So with loving, kind Embrace  
    Cast now Thine Arms around me ;  
And by the bounties of Thy Grace  
    Give proof that I have found Thee.

**Lord, to Thine Altar let me go.**



ORD, to Thine Altar let me go,  
The Child of weariness and woe,  
    My Home to find ;  
From sin and sense and self set free,

## The Preparation.

Absorbed alone in love to Thee,  
 Able to leave in liberty  
 This world behind.

JESUS, be Thou my Heavenly Food,  
 Sweet Source Divine of every Good,  
 Centre of Rest ;  
 One with Thy Heart let me be found,  
 Prostrate upon that holy Ground,  
 Where Grace and Peace and Life abound  
 Drawn from Thy Breast.

There let me lean and live and lie,  
 As fast the fleeting moments fly  
 Sands in a glass,  
 Which Time may shake with restless hand,  
 Yet only at Thine own Command,  
 Till to a dearer, happier Land  
 My Soul shall pass.

Then, then unveiled wilt Thou appear  
 To those, who walking with Thee here  
 These wilds have trod  
 In faith, that with the Cherubim,  
 The Saints and Hosts of Seraphim,  
 They too may join th' eternal Hymn  
 To Thee, O GOD.

## The Morning of Reception.



T is a Day of fear :  
 Rise up betimes, go forth alone  
 With tongue fast sealed and heart bowed  
 down,  
 Because thy LORD is near.

Leave not thy thoughts to roam  
 Hither and thither, where they would ;  
 Lest fretful cares on thee should crowd,  
 Forgetful of thy Home.

Let not thine eye go free ;  
 Look on the earth beneath thy feet,  
 The pit that for thy sins was meet  
 Had GOD been just with thee.

Bethink thee of thy sin—  
 A stifling cloud, a festering sore,  
 A rotting canker at the core  
 That gnaws thy heart within.

Good art thou to the sight ;  
 But would thy cheek be dry as now,  
 As gay thy smile, as bright thy brow,  
 If all were brought to light ?

Yet, not in gloomy sadness  
 Be thy heart bowed and eye down cast ;  
 Is not the night of sorrow past ?  
 Is't not a Morn of gladness ?

Think on the Holy Feast,  
 On His dear Love and gracious Name  
 Who sanctifies Himself, the same  
 Both Sacrifice and Priest.

Go and be One with Him ;  
 Dwell thou in Him and He in thee ;  
 Him freely love Who sets thee free,  
 Though but in shadow dim.

For it shall not be so  
 In that great Day, when faithful Souls,  
 Whom flesh doth sway and sin controls,  
 As they are known shall know,

To be for ever One  
 With Him Whom, with the FATHER High  
 And SPIRIT, Angels tremblingly  
 Adore as GOD alone.

Bless, LORD, Thy Child, oh, bless ;  
 Strengthen my weakness ; soothe my grief ;  
 Forgive and help mine unbelief ;  
 Restore my faithlessness.

### Salve, festa Dies.

**A**AIL ! festal Day, for evermore adored,  
 The Virgin-Church salutes her Bride-  
 groom LORD.

This is GOD's Palace, House of Peace and Health,  
 Here the poor enter to their FATHER'S Wealth.

## **Mein Jesu, der du vor dem Scheiden.** 17

**Here David's Son abides, Who makes us kin  
To GOD and man these Mother-walls within.**

**Ye are the wedded Band, the nuptial Ring,  
If keeping truth your Heavenly troth ye bring.**

**Here New Jerusalem descendeth bright,  
Fresh decked with jewels from the Halls of Light.**

**Here fruits of Faith, that spring from holy Love,  
The King of Justice waters from above.**

**This David's Tower of Strength—Oh, run with  
speed,**

**Here shalt thou find the Pledge of Heaven indeed.**

**This is GOD's Ark that, while the faithful roam,  
Bears them o'er trembling waters safely Home.**

## **Mein Jesu, der du vor dem Scheiden.**



**LORD, Who on that last sad eve,  
Ere Thou didst die to save our race,  
The Fruits of this Thy Death didst leave,  
In our New-covenant Meal of Grace ;**

**For this, of all Thy Gifts the best,  
Thy holy Name be praised and blest.**

**New Life, from Thy Life-giving BLOOD,  
This Sacramental Cup bestows ;  
We take and eat this hallowed Food  
In memory of Thy dying Woes ;**

Thy Wounds, Thy Cross, Thy bitter Pain,  
Our thoughts recall them all again.

We hail an added Sign and Seal  
Anew on burdened hearts impressed,  
That Thy deep Wounds our wounds can heal :  
Thy Love has set our fears at rest,  
Cancelled the debt we could not pay,  
Torn up and thrown the bond away.

The cords more firmly here we tie,  
That close with Thee our Souls unite ;  
The flame of Love mounts up on high,  
And rules with all-subduing might :  
This sacred Rite can Grace afford,  
To make us one with Thee, O LORD.

With that new Strength from Thee derived,  
The Strength Thy FLESH and BLOOD impart,  
Here feels his inner Life revived,  
Each Guest who comes with faithful heart :  
With fresh resolve once more begin  
The works of Faith, the wars with sin.

With all Thy Members, CHRIST, our Head,  
We cherish thus Communion sweet ;  
To drink One Cup, to eat One Bread,  
This makes our Union more complete :  
One Soul unites our Brother-band  
Possessors of this Covenant land.

Thy FLESH a solemn Pledge conveys,  
That our weak flesh, though here it dies,  
Like herbs brought forth by dews and rays,  
A glorious Body shall arise,  
Which, when this pilgrim state is o'er,  
Shall live with Thee for evermore.

O LAMB of GOD, such precious Gifts  
Are in this holy Banquet stored,  
The Soul from earth to Heaven it lifts  
In faith to feed at this Thy Board :  
How high the Feast, the gain how vast,  
Where Thou Thyself art our Repast.

### Vocation of the Spirit and the Bride.



HAT solemn Joy should be  
In people and in Priest !  
CHRIST on the cruel Cross we see ;  
And yet ! it is a Feast.

His FLESH is Meat indeed,  
And Drink indeed His BLOOD ;  
For, if by living faith we feed,  
They yield immortal Food.

No fitting place hast thou  
These hallowed Walls within,  
If in thy heart and on thy brow  
Be unrepented sin.

## The Preparation.

But let the trustful Soul  
 On JESUS' BLOOD rely,  
 Give all its powers to Love's control,  
 And—Abba, Father—cry ;

Then—Come—the SPIRIT calls,  
 The Bride repeats the sound :  
 Wide open are the royal Halls,  
 And richest Sweets abound.

All at this Feast of Love  
 In wedding robes are drest ;  
 But one the Bridegroom's Hand hath wove  
 For every willing Guest.

## Hodiernae Lux diei.



HE Sun that lights this happy day  
 For risen man on toil intent,  
 For us lights up a surer ray,  
 Renews the Holy Sacrament,  
 Wherever contrite Love hath place,  
 A healing Balm, a quickening Grace.

To-day th' eternal Promise comes,  
 Th' eternal Hand is open spread,  
 We scarcely looked for falling Crumbs,  
 We win the children's Pilgrim-Bread ;  
 As Bread of old from Heaven was sent  
 He comes, a Gift most excellent.

That was the bread which Moses gave  
The tribes in Sinai's wilderness,  
Fruit of a Law which could not save—  
But this is Bread of Angels ; This  
He gave Who sits upon Heaven's Throne,  
At His Last Supper to His Own.

Hast thou a Spirit pure and free  
In yearnings, hating nought but sin ?  
Life of the world yet given for thee,  
This Bread renews the heart within ;  
Vain such a Mystery to show  
Are eyes. Have Faith—and thou shalt know.

Hail ! Bread Immortal ; Hail ! Sweet Food,  
Sweet unto those Thou feedest thus ;  
Hail ! Everlasting LAMB, Whose BLOOD  
Is our Salvation. Come to us ;  
We thirst ; we tremble ; we implore  
Thy Grace. Oh, feed us evermore.

## A Processional Hymn.



O ! in wondrous Condescension  
JESUS seeks His Altar-throne ;  
Though in lively Symbols hidden,  
Faith and Love His Presence own :  
When the LORD His Temple visits  
Let the listening earth be still ;  
May the SPIRIT's sweet indwelling  
Each believing heart fulfil.

## The Preparation.

Here, in Figure represented,  
 See the Passion once again ;  
 Here, behold the LAMB most Holy  
 As for our Redemption slain ;  
 Here the SAVIOUR's BODY broken,  
 Here the BLOOD which JESUS shed—  
 Mystic Food of Life eternal—  
 See, for our Refreshment spread.  
 Here shall highest praise be offered,  
 Here shall meekest prayer be poured,  
 Here with body, Soul, and spirit,  
 GOD Incarnate be adored :  
 Holy JESU, for Thy Coming  
 May Thy Love our hearts prepare ;  
 Thine we fain would have them wholly,  
 Enter, LORD, and tarry there.

## The Holy Feast.



O ! the Feast is spread to-day ;  
 JESUS summons, come away  
 From the vanity of life,  
 From the sounds of mirth or strife  
 To the Feast by JESUS given,  
 Come ! and taste the Bread of Heaven.  
 Why, with proud excuse and vain,  
 Spurn His Mercy once again ?  
 From amidst life's social ties,  
 From the farm and merchandise,

## **Jesus, Source of every Blessing.** 23

Come ! for all is now prepared,  
Freely given, be freely shared.  
Blessed are the lips that taste  
Our Redeemer's Marriage-feast ;  
Blessed, who on Him shall feed,  
Bread of Life and Drink indeed ;  
Blessed, for their thirst is o'er,  
They shall never hunger more.  
Make then once again your choice ;  
Hear to-day His calling Voice :  
Servants, do your Master's Will ;  
Bidden Guests, His Table fill ;  
Come ! before His Wrath shall swear—  
Ye shall never enter there.

## **Jesus, Source of every Blessing.**



ESUS, Source of every Blessing,  
Jesus, every Joy possessing,  
Come and repose upon my breast  
And make Thy Child and creature blest.

Oh, silent, silent, soft and slow  
With streams of Love our hearts o'erflow,  
And in its waters pure and deep  
Our wearied Soul and senses steep.

Lost in the solemn sweet delight  
Of holding Thee, my SAVIOUR Bright,  
My spirit faint with love doth say—  
Stay with us, JESUS, JESUS, stay !

## The Preparation.

Stay with Thy Children, JESUS, stay !  
 While the Sun goes its onward way ;  
 Stay with us, JESUS, when the night  
 Pursues its course through stars of light.

Stay with us, JESUS, when the smile  
 Of joy doth all our steps beguile ;  
 Stay with us, JESUS, when we weep  
 With Thee on Calvary's mountain steep.

Through smiles and tears, through night and day,  
 Stay with Thy Children, JESUS, stay !  
 And when we bend our heads in death,  
 Stay and receive our parting breath.

And silent, silent, soft and slow  
 With streams of Love our hearts o'erflow,  
 Till on Thy sweet and sacred Breast  
 We sleep at last, for ever blest.

## The Heavenly Shepherd's Charge.



ITH the Bread of Life eternal  
 Feed My Flock when I am gone ;  
 By clear streams, through pastures  
 vernal,  
 To fair Zion lead them on :  
 They are in a land of strangers,  
 Sorely tempted and oppressed ;

In their path lie many dangers ;  
 This is not their place of rest.  
 Be their Shepherd ; watch them kindly ;  
 Guide the young ; support the old ;  
 Bring the wanderer back who blindly,  
 Led by Folly, leaves the Fold ;  
 Lest the Wolf, in ambush lying  
 For some lost one gone astray,  
 Weary, faint, deserted, dying,  
 Seize the unresisting prey.  
 Take My Crook—for them I bore it—  
 And in no wise lay it down,  
 Till I call thee to restore it  
 And receive thy Heavenly Crown.

## Eia, dulcis Anima.

**L**ASTE ! my Soul, thou Sister sweet  
 Who all my being sharest,  
 For thy Spouse a chamber meet  
 Now see that thou preparest ;  
 For a kind and gentle Guest  
 To visit thee intendeth :  
 All that Heaven hath fair and best  
 To greet thee condescendeth.

He Whose Presence e'er imparts  
 A Joy which passeth measure,  
 He Whose Friendship on all hearts  
 Bestoweth boundless pleasure,

## The Preparation.

Would possess this breast of thine,  
 With thee His sojourn making,  
 With thee at thy board recline,  
 With thee His Supper taking.

Arise ! and run to meet thy LORD,  
 E'en now His Steps are near thee ;  
 Thine heart a hallowed shrine afford  
 For Him to dwell and cheer thee ;  
 Oh, hold Him fast in thine embrace,  
 Let Him go from thee never,  
 Till with the fulness of His Grace  
 He bless thee here and ever.

## The ceaseless Intercession of Christ.



MOTHER of Love, Who didst not spare  
 For us Thine Only SON,  
 Oh, look on Him, and hear the prayer  
 Of Thy poor suppliant one :  
 Behold His pierced Hands and Feet,  
 Pleading for us e'en now ;  
 Behold that wounded Heart so sweet ;  
 Behold, upon His Brow  
 The traces of the thorny Crown ;  
 Behold the stripes He bore ;  
 By these He claims us for His Own,  
 His Own for evermore.

## The ceaseless Intercession of Christ. 27

Oh, look on Him, and let the Cry  
    Of this our BROTHER's BLOOD,  
Who Guiltless for our guilt did die,  
    Ascend to Thee our GOD.  
Wilt Thou refuse His Love, His Toil,  
    The one Reward they crave?  
Shall His most deadly Foe despoil  
    The Souls He died to save?  
FATHER, oh, that be far from Thee,  
    That Thou should'st turn away  
When in that Name's high Merits we  
    Kneel humbly down to pray.

For this is Thy Beloved SON  
    In Whom Thou art well pleased;  
Who for the sins that we had done  
    Thine Anger just appeased.  
Clothed in His Raiment we appear,  
    Kneeling before His Throne,  
Besprinkled with that BLOOD so dear,  
    The Garment Thou wilt own;  
And for Its sake, the sinner vile  
    Is made Thy Wedding-Guest—  
E'en such an one as her, erewhile  
    By seven Fiends possessed.

No depths of sin can drown that Love,  
    No water quench its fire:  
Desponding Soul, arise! and prove  
    Its Might, its strong Desire:

## The Preparation.

Come ! yea in lowliest confidence  
 Approach in JESUS' Name ;  
 Greater His Love than all offence—  
 FATHER, that Love we claim :  
 Bending before Thine Altar low  
 We offer It to Thee :  
 The purest Offering earth can know,  
 Or Heaven look down to see.

### Penitence before Holy Communion.



NEEL lowly down,  
 Poor recreant Child of Heavenly SIRE ;  
 Take ashes from the fire,  
 And where the great Creator placed  
 the crown  
 Let largely scattered, thickly lie  
 The emblems pale of thy mortality.  
 Strip ; strip thee bare,  
 Poor worshipper of Mammon's gaudy vest,  
 Better were shirt of hair  
 Than thus to be dishonourably dressed ;  
 And whilst good Angels shade thy brow,  
 Thy self-revenge and indignation shew,  
 Yea, lowly kneel :  
 And as the dropping wears the stone,  
 Or sand the griding steel,  
 So fast and frequent fall thy sorrows down,  
 Nor let the haughty-hearted say—  
 He knows to peace and Heaven a surer way.

For on thee kneeling,  
In lowly plight and tearful guise,  
The soft balm-dews are stealing,  
And Heaven reopens to thy ravished eyes ;  
While CHRIST Himself intones the Voice  
That bids thee sweetly through thy tears rejoice.

**Jesu, Jesu, komm zu mir.**



ESU, JESU, come to me,  
Longeth all my Soul for Thee :  
Thou my Friend and Comfort art,  
Clasp, oh, clasp me to Thy Heart.

Life without Thee is but pain ;  
Drooping hearts Thou dost sustain ;  
Oh, how sighs my heart for Thee ;  
Good LORD JESU, come to me.

Nothing that on earth I see  
Can my spirit's solace be ;  
Only Thy dear Love, O LORD,  
Peace and quickening can afford.

Therefore long I after Thee,  
Haste, LORD JESU, come to me ;  
Falling on my wounded heart  
Let Thy Balm heal all its smart.

Thou didst die upon the Rood,  
Giv'st Thy BODY for my Food :

## The Preparation.

Let my grateful love for Thee  
Sing Thy Praise eternally.

Sinful, LORD, I stand confess  
All unfit to be Thy Guest ;  
Speak the Word unto my Soul,  
Straight that Word shall make it whole.

Grant me Thy Forgiveness free  
In Death's awful agony ;  
Be my Guardian in that strife ;  
Raise Thou me to endless Life.

## Prayer and Sacrifice.



H, weak are my best thoughts, and poor  
Is all that I can say,  
Whether I lift my voice in praise  
Or kneel me down to pray :  
Wherefore I thank Thee, Gracious LORD,  
Whose Love provides for me  
A higher and more perfect way  
Of drawing nigh to Thee—  
The Way of Sacrifice—ordained  
When earth was in its prime ;  
Used by the hoary Patriarchs  
All through the olden time ;  
To Israel's Children in the Law  
Of trembling Sinai given ;  
To us in later days confirmed  
By CHRIST Himself from Heaven.

### **Electum & Frumentum.**

O sweet ecstatic thought ! 'tis mine  
 To offer as of yore  
 A Sacrifice, and One in Power  
 Excelling all before ;  
 For me upon an Altar fair  
 Is pleaded, day by day,  
 The BODY and the BLOOD of Him  
 Whom Heaven and earth obey :  
 And as the scarcely buoyant plank,  
 Knit in the vessel's side,  
 With ease careers across the waves  
 O'er leagues of ocean wide,  
 So too, though weak my prayer, O LORD,  
 Though poor my praises be,  
 Yet, knit with this high Sacrifice,  
 They win their way to Thee.

### **Electum & Frumentum.**



HOLY Wheat elected,  
 When wilt Thou come to me ?  
 Stay of my heart dejected,  
 It would Thy Temple be.  
 Even as Thy Will hath spoken  
 It lies beneath Thee broken ;  
 O when, O when the token  
 That it hath Thee ?  
  
 Keen be my faith and steady,  
 Far be all stain of sin ;

**The Preparation.**

O God, my heart is ready ;  
 O JESU, enter in.  
 Shall my love fail ? Oh, never ;  
 This be my one endeavour,  
 Here be Thy rest for ever,  
 Grant I may win.

**Eucharistic Precept and Prayer.**

INTO Thy Feast with heart deep hushed  
 And lowly bended knee,  
 As Thou commandedst, Blessed LORD,  
 I come, remembering Thee.

With thankfulness that weeps its joy,  
 I listen tremblingly  
 Unto the Words of Love Divine—  
 My BLOOD was shed for Thee :  
 My BODY given—JESU, LORD,  
 Through all I fly to Thee ;  
 In life, in death, at every hour  
 Do Thou remember me.

Grant Thou me Food to stay my Soul  
 That I in Thee may live ;  
 Till I have left this mortal strife  
 Vouchsafe that Food to give.

When fought the Fight and kept the Faith  
 Death comes to set me free,  
 Receive me, JESU, LORD, receive,  
 In Love remember me.

### The Fount of Healing.



CHRISTIAN, haste ! thy LORD invites thee,

Lo ! His Banquet is prepared,  
And the Food that Angels taste not  
May by sinful man be shared.

Sorrow-stricken, heavy-laden,  
To the living Waters flee ;  
Cast thy load of guilt and sorrow  
At His Feet Who died for thee.

Wending to His Presence-chamber,  
Is thy drooping spirit crost  
By unbidden thoughts evoking  
Phantoms of the loved and lost ?

He Who waiteth to enfold thee  
In the everlasting Arms,  
Other ties shall weave around thee,  
Ties Death funders not nor harms.

He Who drained the Cup of anguish  
Human grief can sanctify ;  
He shall give thee joys that bring not  
Tears and sad satiety.

See ! for way-worn feet and bleeding  
Wide His Palace-gate He flings,  
Blind and lame and halt are welcomed  
By th' anointed King of kings.

## The Preparation.

In the old world's blissful Garden,  
 ' Eat not,' was the Law Divine :  
 ' Eat,' breathed low the fallen Angel  
 ' And undying Life is thine.'

Now, O Mystery deep and wondrous !  
 Now the Mandate is reversed,  
 ' Eat,' proclaims the Voice from Heaven,  
 ' Eat not,' whispers the Accurst.

Tarry not then, Child of Adam,  
 Gird thee for the coming strife ;  
 Ere the shadow darken o'er thee,  
 Eat the Bread of deathless Life.

## Liebe die du mich so misde.



LOVE, Who formedst me to wear  
 The Image of Thy GODHEAD here ;  
 Who soughest me with tender care  
 Through all my wanderings wild and  
 drear ;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn  
 Thy choice on me hath gently laid ;  
 O Love, Who here as MAN wast born  
 And wholly like to us wast made ;  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

## Liebe die du mich so milde.

35

O Love, Who once in time wast slain,  
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;  
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain  
That we eternal Joy might know ;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, of Whom is Truth and Light,  
The WORD and SPIRIT, Life and Power,  
Whose Heart was bared to them that smite  
To shield us in our trial hour ;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who thus hast bound me fast  
Beneath that gentle Yoke of Thine ;  
Love, Who hast conquered me at last  
And wrapt away this heart of mine ;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who lovest me for aye,  
Who for my Soul dost ever plead ;  
O Love, Who didst my Ransom pay,  
Whose Power sufficeth in my stead ;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise  
From out this dying life of ours ;

O Love, Who once o'er yonder skies  
 Shall set me in the fadeless bowers ;  
 O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
 Thine ever, only Thine to be.

## Emmaus.



UR heart burned in us on the way—  
 I hear these wondering Brethren say ;  
 They felt the Look, the Speech Divine—  
 Is ever such experience mine ?

In holy Services have I  
 Been conscious that the LORD was nigh ?  
 As worship kindled could I say—  
 The LORD was with me on the way ?  
 Through holy Emblems do I see  
 The Living SAVIOUR near to me ?  
 In kindling zeal of praise and prayer  
 Does CHRIST reveal His Presence there ?  
 Though dark my path, I will not fear  
 If only I may feel Him near ;  
 My spirit warmed I know not how,  
 Till Faith reveals, LORD, it is Thou.

## From the Canticles.



H, sometime draw the veil aside  
 When I look up above,  
 And let the weary-hearted Bride  
 At last behold her Love.

I see in thought and weeping trace  
Those Lineaments of Thine,  
Th' eternal Beauty of the Face  
Which makes all Heaven Divine.

The darkness still is unwithdrawn,  
The stars shine through the blue ;  
I have culled my daisies ere the dawn,  
My lilies in the dew.

I gathered them while others sleep—  
A crown for Thee to wear ;  
Till Thou and Daylight come, oh, keep  
My blossoms fresh and fair.

## Preparation.



COME, O LORD, to Thee—  
In sad and grievous thought I hear Thy  
call—  
And I must come, or else from Thee I fall  
Deeper in misery.

I have not kept Thy Word,  
And yet Thou biddest me to taste Thy Love,  
Shaming my faithless heart that e'er could rove  
From Thee, O Gracious LORD.

Shame wraps my heart around,  
Like morning gloom upon the mountains spread ;  
Indignant memory, avenger dread,  
Deepens each restless wound.

Yet must I come to Thee—  
 Thou hast the Words of Life, and Thou alone—  
 Thou sitt'st upon the Mediator's Throne—  
 Where should a sinner flee ?

Nor Saint nor Angel's will  
 Could lift the burden from this loaded breast ;  
 Weary I come, and Thou wilt give me rest,  
 Thou wilt Thy Word fulfil.

I come to Thee ; since all  
 To faith is possible, in faith I come ;  
 As blind and deaf and halt and maimed and dumb,  
 Before Thy Feet I fall.

Whom didst Thou turn away ?  
 From what distress was hid Thy pitying Face ?  
 What cold rebuke e'er checked the cry for Grace ?  
 Can I unheeded pray ?

SAVIOUR ! O come to save !  
 Speak but the Word—Thy Servant shall be whole ;  
 Turn, LORD, and look on me ; quicken my Soul  
 Out of this living Grave.

For Thou art here most nigh :  
 Strength in this Bread, Refreshment in this Wine  
 Lie hid, in earthly things Thy Power Divine,  
 My sins to crucify.

Enter my opening heart ;  
 Fill it with Love and Peace and Light from  
 Heaven ;  
 Give me Thyself—for all in Thee is given ;  
 Come—never to depart.

## A Spanish Sonnet.



EBELLIOS Reason, thy bold wit  
confine ;  
Yield captive. Who commands ? The  
Glorious GOD.

And why ? Because thy doubtful pride, unawed,  
Bows not to greet Heaven's Sacrament Divine.  
Who shall arrest such freeborn power as mine ?  
Th' obedient Will, where Love's meek ardours  
burn.

And who shall keep me bound ? No jailer stern,  
But Faith whose bond is Wisdom's discipline.  
And what the Prison ? The Holy Church of GOD.

O Prison, the brightest home of earth below,  
Whose Treasure turns to joy all mortal pain :  
To those who loathe not thy mysterious Food,  
Such streams of Sweetness and of Glory flow,  
As all the Bliss of Eden bring again.

## Corpus Christi.



EJOICE ! ye Angels, and thou Church  
This day triumphant here below ;  
He comes in meekest Emblems clad,  
Himself He cometh to bestow.  
That BODY which thou gav'st, O Earth,  
He giveth back—that FLESH, that BLOOD,  
Born of the Altar's mystic birth,  
At once thy Worship and thy Food.

He Who of old on Calvary bled  
 On all thine Altars lies to-day,  
 A bloodless Sacrifice but dread,  
 The LAMB in Heaven adored for aye.  
 His GODHEAD on the Cross He veiled,  
 His MANHOOD here He veileth too ;  
 But Faith has eagle eyes unscaled,  
 And Love to Him she loves is true.

I will not leave you orphans. Lo !  
 While lasts the world with you am I :  
 SAVIOUR, we see Thee not, but know  
 With burning hearts that Thou art nigh.  
 He comes. Blue Heaven, thine incense breathe  
 O'er all the consecrated sod ;  
 And thou, O Earth, with flowers enwreathe  
 The Steps of thine Advancing GOD.

### Out of the Deep have I called unto Thee.



OUT of the deeps how often hath my cry  
 Gone up to GOD on the wild wings of  
 prayer !  
 Even so often hath He deigned to hear ;  
 So often hath He said—Thou shalt not die ;  
 So often—Stand upon thy feet once more ;  
 So often—Serve Me better than before.  
 But I, the river of my pain being past,  
 Slighted His Succour Who had borne me through,

## Kommt herein, ihr lieben Glieder. 41

Daily deferring the sweet service due,  
Till seemed that Mercy's self might scarce refrain  
    Her patient hands from vengeance at the last.  
But Thee, still seeking Thy reluctant Sheep  
Mid thorny-tangled brakes that pierce Thee deep,  
    Iron ingratitude repels in vain.

## Kommt herein, ihr lieben Glieder.



RIENDS in JESUS, now draw near,  
Brothers, Sisters, enter here ;  
Filled with humble, glad emotion,  
Bowed in lowly, deep devotion :

Come ! approach the sacred Board,  
'Tis the Supper of the LORD ;  
Where the choicest Things of Heaven  
From His loving Heart are given.

He Who leaving Throne and Crown  
To our fallen world came down,  
All our wants and woes to share,  
All our sins and griefs to bear ;

He Who journeyed weary years  
In the land of toil and tears,  
Onward to the Cross and Grave  
Hastening the lost to save ;

## The Preparation.

He devised this Feast of Love,  
 Thus the coldest heart to move,  
 Thus to bring Himself more near,  
 Thus to make Himself more dear.

On the sacred Symbols feasting,  
 All the Love of JESUS tasting,  
 All the SPIRIT's Grace and Power,  
 Oh, the sweetness of the hour.

Who can tell the joy, the bliss  
 Of Communion such as this ;  
 Sink, my Soul, in deep prostration,  
 Lowly, fervent adoration ;

Earth-bound hearts, at length arise ;  
 Reason, soar beyond the skies ;  
 At Thine Altar, LORD, we bend,  
 Let the Fire from Heaven descend.

Hush your Anthems, Cherubim ;  
 Stand astonished, Seraphim ;  
 Men on earth, your Brothers lowly,  
 Dare to join your ‘ Holy, Holy.’

LORD, may Grace imparted here  
 In our future lives appear :  
 These have been—let others say—  
 At the gates of Heaven to-day.

**Salve, Suavis et Formose.**



WEET and Beauteous, hail to Thee !  
God Who so hast loved me,  
JESU Gentle, JESU Dear,  
When I stand Thine Altar near  
Grant me to be ranked among  
Those Elect who round Thee throng,  
Fill me with Thy fullest Grace.

Hail ! O CHRIST, Thou SAVIOUR Blest,  
Only Hope of Souls distressed,  
Hear, oh, hear me as I pray,  
Purge, O LORD, my guilt away ;  
And to baffle Satan's art  
Give me saintliness of heart,  
Every evil from me chase.

Hail to Thee ! O Royal Head,  
Which beneath the thorns hast bled,  
Marked with spitting and with Gore,  
Whence the Hair Thy foemen tore ;  
Bow down, LORD, Thyself, and hear,  
To Thy Servant's prayer give ear,  
Hearken, O Redeemer mild.

Hail to Thee ! my SAVIOUR's Side,  
Whence poured forth the mingled Tide,  
When the BLOOD and Water flowed  
Where the Spear had made a road ;

## The Preparation.

In that Fountain wash me, LORD,  
 Throughly cleanse the guilt abhorred  
 Of my Soul by sin defiled.

Hail ! O Stream, when washed by Thee  
 All the world from stain is free,  
 From a spotless Heart and pure  
 Thou hast flowed to work our cure :  
 May the voice of saintly prayer  
 Rise to CHRIST for me, who dare  
 Of this Chalice drink to-day.

Hail ! O SON of GOD most High,  
 What I longed for now have I ;  
 Through this precious Gift once more,  
 When this life is past and o'er,  
 Guard me from my cruel foe,  
 Grant me, LORD, Thy Face to know  
 And to dwell with Thee for aye.

## Our Daily Bread.

**O** IVE us our daily Bread,  
 O God, the Bread of strength ;  
 For we have learnt to know  
 How weak we are at length :  
 As children we are weak,  
 As children must be fed ;  
 Give us Thy Grace, O LORD,  
 To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,  
The bitter Bread of grief :  
We sought earth's poisoned feasts  
For pleasure and relief ;  
We sought her deadly fruits,  
But now, O God, instead,  
We ask Thy healing Grief  
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread  
To cheer our fainting Soul ;  
The Feast of Comfort, LORD,  
And Peace to make us whole ;  
For we are sick of tears,  
The useless tears we shed ;  
Now give us Comfort, LORD,  
To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,  
The Bread of Angels, LORD,  
By us so many times  
Broken, betrayed, adored ;  
His BODY and His BLOOD,  
The Feast that JESUS spread,  
Give Him, our Life, our All,  
To be our daily Bread.

## Latus Salvatoris.



HERE is an everlasting Home  
Where contrite Souls may hide,  
Where death and danger dare not come,  
The SAVIOUR's Side.

It was a cleft of matchless Love  
Opened when He had died,  
When Mercy hailed in worlds above  
That wounded Side.

Hail ! Rock of Ages, pierced for me,  
The grave of all my pride ;  
Hope, Peace and Heaven are all in Thee,  
Thy sheltering Side.

There issued forth the double Flood,  
The sin-atoning Tide,  
In streams of Water and of BLOOD  
From that dear Side.

There is the only Fount of Bliss  
In joy and sorrow tried ;  
No refuge for the heart like this,  
A SAVIOUR's Side.

Thither the Church, through all her days,  
Points as a faithful guide,  
And celebrates with ceaseless praise  
That spear-pierced Side.

Herr Jesu Christe, mein getreuer Hirte.



ORD JESUS CHRIST, my faithful Shepherd,  
herd, hear ;  
Feed me with Thy Grace, draw inly  
near ;

By Thee redeemed, in Thee alone I live,  
All I need 'tis Thou canst give.

Ah, LORD, thy timid Sheep now feed  
With joy upon Thy Heavenly mead ;  
Lead us to the crystal River  
Whence our life is flowing ever.

For Thou art calling all the toil-oppressed,  
All the weary to Thy Rest ;  
The pardon of their sins is here bestowed,  
Thou dost free them from their load.

Ah, come ! Thyself put forth Thine Hand,  
Unbind this heavy iron band ;  
Set me from my sorrows free,  
Give me strength to follow Thee.

Thou fain wouldest heart and Soul to Thee incline ;  
Take me from myself and make me Thine ;  
Thou art the Vine and I the branch ; oh, grant  
I may grow in Thee a living plant.

*Mέγα τὸ Μυστήριον.*



CHRIST, we turn our eyes to Thee  
And this mighty Mystery :  
Habakkuk exclaimed of old,  
In the HOLY SPIRIT bold—  
  
Thou shalt come in time appointed  
For the help of Thine Anointed.  
Taste of Myrrh He deigned to know  
Who redeemed the source of woe :  
Now He bids all sickness cease  
Through the Honeycomb of Peace ;  
And to this world deigns to give  
That sweet Fruit by which we live.  
Patient LORD, with loving Eye  
Thou invitest Thomas nigh,  
Showing of that wounded Side ;  
While the world is certified  
How the third day, from the Grave,  
JESUS CHRIST arose to save.  
Blest, O Didymus, the tongue  
Where that first Confession hung,  
First the SAVIOUR to proclaim,  
First the LORD of Life to name ;  
Such the Graces it supplied—  
That dear touch of JESUS' Side.

## Herein is Love.



LOVE, strong as death, nay, stronger,  
Love mightier than the grave,  
Broad as the earth and longer  
Than ocean's widest wave :

This is the Love that sought us ;  
This is the Love that bought us ;  
This is the Love that brought us  
To gladdest day from saddest night,  
From deepest shame to glory bright,  
From depths of death to Life's fair height,  
From darkness to the joy of light :  
This is the Love that leadeth  
Us to His Table here ;  
This is the Love that spreadeth  
For us this royal Cheer.

## The Cross the Anticipation of the Altar.



TALK not of Bread ; the Soul entranced  
but eyes  
That Heavenly FORM so buffeted  
and bruised :

Talk not of Wine ; the Soul entranced descries  
That Brow, that Side with Healing BLOOD  
suffused :

Nor tell me of a consecrated Board;  
 Hence with the wings of wafting Faith I rove;  
 On Golgotha before th' Expiring LORD  
 I bend in grief, astonishment and love.

Sweet is the liquid grape to him that glows  
 With gasping thirst, or bread to starved distress;  
 But sweeter far a SAVIOUR's Death to those  
 Who thirst and hunger after Righteousness.  
 Oh, as the branch is nourished by the Vine—  
 Thou, SAVIOUR, art the Vine, the branches we—  
 Still may our Spirits in this mystic Wine  
 Drink life, health, beauty, joy, festivity.

### An Eucharistic Meditation.



ESU, we laud and worship Thee,  
 The veiled Incarnate DEITY,  
 Since sinful man eats Angels' Food,  
 The BREAD of Life, the Precious  
 BLOOD.

Oft as we seek Thine Altar-Throne  
 Help every Soul in suppliant tone,  
 As Love's own voice comes whispering by  
 To ask with tears—LORD, is it I?

LORD, is it I who doubt if Thou  
 Art really Present with us now,

Present to calm each aching breast,  
To give the heavy laden rest ?

LORD, is it I who turn away  
And go like Judas to betray,  
As if no Paschal BLOOD had gleamed  
On lips which Grace has once redeemed ?

JESU, what Love can Thine transcend,  
Love without measure, time or end,  
Which gives to those who seek Thy Feet  
Thy BLOOD to drink, Thy FLESH to eat ?

O Glory, that no tongue can tell,  
O Presence most ineffable,  
Hidden in Forms of Bread and Wine  
Faith now adores her LORD Divine.

Yes, spotless Victim, sinless Priest,  
We hail Thee in this awful Feast ;  
And pray through It our Souls uplift  
To Thee, the Giver and the Gift.

In hours of woe, in time of wealth,  
Be this sweet Food the Spirit's health,  
Till in this Strength we reach our home,  
Till to the Mount of GOD we come.

There we shall see, unveiled at last,  
When Holy Sacraments are past,  
The Presence which on earth we own,  
And know even as we are known.

JESU, all laud and praise to Thee,  
 At this high Feast our prayer shall be,  
 That we, who hymn this mighty Grace,  
 In Heaven may see Thee Face to face.

## Unita Crucis Dei Crucis.



ITH the Precious BLOOD anointed,  
     Thee we hail, O holiest Tree !  
     Life at thy blest touch returning  
         Owns thy wondrous potency ;  
 Such thy glory, such thy virtue  
     Since our SAVIOUR hung on thee.

Fount of universal Blessing  
     Which the Wounds of JESUS yield,  
 Let the wounded gaze upon thee  
     And their wounds shall straight be healed ;  
 Only let them look believing,  
     They shall prove what CHRIST revealed.

Holy Cross, thou Seat of Judgment,  
     Where the Just ONE sat enthroned  
 To pronounce the righteous Sentence,  
     Yet His righteous Ire disowned  
 When He bare the Wood of healing,  
     Who the Rod of vengeance owned.

Thou in Whom all things are holy,  
     Whence alone things holy flow,

Though our sins be dark and fearful  
Thou canst make them white as snow ;  
Let thy healing dews refresh us  
When we meet our last sharp woe.

## The Bread of Life.



THOU givest us the Bread of Life  
Without the strife,  
The weariness of heart, the toil, the care  
With which our earthly tables we pre-  
pare.

The world is full of deep unrest :  
But we are blest  
Who see our Loving FATHER's Table spread,  
E'en in the wilderness, with daily Bread :

Nor Bread alone, but also Wine ;  
The living Vine  
Supplies us daily from th' unfailing store,  
That we may never thirst nor hunger more.

Thou lovest us—we need not fear  
To draw so near ;  
Thou longest all Thy weary Ones to feed,  
For Thou alone canst satisfy our need.

## Speak gently to the Erring.



PEAK gently to the Erring—  
 Ye know not all the power  
 With which the dark Temptation came  
 In some unguarded hour :  
 Ye may not know how earnestly  
 They struggled or how well,  
 Until the hour of weakness came  
 And sadly thus they fell.

Speak kindly of the Erring—  
 Oh ! do not thou forget  
 However darkly stained by sin,  
 He is thy Brother yet ;  
 Heir of the self-same Heritage,  
 Child of the Self-same GOD,  
 He hath but stumbled in the path  
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the Erring—  
 For is it not enough  
 That innocence and peace are gone,  
 Without thy censure rough ?  
 It surely is a weary lot  
 That sin-crushed heart to bear ;  
 And they who share a happier fate  
 Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the Erring—

Thou yet mayst lead him back,  
With holy words and tones of love,  
From Misery's thorny track :  
Forget not thou hast often sinned,  
And sinful yet must be ;  
Deal kindly with the erring One  
As God hath dealt with thee.

## Food of the Hungry.



FOOD of the hungry,  
Hope of the sad,  
Rest of the weary,  
Bliss of the glad ;  
Stay of the helpless,  
Strength of the weak,  
Life of the lifeless,  
Joy of the joyless,  
Crown of the meek :  
Nurture of Angels,  
Manna from Heaven ;  
Comfort of Mortals,  
Quicken Leaven ;  
Pardon of sinners  
Contrite become ;  
Guide to all wanderers  
Seeking their Home ;

## The Preparation.

Pledge of Salvation,  
 Refuge in death,  
 Sacred Oblation,  
 Seal of our Faith ;  
 Peace to the troubled  
 Tempest-tossed mind ;  
 Balm to the wounded,  
 Eyes to the blind :  
 Hail ! Son of Mary,  
 Sacrifice pure ;  
 Hail ! we adore Thee ;  
 Hail ! we implore Thee,  
 Keep us secure  
 Bound to Thine Altar,  
 Bound by Thy Love,  
 Bound till hereafter  
 With Thee in Light,  
 Reigning in Glory,  
 Filled with Thy Mercy,  
 We shall for ever  
 In Thine own sight  
 Banquet above.

## Equis hinas Columbinas.



OULD my Soul could fly for refuge,  
 As the Dove flies to her nest,  
 To the Cross where JESUS dying  
 Spreads for me His Arms of Rest,

Where the great Desire of Nations  
Hangs in slow-consuming pain,  
All the shame of sin upon Him  
Whom the worlds cannot contain.

Seek, my Soul, His sweet Compassion ;  
Seek it in His riven Side ;  
In Thy sacred Wounds, O JESU,  
May Thy Servant safely hide :  
Let me rest within the rampart  
That doth Thy Beloved enclose ;  
Here to dwell in Peace unceasing  
Be the ending of my woes.

O my GOD, my Best and Dearest,  
Art Thou suffering for me ?  
SAVIOUR of the all-unworthy  
Art Thou nailed upon the Tree ?  
For the Robber, Gracious JESU,  
Thou in shame art raised on high ;  
Freely for my vile transgressions  
Thou, my very Life, dost die.

JESU, far beyond my merits  
Is the Love Thou hast for me :  
Why am I amongst the living  
If so loved I love not Thee ?  
Blessed in its mighty power  
Be the Love that conquers all,  
Love on which like fleeting visions  
Death's fell arrows vainly fall.

Me Thy Love at first created,  
 Me when lost Thy Love redeems :  
 Shed then on my dull cold Spirit  
 That bright Love's enkindling beams :  
 Draw to Thee my heart's affection,  
 Make me glow with perfect Love,  
 Keep me Thine in closest union  
 Never from Thy Side to rove.

## An Imitation from the Anglo-Saxon.



FATHER of All, to Thee we pray,  
 Bend down from highest Heaven this  
 day.  
 Oh, raise our feeble hearts to Thee ;  
 That Thy great Name may hallowed be.  
 To quick and dead Thy Grace afford ;  
 Hasten Thy Kingdom, Gracious LORD.  
 Thy Will be done through CHRIST ; for we  
 Are one with Him as He with Thee  
 If our faint Souls from Thee be fed  
 On His Own FLESH, the daily Bread ;  
 That we, forgiving all, may be  
 Forgiven our sins through Him by Thee.  
 Thy Church defend : if flesh rebel,  
 FATHER, close fast the gates of Hell :  
 For Thine the Kingdom, Thee we own—  
 This earth Thy Footstool—Heaven Thy Throne :  
 All Glory Thine : By sons of men  
 Be ever praised Thy Name. Amen.

**The Two Accusations.**



CROSS stands black against the last  
pale glow  
Of that dread Day that twice was  
veiled in night ;

The FORM that quivered there when noon was high  
Rests low amidst the shrouds and spices now,  
And reverent hands have wiped that thorn-  
crowned Brow ;

But where It bowed at noon, death-dewed and white,  
The Roman's Accusation meets my sight,  
Earth's homage rendered in her own despite,  
Proclaiming in three tongues Thy Right Divine.

Yet, as I gaze, my heart discovers there  
Another Accusation, black and clear—  
These were the crimes that slew Thee ! They  
are mine !

But it is torn and blotted with Thy BLOOD ;  
No more a Sentence, but a Pardon sealed of GOD.

**This Do in Remembrance of Me.**



F by a Parent's dying bed  
Some Child in seeming sorrow kneeling,  
Waiting to catch the last faint word  
Ere yet the silver cord doth sever ;

Should hear one sad request preferred  
 By lips soon to be sealed for ever ;  
 Who with a heart so cold, so dead,  
 So lost to shame, so lost to feeling,  
 Could rise unmoved and go his way,  
 Nor that last sad request obey ?

And can we kneel His Cross beside,  
 And there recall His dying Token ;  
 And hear the scoffs, the cry, the scorn  
 Of furious foes exulting round Him,  
 And see the nails, the spear, the thorn,  
 The scourge that smote, the thongs that  
 bound Him ;  
 And then, His last Request denied,  
 His Wine unpoured, His Bread unbroken,  
 Pass proudly on, despise, forget  
 Of Grace the Pledge, of Love the Debt ?

Is not that Bread, the FLESH, the Meat,  
 The Manna which from Heaven proceedeth ?  
 Is not that Wine in truth the BLOOD  
 From His deep wounded Side fast flowing ?  
 Can Souls which loathe far choicer food  
 Than Angels' Food in Grace be growing ?  
 Or live who fail to 'rise and eat,'  
 When CHRIST with His Own BODY feedeth ?  
 Oh ! Death for Life they surely choose  
 Who their Dear LORD's Command refuse.



## PART II.

### The Oblation.

#### *THE OBLATORY PORTION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.*

### The Offering of the New Law.



NCE I thought to sit so high  
In the Palace of the sky ;  
Now, I thank GOD for His Grace  
If I may fill the lowest place.

Once I thought to scale so soon  
Heights above the changing moon ;  
Now, I thank GOD for delay—  
To-day, it yet is called to-day.

While I stumble, halt and blind,  
Lo ! He waiteth to be kind ;  
Bless me soon or bless me slow,  
Except He bless I let not go.

**The Oblation.**

Once for earth I laid my plan,  
 Once I leaned on strength of man,  
 When my hope was swept aside  
 I stayed my broken heart on pride :

Broken reed hath pierced my hand ;  
 Fell my house I built on sand ;  
 Roofless, wounded, maimed by sin,  
 Fightings without and fears within :

Yet, His tree, He feeds my root ;  
 Yet, His branch, He prunes for fruit ;  
 Yet, His sheep, these eves and morns  
 He seeks for me among the thorns.

With Thine Image stamped of old,  
 Find Thy Coin more choice than gold ;  
 Known to Thee by name, recall  
 To Thee Thy home-sick prodigal.

Sacrifice and Offering  
 None there is that I can bring,  
 None, save what is Thine alone :  
 I bring Thee, LORD, but of Thine Own—

Broken BODY, BLOOD Outpoured,  
 These I bring, my GOD, my LORD ;  
 Wine of Life and Living Bread,  
 With these for me Thy Board is spread.

**A Lamb as it had been slain.**



EA, Thou wast once a Victim slain,  
Thy MANHOOD in th' atoning Pain  
Was offered once and ne'er again.

But, LORD, in their Immortal Worth  
Thy FLESH and BLOOD are still set forth  
Before God's Throne in Heaven and earth.

For Present wheresoe'er they be,  
By Nature's rule or Mystery,  
We have Thy Sacrifice and Thee.

And Present truly and indeed  
In Sacrament our Souls to feed  
That FLESH and BLOOD are strong to plead.

For in Them never fails nor dies  
The Might of Thy dread Sacrifice  
That stands before the FATHER'S Eyes.

And thus on lowliest Altar-floor,  
E'en as within th' eternal Door,  
They show Thy Passion evermore.

O Thou Whose Love can thus combine  
The earthly with the Heavenly Shrine,  
Let this pure Offering keep us Thine.

## Sursum Corda.



HY art thou weary, O my Soul,  
And why cast down within thee ?  
Though floods of sorrow o'er thee roll  
Thy FATHER's Eye hath seen thee:  
From dangers thus thy life He keeps,  
From shallow shores to safer deeps  
The storm is sent to win thee.

All things within, without, around  
Must prove unsatisfying :  
And comes there not from all a sound,  
The echo of our sighing,  
Telling that earth may never be  
Our Home of Immortality,  
Or Rest for Souls undying ?

FATHER, I hear Thy warning Voice  
'Midst fears the Soul appalling ;  
No sunny days of earthly joys  
Could stay the shadows falling :  
Sun-lighted times are types of Heaven,  
Dark nights to calm the heart are given  
Man to his GOD recalling.

Lift thyself up ! O weary Heart,  
And claim thy high election :  
Strength for thy Cross will He impart  
Who tasted earth's rejection.

Joint-Heirs with CHRIST, on Things above,  
The Joys of GOD's eternal Love,  
Must set their own affection.

Lift up thy Heart ! His Church's chant  
Tells of the Joy before us :  
Such Bliss as Heavenly Love can grant  
His Promises assure us.  
Sing all our Souls with full accord —  
We lift them up to Thee, O LORD,  
In Eucharistic chorus.

Tὸ μέγα Μυστήριον.



H, the Mystery passing wonder,  
When reclining at the Board,  
Eat—Thou saidst to Thy Disciples—  
That true Bread with quickening  
stored ;  
Drink in faith the healing Chalice  
From a Dying GOD outpoured.

Then the glorious Upper-Chamber  
A Celestial Tent was made,  
When the Bloodless Rite was offered  
And the Soul's true service paid,  
And the table of the feasters  
As an Altar stood displayed.

CHRIST is now our mighty Pascha  
 Eaten for our mystic Bread,  
 As a Lamb led out to slaughter  
 And for this world offerèd ;  
 Take we of His Broken BODY,  
 Drink we of the BLOOD He shed.

To the Twelve spake Truth eternal,  
 To the Branches spake the Vine—  
 Never more from this day forward  
 Shall I taste again this Wine,  
 Till I drink It in the Kingdom  
 Of My FATHER and with Mine.

Thou hast stretched those hands for silver  
 That had held th' Immortal Food ;  
 With those lips that late had tasted  
 Of the BODY and the BLOOD,  
 Thou hast given the kiss, O Judas ;  
 Thou hast heard the Woe bestowed.

CHRIST to all the world gives Banquet  
 On that most Celestial Meat ;  
 Him, albeit with lips all earthly,  
 Yet with holy hearts we greet,  
 Him the sacrificial Pascha,  
 Priest and Victim all complete.

### A Lenten Plea.



ESU, ever present  
 With Thy Church below  
 In the day of gladness,  
 In the night of woe  
 From Thy holy Altar  
 Life Divine bestow.

There we kneel before Thee  
 Pleading Face to face ;  
 There with awe adore Thee  
 Thirsting for Thy Grace,  
 That our hearts, O SAVIOUR,  
 May Thyself embrace.

We are frail and sinful  
 And no Love can claim,  
 But withhold not from us  
 By Thy sacred Name  
 Light to keep our footsteps  
 From the paths of shame ;

Strength to fight the battle  
 With the powers of death ;  
 Truth to hold us stedfast  
 In Thy holy Faith ;  
 Comfort to sustain us  
 To our latest breath.

**The Oblation.**

JESU, ever present  
 With Thy Church below,  
 Hear us in our sadness,  
 Hear us in our woe ;  
 Faint our Souls and hungry,  
 Bread of Life bestow.

**Our Father.**

UR FATHER ! Thou Who art in Heaven,  
 Hallowed be Thy Name, Creator  
 LORD :  
 May Thy Kingdom come, and praise be  
 given  
 To Thee, King of Heaven and earth adored.

As in Heaven Celestial Powers obey Thee,  
 As Thy Will is ever done on high,  
 So on earth may we glad homage pay Thee,  
 Like the radiant Spirits of the sky.

In our need, O FATHER, we implore Thee,  
 For Thy Bounty thus Thy Children pray,  
 In sweet hope we bend the knee before Thee,  
 Give, O GOD, our Daily Bread this day.

As we pardon all who may offend us,  
 Do Thou, LORD, forgive our sins to Thee :  
 Grace in peril and temptation send us,  
 And from evil ever keep us free.

**They were offended at Him.**



TORE of Grace in CHRIST resides,  
Only faith this Store revealeth ;  
USELESS all this Grace abides  
Until faith the Fount unsealeth.

If the eye of faith be bright,  
Those far off may see Him clearly ;  
If be dark that inward light,  
They see least who see most nearly.

When His earthly Race to run  
Our Dear LORD from Heaven descended,  
The mean garb of Joseph's SON  
Men beholding, shrank offended.

Even thus in Bread and Wine,  
And meaner things, where judgment carnal  
Nought can see, to faith Divine  
Dwells abundant Grace supernal.

Worldly wisdom seeketh how  
Grace in Means thus humble lurketh,  
Unconvinced unless it know  
Whence Power springeth, why it worketh.

They their Master's Love who share  
Ask not how His SPIRIT moveth ;  
This their only, constant care  
To rest in faith on Him Who loveth.

**Sacris Solemnis juncta sint gaudia.**



ET this our solemn Feast  
With holy joys be crowned,  
And from each loving breast  
The voice of gladness sound ;  
Let ancient things depart,  
And all be new around  
In every act and voice and heart.

Remember we that Eve,  
That Supper last and dread,  
When CHRIST, as we believe,  
The Lamb and leavenless Bread  
Unto His Brethren brought,  
And thus the Law obeyed  
Of old time to the Fathers taught.

But when the Law's repast  
Was o'er, the Type complete,  
To His Disciples last  
The LORD His FLESH to eat,  
The Whole to all, no less,  
The Whole to each doth meet  
With His own Hand, as we confess.

He gave the weak and frail  
His BODY for their Food,  
The sad for their regale  
The Chalice of His BLOOD ;

## Christmas Midnight Celebration. 71

And said—Take ye of This,  
My Cup with Life imbued ;  
Oh, drink ye all this Draught of Bliss..

That Sacrifice so He  
To institute did will,  
And by a sure Decree  
That Office to fulfil  
To Priests alone confide,  
To whom pertaineth still  
To take and to the rest divide.

Lo ! Angels' Bread is made  
The Bread of mortal man ;  
Shows forth this Heavenly Bread  
The end which Types began ;  
Oh, wondrous Boon indeed,  
Upon his LORD now can  
A poor and humble Servant feed.

## Christmas Midnight Celebration.



LLELUIA ! LORD most Holy,  
In Thy Manger-throne we hail Thee ;  
Alleluia ! Meek and Lowly,  
Never shall our worship fail Thee.  
Alleluia ! Choirs of Angels  
Sing at midnight-hour Thy Glory,  
To the watchful Shepherds telling  
From the skies Thy natal story.

## The Oblation.

Alleluia ! CHILD of Mary,  
 Low the Shepherds bend before Thee ;  
 Alleluia ! eastern Monarchs  
 With their costliest gifts adore Thee.  
 Alleluia ! still unended  
 Rings the Angel-note above ;  
 From our Altars sweetly blending  
 Echoes earth's response of love.  
 Alleluia ! shine the tapers,  
 Gleams the holly's burnished spray ;  
 Alleluia ! chant the Credo,  
 CHRIST, we welcome Thee to-day.

He came unto His Own, and His Own  
 received Him not.



Out on the world, unheeded, came there  
 ONE at midnight hour,  
 A lowly Maid His Mother, and a  
 Manger-stall His bed ;  
 Out on the cold, cold winter when the snow lay  
 on the ground,  
 He came a Tender INFANT to Bethlehem's humble  
 shed.

Out on the world, unheeded—for none knew that  
 He was GOD,  
 Save His Parents and the Shepherds and the  
 strangers from afar ;

These were His sole adorers—these the courtiers  
of the King,  
The world saw not the rising of the bright and  
morning Star.

Out on the world, forsaken, poor He comes to sin-  
ners still,  
When storms are raging fiercely and 'tis night  
because of sin ;  
Out on the cold, cold winter—to their thankless  
hearts He comes,  
And they turn their faces from Him and will not  
take Him in.

Out on the world, neglected—careless Christians  
love Him not  
While on our Altars dwelling, veiled in Mystery  
most high ;  
Unbelieving they reject Him—they will not own  
their LORD,  
Out on the cold, cold winter—for they pass un-  
mindful by.

Out on the world, forsaken—but the faithful take  
Him in,  
As to her Breast did Mary on that first glad  
Christmas night ;  
And where'er the Consecration tells of the Hidden  
GOD,  
They bend the knee and worship Him Who is the  
Light of light.

And every lowly bosom which receives Him  
tenderly  
He strengthens with His Presence, and His Bleſ-  
sing comfort brings ;  
What joy to that poor dwelling when the L ORD  
of Glory comes—  
Another Bethlehem's Manger to enthrone the  
King of kings.

Such be my heart, L ORD J ESUS, this blessed Christ-  
mas morn ;  
Cold, cold the world unheeding, but my Guest  
vouchsafe to be ;  
Though mean and poor the dwelling, true my  
heart's glad welcome is,  
And this my prayer unceasing—Stay Thou ever-  
more with me.

Out on the world, forsaken—Oh, regard Thy  
Children's love—  
Our tears be Reparation for the slights upon  
Thee thrown ;  
May the Church's great Thanksgiving, this Holy  
Sacrifice,  
Avail for all the thankless, and for all our sins  
atone.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Sing every tongue with joy ;  
He comes to dwell amongst us, our sweet Sacra-  
mental King ;

## A Carol for Christmas-tide. 75

Raise up to Heaven your Anthems, let them  
join the Angel-songs,  
Telling out to every people this great and wondrous  
thing.

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Till Death our voices hush,  
Till we join the Church Triumphant and reach  
the Fount of Grace ;  
There no more the hidden Presence nor Eu-  
charistic Rite,  
But the Bridegroom's Marriage Supper and to  
see Him Face to face.

## A Carol for Christmas-tide.



Now lift the Carol, Men and Maids,  
Now wake exultant singing,  
This day the Well of Life first sprang—  
Who shall declare Its springing ?  
It is the Birthday of our Peace ;  
Now first our sorrows tasting  
That Holy ONE in time was born  
Who is from everlasting.

He was not born in such sweet days  
As we of yore remember ;  
It was not sunny summer-time,  
Oh, it was bleak December :

But like the Sun above the snows  
 When Nature's life is lying  
 Fast bound in Winter's icy chains,  
 So came He to the dying.

He did not bring a royal train,  
 A host no man could number ;  
 Nor lay begirt by damask folds,  
 Nor lulled by harp to slumber ;  
 Oh, He was wrapped in swathing bands  
 Whose Might o'erspans the Heaven,  
 And a poor trough whence oxen fed  
 For His first rest was given.

But there were Shepherds at the fold  
 Who heard the wondrous tiding,  
 How there was joy in Heaven that night  
 For Peace on earth abiding.  
 They went in haste to Bethlehem,  
 And saw, and told the story  
 Of CHRIST the LORD, a Little CHILD,  
 And Angels singing—Glory.

He lies not in the Manger now—  
 Far o'er the sapphire portal  
 At the Right Hand of Power He sits,  
 Who was this day made Mortal :  
 All in the highest holiest Place  
 Where there may dwell none other,  
 There our own Manhood sits enthroned,  
 There is our Elder BROTHER.

He has gone up into His Home—  
Will there be no returning  
Until His awful Sign is seen,  
And Heaven and earth are burning ?  
O Brother, He will come : He came  
Once in our nature Lowly ;  
But now in lowlier Wine and Bread  
We take the Ever-holy.

Lo ! He is coming ; lo ! the Bride  
Her purest white is wearing ;  
Lo ! the twin Tapers shed their gleam  
The Two-fold CHRIST declaring ;  
And lo ! the Priest, His Minister,  
Stands between earth and Heaven  
To speak the ancient Law anew  
Before its end be given.

The Birthday of our God and King—  
Lo ! we are called to greet Him ;  
The everlasting Bridegroom comes,  
O, go ye out to meet Him.  
This is the End of all below,  
The crown of Love's blest story ;  
CHRIST stands and knocks—O happy Souls,  
Receive the King of Glory.

## An ancient Hymn for Maundy Thursday.



N those dark hours of bitter Woe,  
 When depths of Agony  
 Bound Me to dust, I bade It flow—  
 My BLOOD, in Streams for Thee :  
 I stood alone, My Hands were bound,  
 Beneath the scourge I stood ;  
 From their long furrows to the ground  
 Fast fell the Holy BLOOD.  
 My Child, and this was all for Thee ;  
 Oh, hast Thou ever thought of Me ?

They put on Me a Robe of scorn,  
 Bade thorns My Crown to be ;  
 I gladly bore it, could have borne  
 More still for love of thee ;  
 They gave Me then the Cross to bear,  
 And many a word was said  
 Against My holy Name, but ne'er—  
 Love from My Heart ne'er fled.

Behold Me lifted up on high  
 Praying midst all My Woe,  
 With parched Lip and closing Eye,  
 My FATHER for each foe,  
 And then, with Heart-wrung Wail and Groan—  
 My GOD, My GOD—I said ;  
 It seemed that I was left alone  
 And My true Comfort fled.

The Gentile's spear hath pierced My Side ;  
 Lo ! from My Heart within  
 Water and BLOOD, a priceless Tide,  
 Flow forth to cleanse from sin.  
 Have I left any thing undone  
 So thou by it might'ft be  
 Brought back, My lost, My lovèd One ?  
 Have I not died for thee ?

For Thee I was content to die,  
 To shame and anguish moved ;  
 And now upon My Throne on high  
 I love as then I loved ;  
 To thee My FLESH and BLOOD are given—  
 The pure Soul's mystic Food—  
 And thou shalt be with Me in Heaven  
 When thou hast passed Death's flood.  
 My Child, and this was all for Thee ;  
 Oh, hast thou ever thought of Me ?

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee Face to face.



ERE, O my LORD, I see Thee Face to  
 face ;  
 Here would I touch and handle Things  
 unseen ;  
 Here grasp with firmer hand th' eternal Grace,  
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of GOD,  
 Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of Heaven ;  
 Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song ;  
 This is the Heavenly Table spread for me ;  
 Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong  
 The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
 Another arm save Thine to lean upon :  
 It is enough, my LORD, enough, indeed ;  
 My strength is in Thy Might, Thy Might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him Who is  
 My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in One ;  
 No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise,  
 No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the Righteousness ;  
 Mine is the guilt, but Thine the Cleansing  
 BLOOD ;  
 Here is my Robe, my Refuge and my Peace ;  
 Thy BLOOD, Thy Righteousness, O LORD my  
 GOD.

I know that deadly evils compass me,  
 Dark perils threaten, yet I would not fear,  
 Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee ;  
 Thou, O my CHRIST, art Buckler, Word and  
 Spear.

## Easter Celebration of Holy Mysteries. 81

But see ! the Pillar-cloud is rising now  
And moving onward through the desert-night ;  
It beckons and I follow, for I know  
It leads me to the Heritage of Light.

Feast after Feast thus comes and passes by,  
Yet, passing, points to the glad Feast above,  
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal Joy,  
The LAMB's great bridal Feast of Bliss and Love.

## Easter Celebration of Holy Mysteries.



HOU that on the first of Easters  
Cam'st resplendent from the Tomb,  
Leaving all Thy linen Cerements  
Folded in the Cavern's gloom,  
Come with Thine ' All hail ' to greet us,  
Come our Paschal joy to be ;  
Let our Altar clad in brightness  
Yield a Throne of white for Thee.

This shall crown the Queen of Sundays ;  
Grant but this—our cup runs o'er ;  
Hymns that welcomed in Thine Easter  
Made us long for this the more :  
All the Paschal Alleluias  
Craved to see the LAMB appear ;  
Come the hour when Faith shall tell us—  
He is risen, and He is here.

Thou Whose All-transcendent MANHOOD  
 Knew not aught of bonds imposed,  
 Rising ere the stone was lifted,  
 Passing where the doors were closed,  
 Present here in very Essence  
 Is there aught too hard for Thee?  
 Fill us with Thy Light and Sweetness,  
 From our darkness make us free.

AGNUS DEI! we are guilty;  
 PANIS VITÆ! we are faint;  
 But Thou didst not rise at Easter  
 To be deaf to our complaint;  
 Come! oh, come to cleanse and feed us,  
 Breathing Peace and kindling Love,  
 Till Thy Paschal Blessings bear us  
 To the Feast of feasts above.

## Ad Regias Agni Dapes.



T the LAMB's high Feast we sing  
 Praise to our victorious King,  
 Who hath washed us in the tide  
 Flowing from His piercèd Side.

Praise we Him Whose Love Divine  
 Gives His Sacred BLOOD for Wine,  
 Gives His BODY for the Feast,  
 CHRIST the Victim, CHRIST the Priest.

Where the Paschal BLOOD is poured,  
 Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword ;  
 Israel's hosts triumphant go  
 Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we CHRIST Whose BLOOD was shed,  
 Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;  
 With sincerity and love  
 Eat we Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,  
 Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;  
 Thou hast conquered in the fight ;  
 Thou hast brought us Life and Light :

Now no more can death appal,  
 Now no more the grave enthral ;  
 Thou hast opened Paradise,  
 And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
 Sin alone can this destroy ;  
 From Sin's power do Thou set free  
 Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.

### Thursday before Easter.



HIS is My BODY, take and eat,  
 Drink ye this CUP full mixed and red ;  
 To you indeed My FLESH is Meat,  
 To bring you Life My BLOOD is shed,

I ask not, LORD, the Mystery hidden  
 Beneath those Words so dark and deep ;  
 I would but do as Thou hast bidden,  
 In simple faith Thy Mandate keep.

The Bread I eat, the Cup I drink—  
 I know Thee present and adore :  
 I look into myself and shrink—  
 I look to Thee and want no more.

Though veiled to sight, in faith I see  
 Beneath those sacred Signs Divine  
 My nature, renovate and free,  
 In mystic Union joined to Thine.

And as at this tremendous hour,  
 When Thou didst meekly bow Thy Head  
 To break of Sin th' accursed power  
 And call the living from the dead,

As at this hour Thou deign'st to give  
 For me this Life-sustaining Food,  
 May It my fainting Soul revive  
 And bear secure through death's dark flood,

### The Mystery of Mysteries.



THE Mystery of Mysteries !  
 Now let the pure in heart draw nigh  
 While every pulse is beating high  
 With love and holy fear;

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### The Mystery of Mysteries.

For CHRIST hath risen at break of day,  
And bids us from the world away  
And haste to meet Him here.

The Mystery of Mysteries !  
The Angels and Archangels come  
On wings of Light from out their home,  
In ranks of glory wheeling ;  
Our Souls shall mix and blend with theirs  
In loud thank-offerings and prayers,  
Before the Altar kneeling.

The Mystery of Mysteries !  
The Souls that still in dimness dwell  
Deep in the Church invisible  
From doubt and care remote,  
They too shall keep the Feast to-day,  
And to their cells though far away  
The Hymn of joy shall float.

The Mystery of Mysteries !  
Oh, far and wide through all the earth  
Emotions of unwonted mirth  
And feeling strange shall be ;  
And secret sounds shall come and go,  
Harmonious as the throbbing flow  
Of the mysterious sea.

The Mystery of Mysteries !  
The dead and living shall be one,  
And thrills of fiery transport run

## The Oblation.

With sweetest power through all ;  
 For one in heart and Faith are we,  
 And moulded one our Head through Thee,  
 The Body Mystical.

The Mystery of Mysteries !  
 From east to west the world shall turn,  
 And stay its busy feet to learn  
 The musical vibration ;  
 While Saints and Angels high shall raise,  
 In one vast Choir, the Hymn to praise  
 The Feast of our Salvation.

## The Two Thrones.



LIFT up your songs, ye Angel-choirs,  
 Lift up your heads, ye golden gates ;  
 Before your jewelled portals, lo !  
 The King and LORD of Glory waits :  
 His Robes are dyed with royal hues,  
 A purple glow proclaims the fight ;  
 JESUS has won the world to GOD,  
 And triumphed by His Princely Might.

Hark ! Heaven's enraptured chorus swells  
 To welcome back th' Eternal SON ;  
 While every glittering Wound shows forth  
 At what a cost the strife was won.

Hail ! Jesus, our ascended King ;  
Hail ! SON of Mary, SON of GOD ;  
No mind can e'er conceive Thy State,  
No tongue can publish it abroad.

At God's Right Hand Thou dost abide,  
The Sea of Glass before Thee spread,  
And like unto an emerald,  
The Rainbow round about Thy Head :  
Yet, wondrous thought, while Jesus there  
With God the FATHER intercedes,  
The Victim in the bloodless Rite  
On Earth's ten thousand Altars bleeds.

Oft as the high mysterious Words  
Are duly breathed o'er Bread and Wine,  
Jesus, the God Incarnate comes  
And seeks His holy Altar-shrine—  
A Mystery too deep for speech ;  
The starry Heavens their LORD restore,  
And wondering Angels hover near  
While loving, trembling hearts adore.

No longer led by shadowy Type  
We grope our way to Love's abode,  
The Cross marks out the narrow path,  
Thy glorious Wounds light up the road :  
E'en now the eye of Faith upturned  
Beholds the golden Robe of Light,  
Which wrapt Thee round when on the Mount,  
Which veils Thee still from mortal's sight.

Ah ! If no outward Sign be near,  
 Yet we can kneel and worship Thee ;  
 Each Altar is a Glory-Throne  
 Where Thou for love of us wilt be :  
 Thus throned in Heaven and throned on earth  
 We worship Thee, the Victor dread :  
 Thou Who the Heaven of Heavens dost fill,  
 Abide with us, O Living Bread.

## Ascension Communion.



ORNE on triumphal clouds  
 The King of Glory soars,  
 While each tranced faithful heart below  
 In wondering love adores.

Farther and farther yet  
 From wistful gaze is drawn  
 The glorious Car which bears away  
 The Joy of hearts forlorn.

Their LORD, their Life is gone ;  
 The deeps of Heaven resume  
 Their wonted calm, serenely bright,  
 Forbidding thoughts of gloom.

For He will ne'er forget :  
 E'en in His Glory hour  
 He sends the Heavenly Message down  
 To comfort them with Power.

He hath not left His Own :  
Where Faith illumes the sight,  
And Love the dwelling-place prepares,  
There He abides in Might.

Return into your hearts  
And ye shall find Him there ;  
He hath but risen that ye may rise  
And breathe of Heaven's pure air.

Yea, brightening Faith shall soar  
Beyond the clouds of earth,  
And hail her LORD in glorious chant  
Of Eucharistic mirth.

Ascended and enthroned  
At the Right Hand above,  
He re-descends to dwell with men  
In His blest Feast of Love.

And even as He went,  
So shall He daily come  
Enfolded in mysterious Cloud  
To make in us His Home.

O SAVIOUR, cleanse our Souls  
To see and own Thee near ;  
That we with Thee may rise and dwell  
As Thou art with us here.

## The Gospel in the Eucharist.



O Gospel like this Feast  
 Spread for Thy Church by Thee ;  
 Nor Prophet nor Evangelist  
 Preach the Glad-news so free :  
 All our Redemption cost,  
 All our Redemption won ;  
 All it has won for us the lost,  
 All it cost Thee the SON ;  
 Thine was the bitter Price,  
 Ours is the free Gift given ;  
 Thine was the BLOOD of Sacrifice,  
 Ours is the Wine of Heaven.  
 For Thee, the burning Thirst,  
 The Shame, the mortal Strife,  
 The broken Heart, the Side transpierced ;  
 To us, the Bread of Life :  
 To Thee, our curse and doom  
 Wrapt round Thee with our sin,  
 The horror of that mid-day gloom,  
 The deeper night within :  
 To us, Thy Home in Light,  
 Thy ' Come ! ye Blessed, come !'  
 Thy bridal Raiment pure and white,  
 Thy FATHER's welcome Home.  
 Here we would rest midway  
 As on a sacred height,

That darkest and that brightest Day  
Meeting before our sight ;  
From that dark depth of woes  
Thy Love for us hath trod,  
Up to the heights of blest Repose  
Thy Love prepares with God :  
Till from self's chains released  
One Sight alone we see—  
Still at the Cross as at the Feast,  
Behold Thee, only Thee.

The Celebration at Emmaus.



HEY talked of JESUS as they went ;  
And JESUS all unknown  
Did at their side Himself present  
With Sweetness all His own.

Swift as He oped the sacred Word  
His Glory they discerned ;  
And swift as His dear Voice they heard  
Their hearts within them burned.

He would have left them, but that they  
With prayers His Love assailed—  
Depart not yet ; a little stay—  
They pressed Him, and prevailed.

And JESUS was revealed as there  
He blessed and brake the Bread :  
But while they marked His Heavenly air,  
The Matchless GUEST had fled.

And thus at times as Christians talk  
Of Jesus and His Word,  
He joins two friends amidst their walk  
And makes unseen a Third.

And oh, how sweet their converse flows,  
Their holy theme how clear,  
How warm with Love each bosom glows  
If Jesus be but near.

And they that woo His Visits sweet  
And will not let Him go,  
Oft while His broken Bread they eat  
His Soul-felt Presence know.

His gathered Friends He loves to meet  
And fill with Joy their faith,  
When they with melting hearts repeat  
The Memory of His Death.

But such sweet Visits here are brief,  
Dispensed from stage to stage  
(A cheering and a prized relief)  
Of Faith's hard pilgrimage.

There is a Scene when Jesus ne'er,  
Ne'er leaves His happy Guests,  
He spreads a ceaseless Banquet there  
And Love still fires their breasts.

## Signum Crux novae Federis.



A F E to the Haven of their rest,  
O blessed Cross, thou bear'st the lost,  
Sign of a Covenant new and blest,  
Ark of a world long tempest-tost.

In vain doth the Avenger raise  
With angry might his red right hand ;  
Thy silent Power his wrath allays,  
Forgotten sinks the fiery brand.

Let him who writhes in agony  
Because the Serpent's bite was sore  
Lift up his eyes and gaze on thee,  
And lo ! He feels the pain no more.

Equal with God, the Holy ONE  
A Sacrifice upon thee lay,  
Dear Altar, whence the Blessed Son  
His FATHER's Anger soothed away.

O holiest, O sweetest Cross,  
Thou with the Precious BLOOD art dyed ;  
And all amended is our los's  
Since on thy bosom CHRIST hath died.

**Eucharistical.***The Real Presence.*

KNOW that Thou art here, I know  
not how ;  
While others argue I Thy Word  
adore ;

Body and Soul before Thee lowly bow ;  
Thy Word hath spoken it, I ask no more—  
Who eateth Me, the same shall live by Me—  
O Soul-subduing Voice, O Mystery ;  
My whole heart thirsteth after Thee, LORD CHRIST,  
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

*The Sacrifice of the Altar.*

That Which He offered at the Paschal Feast,  
That Which He offered on the fruitful Tree,  
The once-slain Victim, Prophet, King and Priest,  
FATHER, we offer here in Mystery ;  
Behold the Merits which we could not win ;  
Behold His Griefs Who bore the whole world's sin ;  
Behold, LORD GOD, the Face of Thine Own  
CHRIST  
Shown forth to Thee in Thy dread Eucharist.

*The Communion of Saints.*

Ye Saints of GOD, Sweet JESUS' Body glorious,  
From Abel to the babe baptized but now,  
Ye that in Paradise take rest victorious,  
Ye that on earth beneath the Cross still bow,

Ye lightning-visaged Hosts Angelical,  
Here at this Holy Feast I meet you all ;  
Heaven and earth are one in Thee, LORD CHRIST,  
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

*Sacramental Likeness.*

They grow alike who dwell in love together ;  
And gentle holiness doth tame and fashion  
Tenderly, as the influence of calm weather,  
The vagrant heart which owns no law but passion ;  
And since for Thy dear Likeness, LORD, I yearn,  
And wandering ever, once again return  
To dwell in Thee and Thou in me, LORD CHRIST,  
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

*Penitence in Communion.*

Deep penitence was hers, who bathed Thy Feet  
In tears that welled from out a broken heart ;  
High was her lot, when Thou didst make her meet  
In quiet love to choose the better part ;  
More blest when she, unsparing and deep-loving,  
Did what she could and heard Thy kind Approving :  
So let me gather Grace on Grace, LORD CHRIST,  
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

*The Business of Life.*

To tread the way Thy holy Feet have trod,  
To keep that flinty path and never stray,  
To live the hidden Life with Thee in GOD,  
To bear the Cross with cheerful heart alway,

Learning to live that I may know to die,  
 And wait in hope Thy coming Majesty,  
 This, this is what Thou willest, O LORD CHRIST,  
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

*The Will of God.*

Thy Will be mine ; for nothing will I long ;  
 Thy perfect Will shall be my only care ;  
 Give as Thou wilt, pain, sickness, grief or wrong,  
 Chill failure, or success more hard to bear :  
 But grant that saturate with Grace Divine,  
 My heart may beat in harmony with Thine ;  
 For Thou, O GOD, art Very MAN, LORD CHRIST,  
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

*Supplication at the Altar.*

Ask and it shall be given unto you,  
 More than ye think and better than ye ask :  
 Seek, ye shall find that I am Just and True ;  
 My powerful Love ye cannot overtask :  
 Knock and it shall be opened.—LORD, I knock,  
 I seek, I ask ; do Thou Thy Store unlock ;  
 For here Thy Store is richest, O LORD CHRIST,  
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

*Dryness before Reception.*

A weary body and an o'er-wrought brain,  
 No wish to long for Thee, no heart to love,  
 In hard, dull apathy, a painless pain,  
 Yet will I come and Thy deep Mercy prove :

For not in plastic feelings of the mind  
Celestial Comfort must I seek and find ;  
But in true Presence Thou art here, LORD CHRIST,  
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

### *Sorrowing yet rejoicing.*

So many disappointments, woes and cares,  
Fightings without, misgiving fears within,  
Heart-desolating joys, bewildering snares,  
So great a daily load of unknown sin,  
So wearily goes the world, so heavily,  
That it were better could I cease to be—  
Yea, but for Union unto Thee, LORD CHRIST,  
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

### *Sacramental Reception.*

A rushing sound as of a mighty Wind  
Came down from Heaven, and cloven Tongues  
of Flame  
On every faithful brow their place did find :  
Not so He cometh now ; yet aye the Same,  
With soft low Breathings on the inmost heart  
His unseen Fire of Love He doth impart,  
But chiefly at Thine Altar, O LORD CHRIST,  
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

### *Awakening to Realities.*

I gazed on phantom shows and called them good,  
Dulling mine eyes with empty weariness ;

I ate the husks of sin and thought it food,  
 Till my poor cheated Soul sank down in dreari-  
     ness ;  
 God's Grace awoke me ; and I cried aloud—  
 Oh, fill my hungry Soul ; scatter this cloud ;  
 There is no Light, nor Food but Thou, LORD  
     CHRIST,  
 Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

*Thirst for CHRIST.*

Not through mere shrinking from the griefs of Hell,  
     The worm that dies not and the quenchless fire,  
 Not through mere longing evermore to dwell  
     Among the radiant Hosts of Heaven's Choir,  
 (For Heaven were Hell if Thou Thy Face shouldst  
     hide,  
 And Hell were Heaven if Thou shouldst there  
     abide :)  
 Thyself, Thyself I long for, O LORD CHRIST,  
 Therefore I come to Thy dread Eucharist.

*Union with CHRIST.*

Thou art ascended : we may touch Thee now  
     By holy Faith which dwells in things above,  
 By holy Hope enduring things below,  
     By Love, outstripping both, repentant Love ;  
 Yea, and by this combining all in One,  
 Faith, Hope and Love in vast Communion,  
 This more than Heavenly Teaching, O LORD  
     CHRIST,  
 This Gift of Gifts, Thy glorious Eucharist.

All Things are ready.



INTO this holy Fane,  
The Palace of our King,  
We come to keep the Feast again  
And thankful Offerings bring.

We come with shoeless feet  
To tread the hallowed ground,  
And looking towards the Mercy-seat  
Accepted would be found.

Behold ! the great High Priest  
Invites us to draw near ;  
And GOD, through Him, unto the least  
Lends a propitious ear.

With hope no less than awe  
We venture to the Throne ;  
Our Surety hath fulfilled the Law,  
Nor Justice reigns alone.

As out of darkness Light  
Shone forth at His Behest,  
His glorious Grace in deeper night  
By JESUS is exprest.

Arise, O Church, and shine,  
For, lo ! thy Light is come :  
The Sun of Righteousness Divine  
Will scatter all thy gloom.

Though all men Faith had banished,



HOUGH all men Faith had banished,  
Still true I'd prove to Thee,  
That gratitude quite vanished  
From earth might never be.

For me hast Thou borne Sorrow,  
For me Death's bitter smart ;  
Then gladly would I offer up  
To Thee one constant heart.

That Thy dear Life should perish  
My burning tears deplore,  
While many Thou wouldest cherish  
Forget Thee evermore.

Only by Love's compulsion  
So greatly hast Thou done,  
Yet art Thou passed from earth away  
And no one thinks thereon.

With true Love filled, unshaken,  
Thou standest each beside ;  
E'en though by all forsaken,  
Faithful dost Thou abide.

The truest Love must vanquish,  
Its power at last complete  
Melts the strong heart and childlike clings  
Submissive at Thy Feet.

Thee have I found—O never  
 Leave me forlorn again !  
 Bound up in Thee for ever  
 Let my whole Soul remain.  
 My Brethren, too, Thy Glory  
 Might they but once behold,  
 Soon would they turn and joyful seek  
 Thy Love's protecting Fold.

## Melchisedek.



ITHED with Spoils from battle's wreck,  
 Who art thou, Melchisedek ?  
 Blessing as the mighty bless,  
 King of Peace and Righteousness,  
 Blessing him within whose breast  
 Lies the Promise of all blest,  
 Faithful warriors to prepare  
 Went not, CHRIST, Thy SPIRIT there ?

By Thy Feast of Wine and Bread  
 With the rescued from the dead,  
 By Thy Priesthood all Divine  
 Sprung from no ancestral line,  
 Pure as GOD, as Manhood mild,  
 Holy, Harmless, Undefiled,  
 Saved, Thyself, as Sons that fear,  
 SON of Man ! I see Thee near.

Priest for ever made for me,  
 JESUS ! let me pray with Thee ;

With Thy sympathising Brow  
 Meet me, feast me, bless me now ;  
 SON, Thyself Obedience taught,  
 GOD, with all our sorrows fraught,  
 Touched with Prayer's unuttered groan  
 In the Garden, on the Throne.

## Recolamus sacram Coenam.

 HRIST sits at His own Board ;  
 The Brethren twelve receive  
 The Gift of Gladness ; O my heart,  
 Call up the solemn Eve.

He is our Maker, He  
 Died on the Cross for us ;  
 O let us keep the memory  
 Of His Last Supper thus :

He was about to leave  
 The world and pass away  
 Unto the FATHER ; when He gave  
 What He will give this day.

He ate the Paschal Lamb ;  
 He kept unto the last  
 The Law He issued ! while He ate  
 That Law's stern letter passed.

Into His sacred Hands  
 He took the Holy Bread ;

He brake ; He blessed each Fragment ; then  
Unto His Brethren said—

Now take and eat ye This,  
This is My BODY given,  
This is the Life laid down for you,  
This the New Law of Heaven.

And drink ye of This CUP ;  
Oft as ye drink of Me,  
I will ye do this I have done  
Unto My Memory.

He spake ; before them all  
Still Perfect MAN He stood,  
Though what He ate and drank He named  
His Very FLESH and BLOOD.

He gave unto the Twelve  
(Not to His MANHOOD's loss,  
Not to Its outward change) the Gift,  
Fruit of the bitter Cross.

And ever since that Day  
(Who may the Wonder tell ?)  
The Faithful eat of CHRIST, yet He  
Abides Unchangeable.

Whoever eats and drinks  
Aright shall perish never ;  
Whoever eats and drinks amiss  
Shall dwell in death for ever.

So let him cleanse his Soul  
 Who wills what JESUS saith  
 A Blessed and an Awful Thing  
 Set unto Life or Death.

O Living Bread, O Life,  
 O Holy JESUS CHRIST,  
 Who art the same in Heaven though Thou  
 On earth art sacrificed ;

Who in this lower world  
 Dost feed the pure in heart,  
 O grant us at the last to be  
 In Glory where Thou art.

### The Christian Altar.



REMBLING we know that Thou, O  
 LORD,  
 Dost know us through all thought and  
 word ;  
 But shed o'er all Thy BLOOD we see,  
 So gladly hail our CHRIST in Thee.

Thus finding, as we have been found,  
 Thy festive Table we surround ;  
 In Thee contained, in Thee combined,  
 Bring Thee one Offering and one mind.

Thou Bread of Life, upon Thy Tongue  
 When famished thousands closely hung,

Didst make the fainting body whole  
Come ! strengthen and refresh our Soul.

Thou when the bridal wine ran dry  
A draught far richer didst supply,  
With real fulness of that hour,  
Come ! cheer our Souls, Thy BLOOD outpour.

So bid us from Thy Board depart  
With all Thy Presence in our heart,  
And bear It far into the night  
Of world and sin, Thy Lamp of Light.

## Christ All in All.



AY ! art thou wounded, feeble, weak ?  
In JESUS thy Physician seek ;  
Does fever strike or parching thirst ?  
He is thy Fountain, best and first ;  
Or art thou bowed beneath sin's load ?  
He is thy Justice—fly to GOD ;  
Does Soul or body sickness thrall ?  
He is the Health of both and all:  
  
Lift ye for help ? Be not afraid,  
He is thy near and ready Aid ;  
Does Death affright thee drawing near ?  
He is thy Life, and wherefore fear ?  
Long you for Heaven's eternal Day ?  
Walk boldly on, He is the Way ;  
He is thine Aid, His Life was given  
To ope for thee the gates of Heaven.

If thou wouldst fly the mists of night  
 The Sun of Justice is thy Light ;  
 He bids the tongue-tied Spirit speak,  
 Unties it in Confession meek :  
 Or seek ye Food ? He gives thee Bread ;  
 Thou art by Heavenly Manna fed :  
 O Hidden God, what harm can fall ?  
 He gives Himself, He gives thee All.

### Erlassen ist der Sünden Schuld.

 OOSED are the bands thy Soul which  
 chained,  
 My FATHER's Love and Grace re-  
 gained—

Such are the Words by which to-day  
 My SAVIOUR chased my grief away.

'Tis even so ; His Death and Pain  
 GOD's Favour have restored again ;  
 For me my highest Good is won,  
 The work of Grace is fully done.

Here Righteousness and Peace abound,  
 The festal Robe I here have found  
 Which, covering all my guilt and sin,  
 Has made my Soul at peace within.

This CHRIST hath wrought, my Blessed LORD,  
 Who feeds me at His gracious Board ?  
 And gladness fills my heart and mind  
 To think that pardon here I find.

Into my FATHER's Presence dread  
No longer now I fear to tread ;  
The SON's Atoning BLOOD alone  
Gives access to the FATHER's Throne.

He now regards me as His Child,  
Since I through CHRIST am reconciled ;  
And washed in BLOOD from JESUS' Side,  
Heaven's gate to me is opened wide.

Thy HOLY SPIRIT, CHRIST, impart,  
Work true repentance in my heart,  
And e'en from sin's remotest brink  
With deep abhorrence make me shrink ;

That so I may not fall again  
By sinning into Satan's chain,  
Nor throw my FATHER's Grace away  
By going any more astray.

So shall I die at peace with Thee,  
From sin and sinner's doom set free,  
And evermore when Time has ceased  
Sit down at CHRIST's Own Marriage Feast.

**Hanc igitur, venite, Corpus Christi sumite.**



RAW nigh and take the BODY of the  
LORD,  
And drink the Holy BLOOD for you  
outpoured.

Saved by that BODY, hallowed by that BLOOD,  
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST the Only SON,  
By that His CROSS and BLOOD the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the Law of old,  
That in a type Celestial Mysteries told.

He, Ransomer from death and Light from shade,  
Giveth His holy Grace His Saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere  
And take the safeguard of Salvation here.

He that in this world rules His Saints and Shields,  
To all believers Life eternal yields,

With Heavenly Bread makes them that hunger  
whole,  
Gives living Waters to the thirsty Soul.

Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow  
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

### Schmucke dich o liebe Seele.



ECK thyself, my Soul, with gladness,  
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,  
Come into the daylight's splendour,  
There with joy thy praises render  
Unto Him, Whose boundless Grace  
Grants thee at His Feast a place ;  
He Whom all the Heavens obey  
Deigns to dwell in thee to-day.

Hasten as a bride to meet Him,  
And with loving reverence greet Him  
Who with Words of Life immortal  
Now is knocking at thy portal ;  
Haste to make for Him a way,  
Cast thee at His Feet and say—  
Since, O LORD, Thou com'st to me,  
Never will I turn from Thee.

Ah ! how hungers all my spirit  
For the Love I do not merit :  
Ah ! how oft with sighs fast thronging  
For this Food have I been longing :  
How have thirsted in the strife  
For this Draught, O Prince of Life,  
Wished, O Friend of man, to be  
Ever one with GOD through Thee.

Here I sink before Thee lowly,  
Filled with joy most deep and holy,  
As with trembling awe and wonder  
On Thy mighty Works I ponder,  
On this Banquet's mystery,  
On the depths we cannot see ;  
Far beyond all mortal sight  
Lie the secrets of Thy Might.

Sun, Who all my life dost brighten,  
Light, Who dost my Soul enlighten,  
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,  
Fount, whence all my being floweth,  
Here I fall before Thy Feet,  
Grant me worthily to eat  
Of this blessed Heavenly Food,  
To Thy praise and to my good.

Jesus, Bread of Life from Heaven,  
Never be Thou vainly given,  
Nor I to my hurt invited ;  
Be Thy Love with love requited ;  
Let me learn its depths indeed  
While on Thee my Soul doth feed ;  
Let me here so richly blest  
Be hereafter too Thy Guest.

## Dur Dasly Bread.



ND does the Ruler of the sky  
Upon our lowly Altars lie ?  
Can He Who fills all time and space  
Receive an earthly dwelling place ?

While Angels in amaze profound  
The awful Mystery surround,  
O careless men, why haste not ye  
Before your LORD to bend the knee ?

Who, though His Glory shines above,  
On earth more wondrous in His Love,  
On earth for us He toiled and bled  
And gives Himself, our Daily Bread.

O BLOOD-bought Souls ! for you He died ;  
He feeds you from His bleeding Side ;  
Why melt ye not and seek relief  
In tears of joy, or tears of grief ?

Let earth and sin and all depart,  
For Thou, O God, hast touched my heart ;  
Oh, let it then for ever be  
A garden sealed to all but Thee.

A glorious Sacrifice is here.



GLORIOUS Sacrifice is here,  
For now, most wondrous height of  
Grace,  
We bring our LORD and SAVIOUR Dear,  
Thou LORD of Lords, before Thy Face.

We plead that one sole Sacrifice  
Which merit in Thine Eyes could win ;  
We count once more the costly Price  
He paid before He entered in.

Beneath His Mantle rest would we ;  
His Death and Passion forth we set,  
And yield, Memorial-wise, to Thee  
Himself. O spare us sinners yet !

O cleanse our hearts, Almighty LORD,  
That we not all-unworthy prove  
To kneel around the SAVIOUR's Board,  
And seek and find Himself by love.

## Bread of Heaven, on Thee I feed.

**B**READ of Heaven, on Thee I feed,  
 For Thy FLESH is Meat indeed ;  
 Ever may my Soul be fed  
 With this True and Living Bread,  
 Day by day with strength supplied  
 Through the Life of Him who died.

Vine of Heaven, Thy BLOOD supplies  
 This blest Cup of Sacrifice ;  
 'Tis Thy Wounds my healing give ;  
 To Thy Cross I look and live :  
 Thou my Life, oh, let me be  
 Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

## The Shelter-Tree of Life.

**H**AIL ! saving Cross, hail ! sacred Sign,  
 More precious this than gold approved  
 By threefold fire or brightest gem :

Here at thy foot I would recline,  
 Most sure by this how GOD has loved  
 The Catholic Jerusalem.

Here would I lay my weary thought,  
 Too weary long, too long opprest  
 Beneath the weight of sinful load :

Here would I seek repose, long sought  
But sought in vain, in the unrest  
And tumult of destruction's road.

Here 'neath the Shelter-Tree of Life  
Is refuge from the pelting blast  
And shadow from the heat of day :

Here from the burthen, jar and strife  
Of empty trifles passing, past,  
Here would I rest alway.

The troubled heart finds here repose,  
And here the angry passions lull,  
The sensual appetite is checked,

And here increase of Love still grows  
More pure, till its fruition full  
Unclouds the opening intellect.

Hail ! saving Cross, hail ! saving Sign,  
What gems of earth may countervail  
That source of Love, that spring of Faith :

O wondrous depth of Love Divine,  
Once and again the Cross I hail,  
Our only Hope in life and death.

### The Eucharistic Advent.



E cometh—on yon hallowed Board  
 The ready Feast doth duly show,  
 Where wait the Chalice and the Bread  
 Like gems within their veil of snow.

He cometh—as He came of old  
 Suddenly to His FATHER's Shrine,  
 Into the hearts He died to make  
 Meet temples for His Grace Divine.

He cometh—as the Bridegroom comes  
 Unto the Feast Himself has spread ;  
 His FLESH and BLOOD the Heavenly Food  
 Wherewith the wedding Guests are fed.

He cometh—gentle as the dew  
 And sweet as drops of honey clear,  
 And good as GOD's Own Manna-shower  
 To longing Souls that meet Him here.

He cometh—let not one withdraw,  
 Nor fear to bring repented sin ;  
 There's BLOOD to wash, there's BREAD to feed,  
 And CHRIST Himself to enter in.

He cometh—praises in the Church  
 And Hymns of praise in Heaven above,  
 And in our hearts repentant faith  
 And love that springs to meet His Love.

*Quantis micas honoribus.*



OOD Priest, where art thou hid from  
human eyes  
In calm Repose,  
Haply to tread the marble-shining skies  
After life's woes ;  
Where GOD's Own Presence hath His People blest,  
Himself their happy Guerdon and their Rest.  
  
Those Virtues in whose steps thou here didst toil  
And strive to go  
Are not put off with this thy fleshly coil  
And left below ;  
They now are turned to rays of Light Divine  
And glorious Crowns, which on thy temples  
shine.  
  
And they for whom thou toiledst in second birth  
With many a sigh  
Are with thee, like thy children, fled from earth  
And through the sky  
They share thy victory the blest Choirs among,  
And lift with thee the new mysterious Song.  
  
Thou here below, dim-veiled from earthly eyes  
In shadows dread,  
Didst offer up th' Unbloody Sacrifice  
On CHRIST to feed ;  
He now Himself, with Unveiled DEITY,  
Of Spirits Immortal the Repast shall be.

And as a daily Sacrifice may we  
Be lifted up  
Bearing our daily Cross, and share with thee  
Thy Master's Cup :  
We press, like shipwrecked sailors on the wave,  
To Shores where CHRIST doth stretch His Arms  
to save.

*Wilt Thou not remember me.*



REE of Life ! that, in the desert  
Fasting, became Angels' food  
For those Souls which from the Garden  
Disobedience did exclude ;  
Oh, if in Thine hour of weakness  
I my hidden strength can see,  
When Thou comest to Thy Kingdom  
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Crowned with thorns, arrayed in purple,  
O my SAVIOUR, how Divine  
Art Thou in Thy Robe of meekness  
With that bleeding Brow of Thine.  
Oh, if through the scorn of others  
My poor heart can loyal be,  
When Thou comest to Thy Kingdom  
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

SAVIOUR ! when the world insults me  
I to Thee will turn instead,

See the mockers spit upon Thee,  
 Take the reed and smite Thy Head ;  
 Oh, if then my Soul ashamed  
 For Thy sake can gentle be,  
 When Thou comest to Thy Kingdom  
 Wilt Thou not remember me ?

CHRIST ! the Rock from whence for thousands  
 Once the healing Waters burst,  
 Now my wounded, Dying SAVIOUR  
 Crying with parched Lips—I thirst :  
 Oh, if I through faith can only  
 Find my freshest springs in Thee,  
 When Thou comest to Thy Kingdom  
 Wilt Thou not remember me ?

### The True Wine.



HEN Israel lay in Kadesh where  
 Paran's wilds expand,  
 Into the north twelve mighty men  
 were sent to spy the Land ;  
 Each Tribe gave in its kingliest before the hosts of  
 light  
 Rose up all in JEHOVAH's Name to spoil the  
 Amorite.

Down in the fertile valley where Eshcol's waters  
 roll  
 They felled the lordly Cedar-tree and wrought it  
 to a pole,

And then they turned them south again and bare  
to Israel's line  
The first-fruits of the gift of GOD, the first-ripe of  
the Vine.

And what to us (the World exclaims) that Vine-  
branch borne of two ?  
O fools and blinded ! is it not a figure of the  
True ?

It is the sum of all things ; yea, that deed of pre-  
science done  
Speaks of two Dispensations and the Gift that  
made them one.

They who were Grace-expectant, they who lived  
and died in Grace—  
They who saw CHRIST far off, and they who see,  
though veiled, His Face—  
Those went before ; these follow : they are all  
one Brotherhood,  
And in the midst the True Vine hangs upon the  
holy Rood.

O Tree of Life ! O Vine of GOD ! Thou art amid  
us now ;  
The Bread we break, the Wine we bless, are they  
not very Thou ?  
Veiled in His Creatures comes our GOD ; He  
comes Who dwells above,  
The altogether Lovely and the Fount and Life  
of Love.

## The Oblation.

O come, ye heavy-laden, and henceforth restful be ;  
 O come, your weary weight of sin long since was  
 laid on Me—

This is Thy Call, O Merciful ; to all who will is  
 given

To eat Supernal Bread and drink the Mystic Wine  
 of Heaven.

Ah, in our bosom's Hebron the Son of Anak dwells  
 'Mid pride-built walls, embattled towers and  
 Heaven-high citadels ;

More faithless than the faithless ten we will not  
 break that sway ;

We think to win the pleasant Land but not the  
 Cross's way.

Oh first with Grace preparing, then with Gift no  
 tongue can show,

Lion of Judah, visit us ; true Joshua, smite our foe ;  
 Come from Thy Altar to our hearts, our Health,  
 our Food to be ;

And cast imaginations down and subject all to Thee.

Then not alone the Fathers Thy Presence shall  
 bring nigh :

Angels, Archangels sing with us, and all Heaven's  
 Company ;

And now, what reck we ills to come ? They can-  
 not mar our rest ;

Our Love is ours and we are His ; we want not ;  
 we are blest.

## Salvete, Christi Vulnera.

**L**AIL ! holy Wounds of JESUS, hail !  
 Sweet Pledges of the saving Rood  
 Whence flow the Streams that never  
 fail,

The purple Streams of His Dear BLOOD.

Brighter than brightest stars ye show,  
 Than sweetest rose your scent more rare,  
 No Indian gem may match your glow,  
 No honey's taste with yours compare.

Portals ye are to that dear Home  
 Wherein our wearied Souls may hide,  
 Whereto no angry foe can come,  
 The Heart of JESUS crucified.

What countless stripes our JESUS bore,  
 All naked left in Pilate's hall ;  
 What copious floods of purple Gore  
 Through rents in His torn Garments fall.

His beauteous Brow, oh, shame and grief,  
 By the sharp thorny Crown is riven ;  
 Through Hands and Feet, without relief,  
 The cruel nails are rudely driven.

But when for our poor sakes He died  
 A willing Priest by Love subdued,  
 The soldier's lance transfix'd His Side,  
 Forth flowed the Water and the BLOOD.

That bitter Torment he endured  
 Full Ransom for our Souls to give,  
 Till from His racking Frame was poured  
 Each Drop of BLOOD that we might live.

Come ! bathe you in that healing Flood  
 All ye who mourn by guilt opprest,  
 Your only hope is JESUS' BLOOD,  
 His sacred Heart your only rest.

### Hail, Sinless Jesu, Saviour Mild.

 HAIL ! Sinless JESU, SAVIOUR Mild !  
 Conceived amidst a fallen Race  
 Immaculate and Undefiled,  
 Pure River, Fountain of all Grace.

GOD would not that the blight of sin  
 Should on His Own Beloved rest,  
 That taint of Earth should enter in  
 To dim Thy Beauty, SAVIOUR Blest.

The Powers of Hell can never boast  
 That once they held Thee in their chain ;  
 Nor Satan's pride, with all his host,  
 Upbraid Thee with the sinner's stain.

No ! cloudless didst Thou rise, Bright SUN,  
 Dispelling all the Soul's dread fears ;  
 Nor mist, nor shadow ere might come  
 To dim Thy bright eternal Years.

Incarnate SON, our Staff, our Life,  
Anointed Thou, God's chosen Seed,  
Our Souls restrain from envy's strife  
Who on Thy Sacred BODY feed.

Fount of all Good, Love's primal Birth,  
First Promise of a fallen Race,  
How can we utter half Thy Worth ?  
How tell the fulness of Thy Grace ?

Sweet Lily, Rose without a thorn,  
Sole Refuge in our misery,  
To Thee we sigh ; to Thee, forlorn,  
In this sad Vale of tears we cry :

When trials come then hold us fast ;  
From Hell's assaults preserve us free ;  
And, JESUS, when life's day is past,  
Oh, grant that we may rest with Thee.

Which Things are an Allegory.

**E**NEY in the Lion's mouth,  
Emblem mystical, Divine,  
How the sweet and strong combine ;  
Cloven Rock for Israel's drouth ;  
Treasure-house of golden grain,  
By our Joseph laid in store  
In His brethren's famine sore  
Freely to dispense again ;

Dew on Gideon's snowy fleece ;  
Well from bitter changed to sweet ;  
Shewbread laid in order meet ;  
Bread whose cost doth ne'er increase  
Though no rain in April fall ;  
Horeb's Manna freely given,  
Showered in white dew from Heaven,  
Marvellous, Angelical ;  
Weightiest Bunch of Canaan's Vine ;  
Cake to strengthen and sustain  
Through long days of desert pain ;  
Salem's Monarch's Bread and Wine :—  
Thou the Antidote shall be  
Of my sickness and my sin,  
Consolation, Medicine,  
Life and Sacrament to me.





## PART III.

### The Consecration.

#### *THE SACRIFICIAL PORTION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.*

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem.



AUD ! O Sion, thy Salvation,  
Laud ! with Hymns of exultation,  
CHRIST thy King and Shepherd  
true ;  
Bring Him all the praise thou  
knowest ;

He is more than thou bestowest ;  
Never canst thou reach His Due.

Special theme for glad thanksgiving  
Is the Living and Life-giving  
BREAD, to-day before thee set ;  
From His Hands of old partaken  
As we know by faith unshaken,  
Where the Twelve at Supper met.

**The Consecration.**

Full and clear ring out thy chanting,  
 Joy nor sweetest grace be wanting ;  
     From thy heart let praises burst :  
 For to-day the Feast is holden  
 When the Institution olden  
     Of that Supper is rehearsed.

Here the new Law's new Oblation  
 By the new King's Revelation  
     Ends the ancient Paschal Rite ;  
 Now the New the old effaces,  
 Truth away the shadow chases,  
     Morn dispels the gloom of night.

What He did at Supper seated  
 CHRIST ordained to be repeated,  
     His Memorial ne'er to cease ;  
 And His Rule for guidance taking  
 Bread and Wine we hallow, making  
     Thus our Sacrifice of Peace.

Wondrous truth by Christians learnèd,  
 Bread into His FLESH is turnèd,  
     Into Precious BLOOD the Wine ;  
 Sight hath failed nor thought conceiveth,  
 But a dauntless faith believeth  
     Resting on a Power Divine.

Under diverse Forms existing,  
 Signs of earthly things consisting,  
     Things of priceless Worth are veiled :

BLOOD for drinking, FLESH for eating,  
CHRIST Himself, the Faithful meeting  
Wholly Present there is hailed.

Whoso of this Food partaketh  
Rendeth not the LORD nor breaketh ;  
CHRIST is Whole to all that taste :  
Thousands are, as one, receivers ;  
One, as thousands of believers,  
Eats of Him Who cannot waste.

Bad and good the Feast are sharing :  
But what different dooms preparing,  
Endless Death or endless Life :  
Life to these, to those damnation ;  
See how like participation  
Is with unlike issues rife.

When the Sacrament is broken,  
Doubt not but believe 'tis spoken,  
That each severed outward Token  
Doth the very Whole contain :  
Nought the precious Gift divideth,  
Breaking but the Sign betideth,  
Jesus still the same abideth,  
Still Unbroken doth remain.

Lo ! the Angels' Food descending,  
Given to Pilgrims homeward wending ;  
Bread the Children's steps attending,  
Which on dogs may not be spent :

See the Truth Its Types fulfilling,  
 Isaac bound, a Victim willing ;  
 Paschal Lamb its Life-Blood spilling ;  
 Manna to the Fathers sent.

Very Bread, Good Shepherd, tend us,  
 JESU, of Thy Love befriend us ;  
 Thou refresh us, Thou defend us,  
 Thine eternal Goodness send us  
 In the Land of Life to see :  
 Thou Who all things canst and knowest,  
 Who on earth such Food bestowest,  
 Grant us with Thy Saints though lowest,  
 Where the Heavenly Feast Thou showest,  
 Fellow Heirs and Guests to be.

### ¶ Pane del Cielo.



BREAD of Heaven, beneath this Veil  
 Thou dost my Very GOD conceal ;  
 My JESUS, dearest Treasure, hail !  
 I love Thee and adoring kneel :  
 The loving Soul by Thee is fed  
 With Thy Own SELF in Form of Bread.

O Food of Life, Thou Who dost give  
 The Pledge of Immortality ;  
 I live—no, 'tis not I that live,  
 GOD gives me Life, GOD lives in me :  
 He feeds my Soul, He guides my ways  
 And every grief with joy repays.

O Bond of Love, that dost unite  
 The servant to his Loving LORD,  
 Could I dare live and not requite  
 Such love, then death were meet reward :  
 I cannot live, unless to prove  
 Some love for such unmeasured Love.

O mighty Fire, Thou that dost burn  
 To kindle every mind and heart,  
 For Thee my frozen Soul doth yearn ;  
 Come ! LORD of Love, Thy Warmth impart :  
 If thus to speak too bold appear,  
 'Tis Love like Thine has banished fear.

O sweetest Dart of Love Divine,  
 If I have sinned then vengeance take ;  
 Come ! pierce this guilty heart of mine  
 And let it die for His dear Sake  
 Who once expired on Calvary,  
 His Heart pierced through for love of me.

My dearest Good, Who dost so bind  
 My heart with countless chains to Thee ;  
 O sweetest Love, my Soul shall find  
 In Thy dear Bonds true liberty :  
 Thyself Thou hast bestowed on me,  
 Thine, Thine for ever I will be.

Belovèd LORD, in Heaven above,  
 There, JESUS, Thou awaitest me

To gaze on Thee with changeless love.

Yes, thus I hope, thus shall it be :

For how can He deny me Heaven

Who here on earth Himself hath given ?

### *Jesu nostra Refectio.*



ESU, the Meat and Drink indeed  
That bids Thine Own rejoice,  
Sweetness and Mirth and Melody  
Of heart and Soul and voice,  
What Mercy bends Thee, LORD, to feed  
Man in his misery  
With Thine Own FLESH, the Bread of Heaven,  
Brought near to such as we ?

Our Ransomer and Ransom Thou,  
Our Banquet too Thou art ;  
Thou Who dost heal our Soul's disease  
Joy be Thou of our heart ;  
Thou Who dost give us here foretaste  
So sweet of Joys to be,  
Give us in our dear Fatherland  
Fruition full of Thee.

### *Anima Christi, sanctifica me.*



SOUL of JESUS, make me holy,  
Make me contrite, meek and lowly ;  
SOUL most Stainless, SOUL Divine,  
Cleanse this sordid Soul of mine ;

Hallow this polluted Soul,  
Purify it, make it whole ;  
**SOUL of JESUS, hallow me ;**  
**Miserere DOMINE.**

Save me, **BODY** of my **LORD**,  
Save a sinner vile, abhorred ;  
**Sacred BODY**, wan and worn,  
Bruised and mangled, scourged and torn,  
Pierced Hands and Feet and Side,  
Rent, insulted, crucified,  
Save me—to the Cross I flee ;  
**Miserere DOMINE.**

**BLOOD of JESUS, Stream of Life,**  
Sacred Stream with Blessings rife,  
From that Broken **BODY** shed  
On the Cross that Altar dread ;  
Given to be our Drink Divine,  
Fill my heart and make it Thine ;  
**BLOOD of CHRIST, my Succour be ;**  
**Miserere DOMINE.**

Holy Water, Stream that poured  
From Thy riven Side, O **LORD**,  
Wash Thou me without, within ;  
Cleanse me from the taint of sin,  
Till my Soul is clean and white,  
Bathed and purified and bright  
As a ransomed Soul should be ;  
**Miserere DOMINE.**

JESU, by the wondrous Power  
 Of Thine awful Passion hour,  
 By the unimagined Woe  
 Mortal man may never know ;  
 By the Curse upon Thee laid,  
 By the Ransom Thou hast paid,  
 By Thy Passion comfort me ;  
 Miserere DOMINE.

JESU, by Thy bitter Death,  
 By Thy last expiring Breath  
 Give me the eternal Life  
 Purchased by that mortal Strife ;  
 Thou didst suffer Death that I  
 Might not die eternally ;  
 By Thy Dying quicken me ;  
 Miserere DOMINE.

Miserere ; let me be  
 Never parted, LORD, from Thee ;  
 Guard me from my ruthless Foe,  
 Save me from eternal Woe ;  
 In the dreadful Judgment Day  
 Be Thy Cross my hope and stay ;  
 When the hour of death is near  
 And my Spirit faints for fear,  
 Call me with Thy Voice of Love,  
 Place me near to Thee above,  
 With Thine Angel-Host to raise  
 An undying song of praise ;  
 Miserere DOMINE.

### Greek Cherubic Hymn.



ET all mortal flesh keep silence, and  
with fear and trembling stand ;  
Ponder nothing earthly-minded, for with  
Blessing in His Hand  
CHRIST our GOD to earth descendeth, our full  
homage to demand.

KING of Kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on  
earth He stood,  
LORD of Lords, in Human Vesture—in the BODY  
and the BLOOD—  
He will give to all the Faithful His Own SELF for  
Heavenly Food.

Rank on rank the Host of Heaven spreads its van-  
guard on the way,  
As the Light of Light descendeth from the realms  
of endless day,  
That the Powers of Hell may vanish as the dark-  
ness clears away.

At His Feet the six-winged Seraph : Cherubim  
with sleepless eye  
Veil their faces to the Presence, as with ceaseless  
Voice they cry—  
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, LORD most High !

## Eucharistic Pleading.



HEN I approach the Mercy-seat  
To cast me at my Maker's Feet,  
And breathing oft my SAVIOUR's  
Name

With fervent ardour urge my claim,  
Then, 'tis not sinful I that plead,  
But JESUS' Love shall intercede ;  
CHRIST must present my feeble prayer,  
Else am I vainly kneeling there :  
His Holy BLOOD prevails for me,  
The Pangs, the Groans of Calvary ;  
Through Him alone my Soul obtains  
Pardon for all its guilty stains.

## Ave, Christi Corpus Verum.



AIL ! O FLESH of CHRIST Divine,  
Hail ! O sweet and ruddy Wine,  
BLOOD the Cup and FLESH the Meat,  
And in These is CHRIST complete.

This is He the Bridegroom, dight  
In His Vesture red and white ;  
White, for Him a Virgin bore,  
Red, for He His BLOOD did pour.

By the Wounds and stripes and scorn,  
 By the Passion Thou hast borne,  
 Hear us, JESU, when we call,  
 From destruction save us all.

## Laureata Plebs fidelis.



OW let the Faithful come, with joy revering  
 The Sacramental CHRIST this day,  
 Rendering the most high King meet  
 praise, and wearing  
 Through Him the conqueror's bay.  
 What if the place whence God rules all be Heaven?  
 Oh, He deigns elsewhere to abide,  
 And day by day to loving hearts is given  
 He Who was crucified.  
 Behold! the Price which bought the holy Nation,  
 The Grace which speaks of Grace to come,  
 And all the Virtue of His sacred Passion  
 Have here their earthly Sum ;  
 All Gifts are here to give the which He suffered,  
 All Gifts with which the DOVE came down ;  
 Therefore aright the Sacrifice be offered,  
 Of all the Fruit and Crown.  
 This did men see far off and died confessing,  
 This did Melchizedek declare  
 Offering the Bread of Life and Wine of Blessing  
 To GOD, before they were ;

And erst they flew a Lamb, the time foreshowing  
 When that Lamb's slaughter should give place  
 (The BLOOD of CHRIST, world-cleansing Stream,  
 fast flowing)  
 Unto the True LAMB's Grace.

One link yet more 'twixt men whom ages sever,  
 'Tis Manna, Bread sent down to tell  
 The WORD made FLESH should be made Food  
 for ever  
 To the true Israel :  
 That Bread was food of time, This is Eternal :  
 That came the flesh alone to feed,  
 But This is Life and Health and Joy supernal ;  
 This Cup is Drink indeed.

Lo ! without price abundant Peace is given,  
 The poor and needy here may come ;  
 O happy Feast for citizens of Heaven,  
 Lead through the strange land home ;  
 O Path of Life, Refreshment never cloying,  
 O CHRIST, Perennial Light, give Life ;  
 So our part be with Souls the Bliss enjoying  
 In Thy clear Vision rife.

Give us Thyself. Thou art the Wave Immortal,  
 The Fruitful Vine, the Living Bread ;  
 So at the last we miss not Sion's portal  
 We would be cleansed and fed :

It is Thy Death which in these Gifts is speaking,  
O may we list to It alone,  
And we shall find the Country we are seeking,  
We shall be nigh Thy Throne.

O God unseen, yet ever near.



GOD Unseen, yet ever near,  
Thy Presence may we feel ;  
And thus inspired with holy fear  
Before Thine Altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful People know  
The Blessings of Thy Love,  
The Streams that through the desert flow,  
The Manna from above.

We come obedient to Thy Word  
To feast on Heavenly Food ;  
Our Meat, the BODY of the LORD,  
Our Drink, His Precious BLOOD.

Thus would we all Thy Words obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine ;  
And go rejoicing on our way  
Renewed with Strength Divine.

## Christi Corpus, Ave.



HAIL! FLESH of CHRIST, of Holy Virgin  
born ;  
Hail ! Undivided DEITY,  
The Way, the Life, the Health of man  
forlorn,  
Set us from all ill free.

Hail ! BLOOD of CHRIST, most holy Drink of  
Heaven,  
Mighty to wash away all stain ;  
Hail ! BLOOD, Which flowed forth when the Side  
was riven  
Upon the Cross of pain.

## An Ancient Eucharistic Prayer.



LIVING Bread from Heaven,  
To weary pilgrims given,  
Angelic Sustenance,  
Celestial Food, I need Thee ;  
Thou, Thou alone canst feed me ;  
My Life comes only thence.

O Fount of Love abounding,  
My wondering thoughts confounding,  
I come to taste Thy stream  
From CHRIST's warm Heart still bleeding,  
To give me what is needing  
To quicken, cheer, redeem.

Here, Jesus, Thou art hidden ;  
Here now as I am bidden  
    By faith I feast on Thee ;  
Oh, let the clouds concealing  
Soon melt away, revealing  
    The God I long to see.

*Mundus effusis Redemptus.*



ING, O Earth, for thy redemption,  
    Lo ! His race of torment run,  
CHRIST the Sanctuary enters,  
    Priest and Victim both in One ;  
There to make our peace with God  
    By th' Oblation of His BLOOD.

Guilty for the guilty pleading,  
    Legal Priest, thy task is o'er ;  
Goats and oxen, empty shadows,  
    There is need of you no more ;  
Not such feeble things as these  
    Could an Angry GOD appease.

Hail to Thee ! High Priest eternal,  
    Priest without a spot of sin,  
Veiled of old in mystic figures,  
    Holy, Infinite, Divine ;  
Thou art He Whose BLOOD alone  
    Can for human guilt atone.

### The Consecration.

Thou of Life the LORD Anointed,  
 Led to Thy self-chosen Doom,  
 That Same FLESH which Thou hast moulded  
 In Thy Virgin Mother's Womb  
 Offerest on the Holy Rood,  
 Man for man and GOD to GOD.

While the rage of Thy tormentors  
 In its very fury blind,  
 As from Thy pure Veins it madly  
 Pours the Ransom of mankind,  
 Does but work Thy own Decree  
 Fixed from all Eternity.

### The Unsearchable Riches of Christ.



WEET Sacrament Divine !  
 Hid in Thine earthly Home,  
 Lo ! round Thy lowly Shrine  
 With suppliant hearts we come ;  
 JESUS, to Thee our voice we raise  
 In Songs of love and heartfelt praise,  
 Sweet Sacrament Divine !

Sweet Sacrament of Peace !  
 Dear Home for every heart,  
 Where restless yearnings cease  
 And sorrows all depart ;  
 There in Thine Ear all trustfully  
 We tell our tale of misery,  
 Sweet Sacrament of Peace !

Pange lingua Gloriosi Corporis. 141

Sweet Sacrament of Rest !

    Ark from the ocean's roar,  
Within Thy Shelter blest  
    Soon may we reach the shore ;  
    Save us, for still the tempest raves,  
    Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,  
Sweet Sacrament of Rest !

Sweet Sacrament Divine !

    Earth's Light and Jubilee,  
In Thy far depths doth shine  
    Thy GODHEAD's Majesty ;  
    Sweet Light, so shine on us we pray,  
    That earthly joys may fade away,  
Sweet Sacrament Divine !

Pange lingua Gloriosi Corporis.



OW my tongue the Mystery telling,  
    Of the Glorious BODY sing,  
And the BLOOD all price excelling  
    Which the Gentiles' LORD and  
        KING,  
In a Virgin's Womb once dwelling,  
    Shed for this world's ransoming.

Given for us, and condescending  
    To be born for us below,  
He with men in converse blending  
    Dwelt, the seed of Truth to sow,  
Till He closed with wondrous ending  
    His most patient Life of woe.

That last night at Supper lying  
 'Mid the Twelve, His chosen Band,  
 JESUS, with the Law complying,  
 Keeps the Feast its rites demand ;  
 Then, more Precious Food supplying,  
 Gives Himself with His own Hand.

WORD-MADE-FLESH true Bread He maketh  
 By His Word His FLESH to be ;  
 Wine, His BLOOD, Which who so taketh  
 Must from carnal thoughts be free ;  
 Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,  
 Shows true hearts the Mystery.

Therefore we before Him bending  
 This great Sacrament revere ;  
 Types and shadows have their ending  
 For the newer Rite is here ;  
 Faith our outward sense befriending  
 Makes our inward vision clear.

Ave, Rex, Qui descendisti.

**H**AIL ! O King, Who hither wendedst  
 From the skies, and condescendedst  
 In a fleshly Form to dwell :

Hail ! O Body True and Holy,  
 Of a Virgin pure and lowly  
 Born to crush the might of Hell.

Hail ! O WORD, Incarnate truly,  
Virgin-born, before Whom duly  
We in faith undoubting fall :

Hail to Thee ! Who scourged in malice  
Drankest of the bitter Chalice,  
Mingled vinegar and gall.

Hail to Thee ! Who didst not falter  
On the Cross's mournful Altar,  
Dying there in sharpest pain :

Hail to Thee ! Whose one Oblation  
Saved the world from condemnation,  
Burst the gates of Hell in twain.

Hail ! Thou Brightness ever glorious,  
Hail ! Thou FLESH of CHRIST Victorious,  
Flower and Fruit of Virgin Womb :

Hail ! Thou Bread the Angels feeding,  
Hail ! Thou Light the holy leading,  
SAVIOUR of the World from doom.

Hail ! Thou meek Redeemer, sending  
Mercies to us never-ending,  
Thou who soothest hapless men :

Hail ! O CHRIST, the FATHER's Splendour,  
Grant, I pray, Thy Mercy tender  
Now and evermore. Amen.

## Salve, Sancta Caro Dei.



ACRED FLESH of GOD, by Whom  
Guilty men are saved from doom,  
Thou didst set Thy Servants free  
When Thou hangedst on the Tree.

From Thy Side the Water spilt  
Washed and cleansed us stained with guilt,  
Tainted with the first offence  
Of Adam's disobedience.  
Wash me in the healing Flood,  
Sacred BODY, of Thy BLOOD ;  
Cleanse Thou me from every stain,  
Rescue me from endless pain.  
Me of Thy great Goodness bless  
With eternal Happiness ;  
By Thy Sanctity made whole,  
Strengthen and sustain my Soul.  
Make mine enemies to fall,  
Into friends convert them all ;  
King of Angels, crush their pride,  
And their hatred turn aside.  
Thou, in Whom alone we live  
Unto me Thy BODY give,  
Me in death's extremest hour  
Save by Thy Almighty Power  
From the Dragon's wrath, I crave,  
From the roaring Lion, save ;  
Give with Faith and Hope unfailing  
Charity o'er all prevailing.

**I am Thy Servant.**



LORD, my King and Master Thou,  
To Whom the choirs of Angels bow,  
Behold me at Thine Altar now.

Thy Yoke I love ; it is my choice  
To follow Thee and know Thy Voice ;  
In this blest slavery I rejoice.

Bind me eternally to Thee  
With bonds which only bind to free ;  
Let cords of Love my fetters be.

Thine am I, LORD, for ever Thine ;  
I to Thy Majesty Divine  
All that I am or have resign.

Lo ! at Thy Feet I wait Thy Will,  
Let that alone my being fill,  
All earthly passions calm and still.

Each thought to Thee, my SAVIOUR Dear,  
Subdue ; let nought of earth draw near ;  
In silence I Thy Voice would hear.

Here in Thy Blessed Sacrament,  
With eye and ear and heart attent,  
I wait Thy Grace's blest Descent.

My LORD and Master, can it be  
That Thou shouldst gird Thyself, on me  
To wait in Thy Humility ?

Nay, more—Thyself the Very Bread  
Wherewith Thine ingrate Slave is fed,  
Oh, who can such a Service dread?

Adorable and Gracious King,  
My heart is all I have to bring,  
Spurn not th' unworthy offering.

Oh, make it cleave to Thee alway,  
So, in Thine awful Reckoning Day,  
Thou to my trembling Soul mayst say—

Well done, My Servant good and true ;  
Enter the Joy prepared for you,  
Joy that earth's thraldom never knew.

My LORD, one boon I ask of Thee—  
Oh, let this feeble service be  
Perfected in Eternity.

### And they knew Him.



HOU know'st Him not and canst not  
know—

Though as thou walkest by the way  
Thy thoughts and words spontaneous  
flow

His Cross and Passion to survey ;  
But still thy foolish heart and slow  
Must into paths of error stray,  
Until in Spirit to thy side  
He draweth near thy steps to guide.

And though that heart within thee burn,  
As He vouchsafes by Grace to teach,  
The LORD will from thy presence turn  
Ere thou the Home of knowledge reach ;  
Unless as those who fondly yearn  
For larger gifts, for closer speech,  
Thou dost in earnest prayer constrain  
Where thou abidest to remain.

And if His Presence He prolong  
And fill thy heart with Gospel lore,  
So that discerning right from wrong  
And good from evil, hourly more,  
Thou dost, impelled by feelings strong,  
Revere His Truth, His Love adore—  
Oh foolish heart, and slow of ken,  
Thou thinkest that thou know'st Him then.

Never ! until His Board be spread  
And thou before His Altar kneel ;  
Never ! until that broken Bread  
His Bruised and Wounded FLESH reveal ;  
Never ! until the BLOOD He shed,  
Drank in that Cup, thine eyes unseal—  
Thou know'st Him not, thou canst not know  
Till in that Food of Life He doth Himself bestow.

## Prose on the Holy Eucharist.



HE Bread descending from on high  
For needy Souls their wants fulfils,  
Restoring Life to them who die,  
Its overflowing Grace instils.

CHRIST be our Food, to give new Might  
And make the fainting spirit whole ;  
CHRIST be our Cup, to give Delight  
And satisfy the longing Soul.

O Splendour of Celestial day,  
O Thou Whom Angels ever laud,  
That mystic Supper give, we pray,  
The Supper of the FLESH of GOD.

O Feast Divine, O Glory blest  
From the Redeemer ever poured,  
O Thou, of lowly hearts the Rest,  
Grant everlasting Gladness, LORD.

Through this Memorial made of Thee,  
And through Thy Death by hands accurst,  
Save us from endless misery,  
Thou Who didst cry aloud—I thirst.

All glory unto Thee, O LORD,  
For all Thy bounteous Gifts we pay,  
Thy holy Light to us accord  
As Food on fast and festal day.

## Spirit, Soul and Body, one Man.



PIRIT, Soul and Body's union,  
Mingling with the Heavenly Host,  
One with GOD in CHRIST's Communion,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

With the Water, Blood and Spirit  
Sanctified in One on earth,  
Wholly blameless, may ye merit  
Wholly all the Heavenly birth.

Light and Cloud of God's Indwelling,  
Breathed to make a living Soul,  
Spirit, passion's fury quelling  
With a more than man's controul.

Mirror of that Breath's reflection,  
Soul, yet dewed with earthly sense,  
Source of holiest affection,  
Shrine of purest innocence.

Body that shall be Celestial,  
Now so sinful and so frail,  
Outer Court of things terrestrial,  
Parted with the fleshly vail.

O the Joy, when without ending,  
When your threefold work is done,  
Spirit, Soul and Body blending,  
You shall be with GOD in One.

*Adoro Te devote, Latens Deitas.*



GODHEAD Hid, devoutly I adore  
Thee  
Who truly art within the Forms before  
me;

To Thee my heart I bow with bended knee  
As failing quite in contemplating Thee.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry;  
Increase the faith of all whose Souls on Thee rely.

Sight, touch and taste in Thee are each deceived;  
The ear alone most safely is believed;  
I believe all the SON of GOD has spoken,  
Than Truth's own Word there is no surer token.

GOD only on the Cross lay hid from view;  
But here lies hid at once the MANHOOD too;  
And I, in both professing my belief,  
The same prayer make as the repentant Thief.

Thy Wounds, as Thomas saw, I do not see;  
Yet Thee confess my LORD and GOD to be:  
Make me believe Thee ever more and more;  
In Thee my hope, in Thee my love to store.

O Thou Memorial of our LORD's own dying,  
O Living Bread, to mortals Life supplying,  
Make Thou my Soul henceforth on Thee to live;  
Ever a taste of Heavenly sweetness give.

O loving Pelican, O CHRIST my GOD,  
Unclean I am, but cleanse me in Thy BLOOD ;  
Of Which a single Drop for sinners spilt,  
Could ransom all the world from all its guilt.

JESU, Whom for the present Veiled I see,  
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me ;  
That I may see Thy Countenance unfolding,  
And may be blest Thy Glory in beholding.

JESU, eternal Shepherd, hear our cry ;  
Increase the faith of all whose Soulson Thee rely.

## Ave, Caro Christi Cara.



HAIL ! FLESH of CHRIST, beloved Ob-  
lation,  
Sacrifice for our Salvation,  
On the Cross a Victim slain :  
Oh, by that Thy Death of sadness,  
Raise us decked in light and gladness  
With Thee glorified to reign.  
Hail ! WORD Incarnate, Which Divinest,  
Hallowed on the Altar shonest ;  
Bread of Angels Ever-living,  
Health and Hope to mortals giving,  
Antidote, all guilt relieving.  
Hail ! Thou BODY of CHRIST JESUS,  
Heaven-descended to release us,  
Thy redeemed from ruin buying,  
On the Cross when nailed and dying.

## The Pledge of Immortality.



READ of the World in Mercy broken,  
Wine of the World in Mercy shed,  
By Whom the Words of Life were  
spoken,  
And in Whose Death our sins are dead ;  
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
And be Thy Feast to us the token  
That by Thy Grace our Souls are fed.

## Ave, Verbum Incarnatum.



HOLY FLESH of JESUS CHRIST  
Upon the Altar lying,  
Last Gift of the Incarnate WORD  
Before His precious Dying ;  
O Living BREAD of Angels bright,  
Who wrought'st Redemption's story,  
O Hope of each one named from Thee,  
We give Thee thanks and glory.

## Eucharistic Meditation.



HOLY JESUS, we believe  
That Thou art Present here,  
With heart and Soul we surely know  
Our Dearest LORD is near ;

For though Thy blessed Presence  
Is not visibly revealed,  
Faith tells us in these Sacred Forms  
Thou art indeed concealed :  
On bended knee then let us pray  
That Thou mayst be adored  
For aye, in Thy Sweet Sacrament,  
O Thou most Gracious LORD.

How great should be our reverence,  
How great the love and fear  
With which to this High Sacrifice  
In faith we should draw near ;  
Our hearts should be all purified,  
From earthly care set free,  
Feeling their own unworthiness  
And full of love for Thee ;  
O Thou our own Beloved LORD,  
Our SAVIOUR and our Friend,  
Look down with Thine All-pitying Eye,  
On us Thy Blessing send.

We know our sins are manifold,  
Yet still to Thee we fly  
Trusting that in Thy Mercy great  
Thou wilt receive our cry ;  
For where else can we hope to find  
Forgiveness full and free,  
Except in Thine own Sacraments  
When, LORD, we come to Thee ?

Then, JESU, Priest and Shepherd True,  
 Grant Pardon when we stray  
 Without Thy Flock, of which Thou art  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way.

And when our hearts bowed down with woe  
 Nor rest nor comfort find,  
 We come to Thee, O SAVIOUR Dear,  
 Of Comforters most kind ;  
 For when Thou givest us Thyself,  
 O precious Bread of Life,  
 In wondering awe we muse not on  
 Our Soul's most bitter strife,  
 Feeling that Thou dost then abide  
 In us, Thou Prince of Peace,  
 And that Thy blessed Presence, LORD,  
 Hath caused our grief to cease.

So too when some bright beam of joy,  
 E'en though of earth it be,  
 Lights up our star of hope, then, LORD,  
 We quickly turn to Thee,  
 Knowing that Thou, most Pitiful,  
 Hast sent this gladsome ray  
 To shed a brightness o'er our path  
 Which cheers our onward way ;  
 LORD JESU, bless our earthly joys,  
 Thou, Who our woes hast healed,  
 And be Thou in our hopes and fears  
 Our Helper and our Shield.

When death is drawing nigh, and when  
 In dread our Spirits fail,  
**LORD JESU, still abide with us**  
 Through the dark gloomy Vale ;  
**In Thy most Blessed Eucharist**  
 Give us Thyself once more,  
 That in the Strength of that Sweet Food,  
 Our life's sad journey o'er,  
**We may the Heavenly City reach,**  
 Where freed from all alarms  
**Our Souls shall find eternal Rest**  
 In Thy Almighty Arms.

## Ave, Caro Christi Cara.

**H**AIL ! FLESH of CHRIST, hail ! Sweetest Food,  
 Upon the Altar of the Rood  
 A Sacred Victim laid ;

By that Thy Passion grant us Grace  
 To dwell with Thee in that fair Place  
 Where light shall never fade.

Hail ! Very BODY of the LORD,  
 Who man's Salvation to afford  
 Didst hang upon the Tree ;

Oh, save us from the pains of Hell,  
 Most high Creator, Who dost dwell  
 A Priest eternally.

Hail ! JESU, hail ! O living Bread,  
 Whereon our fainting Souls are fed,  
 Both Truth and Way Thou art ;

Be present now to heal and bless,  
 And in Thy perfect Holiness  
 Give us to have our part.

Hail ! Banquet of the Angel-Host,  
 Sweet Solace of the tempest-tost,  
 Who makest all things new ;

Our earnest pleadings deign to hear,  
 Breathe on these hearts so hard and sere  
 Thy SPIRIT's gracious Dew.

Hail ! GOD beneath this Veil concealed,  
 In Heaven all gloriously revealed  
 Where shadows flee away ;

We pray Thee shield us from our Foe,  
 And give us once that Peace to know  
 Which never can decay.

Hail ! Stream Divine from JESUS' Side,  
 That Stream the road which opens wide  
 High Heaven to attain ;

Behold, O LORD, our sin we own,  
 Plead Thou before Thy FATHER's Throne  
 Our pardon to obtain.

Hail ! Draught of Life and Health and Joy,  
Thou Sweetness that can never cloy,  
All Virtue in Thee lies ;

O Blessed CHRIST, be Merciful,  
Grant us forgiveness free and full,  
Who Dead for us didst rise.

Hail ! Heavenly Splendour, WORD of GOD,  
Flower and fruit of Aaron's Rod,  
Thou Finger of the LORD,

Oh, let us not be cast away ;  
Where Thou art throned in endless day  
A place to us afford.

Hail ! Sacred FLESH of CHRIST, that bore  
All Agony and Passion sore  
To shield us from our sin ;

Thou with the wicked mad'st Thy Grave,  
Dear LORD, our sinful Souls to save  
And Heaven for us to win.

Manna most hidden, most Divine,  
Upon us bid Thy Mercy shine,  
Oh, hear Thy Saints' desire ;

Set us absolved and purified,  
And blessed and crowned and glorified,  
Amid th' Angelic Choir.

## The Fountain of Life.



DROOP—oh, give me of the crystal  
Stream  
Which flows in ever-blooming Ama-  
ranth bowers ;

The Fount immortal, whose transparent waves  
Reflect bright Angel faces 'midst the flowers ;  
That fairest Stream o'erflows with Wisdom's  
richest ore—  
Oh, waft one priceless Drop, and Strength for  
evermore.

I droop—sustain me, blessed Fount of Life ;  
Bid deepening shadows of the night depart ;  
Give Peace and Courage to the wavering mind,  
And Faith and Hope unto the sinking heart.  
O blessed, fragrant River, o'er the weary head  
May guardian Angel-hands one Drop pel-  
lucid shed.

I droop—Redeemer, only Fount of Joy,  
From Thee alone the living Waters flow ;  
Give one sweet Drop to cool life's burning pain,  
There is no healing spring on earth below :  
They search in vain for aid who search for  
aught but Thee,  
Thou art the Way, the Truth, in all Eternity.

## The Daily Sacrifice.



INCE first the Church beneath  
Called Souls to praise and pray,  
Daily this Antidote to death  
Was proffered by the way.

Daily the Board was spread ;  
The Sacred Bread and Wine  
Before the LORD our GOD set forth  
The Sacrifice Divine.

Now in these latter days  
When love seems cold, faith frail,  
Need we the Sacred Banquet less ?  
Or should the Service fail ?

No ! daily let us joy  
Our Master here to meet,  
And blend with viewless Angel-hosts  
Around the Mercy-seat.

For all His Church, for our  
Weak hearts, Himself we bring  
Before th' Almighty FATHER'S Face  
Eternal Offering.

O SAVIOUR, LORD most Sweet,  
Our worthless homage take,  
And deign to visit our weak hearts  
For Thy dear Mercy's sake.

**Corpus, ave, clarum Domini.**

**H**AIL ! Glorious BODY of the LORD, on  
Which no darkness rolls  
To cast Thy Brightness into shade, Thou  
Food and Light of Souls.

O wash away the stains, I pray, of each polluting  
sin,  
And make us meet the Pleasures sweet of Paradise  
to win.

Hail ! Holy FLESH, now unto Thee unworthily I  
plead,  
That Thou wouldest in the time of death vouchsafe  
my Soul to feed.

O Living Bread, upon me shed the joys that can-  
not die,  
O cleanse and save, lest in the grave of second  
death I lie.

O FLESH of CHRIST once sacrificed, to Thee I  
humbly kneel,  
BODY Which didst redeem the world, and all its  
sickness heal.

By Thee be every spirit purged, let every sense be  
clear,  
O Manna True, to Whom we sue and sing Hosanna  
here.

## The Reward of Perseverance. 161

When the dread time of punished crime is near,  
O give me Life,  
And grant me, CHRIST, a contrite heart in my last  
earthly strife.

That Faith be sure, Confession pure, to Thee, O  
LORD, I pray,  
And, JESU Good, my Soul with Food of Thine  
Own BODY stay.

Then out of pain bring me again where all Thy  
Blessings well,  
That there possessed of endless Rest I may for ever  
dwell.

## The Reward of Perseverance.



FT when with icy heart and dry  
Affection's cold and tearless eye,  
Barren as a desert, chilled as steel,  
We at God's holy Altar kneel—  
Still, while we persevere and bear  
With firm resolve th' unlively prayer,  
To holy sufferance will come  
An Answer from our Heavenly home.

For oft amid the weary crush,  
The springs of Grace with sudden rush  
Will overspread the rocky breast  
With verdure new and dews of rest,

Filling the longing heart's distress  
 With floods of love and happiness,  
 One draught of which will countervail  
 Long days of want and nights of wail.

Ah, ye who sit beneath the cloud  
 And mourn for absence deep not loud,  
 Know this, that he who meekly bows—  
 And silent, grieves his absent Spouse—  
 One unexpected day shall feel  
 How good it was for him to kneel  
 And mourn a temporary loss  
 Under the shadow of the Cross.

For ah, what words of best desire,  
 What eloquence or Angel fire  
 May tell the length or breadth or height,  
 The richness of extreme Delight  
 Reserved for him who meekly bends,  
 Rather for Love than lively ends,  
 Who unrequited perseveres  
 And labours still, albeit in tears.

**Jam satis fluxit Cruor Hostiarum.**



NOUGH the blood of victims flowed of  
 old,  
 The shadows pass and legal offer-  
 ings ;  
 Now higher Ministries Thou, LORD, dost mould,  
 On which a holier shade Thy Priesthood flings.

**O Jesus, Who for us hast died.** 163

Elias from the Heavens called down the flame ;  
One Greater than Elias, hid from sight,  
Is here, obedient to His awful Name ;  
Of Him we make the dread Memorial-Rite.

Great Office, the mysterious Cup to bear  
In which the guilty world's Salvation lies,  
And with our trembling hands full of deep fear  
To offer up the Bloodless Sacrifice.

Oh, more than all to ancient Prophets given,  
More than to Angels if but understood,  
That in our trembling hands the GOD of Heaven  
Doth give Himself to be our Spirits' Food.

Grant, CHRIST, that we fulfilling Thy Commands  
Of Thy blest Presence may approach the Seat,  
With hearts by Thee made pure and holy hands ;  
May Love for Thy dread Altars make us meet.

**O Jesus, Who for us hast died.**



JESUS, Who for us hast died,  
The BLOOD flows ever from Thy Side,  
For Thou art ever crucified.

By Priestly hands Thy BLOOD is poured  
Upon the Altar long and broad,  
Where Thou art evermore adored.

And on that Altar, day by day,  
Thy Love holds on its shining way  
And sheds an ever brightening Ray.

Thy Sacrifice can never cease,  
Till all is rest and joy and peace  
In the triumphant world of Grace.

And on the Altar is our Food,  
Purchased for us by Thine Own BLOOD,  
When Mary by the Cross once stood.

Thousands of faithful hearts adore  
Where Thou art shrined for evermore,  
A Beacon on a stormy shore.

Thy Tabernacle's Sun goes down  
When each Elect has won his Crown,  
And all Thy mighty Love is shown.

Then, not till then, that burning Light  
Goes down beneath the waters bright,  
But there is Day and no more night.

**Horae de Sancto Sacramento.**

I.



F the Wondrous BODY, O my tongue,  
be telling,  
And the BLOOD most Precious of the  
Crucified,  
Which to quench the Dragon's fiery fang came  
welling  
For the world's Salvation, from His holy Side.

II.

With the Twelve He sate and gave a mystic Token,  
Teaching their true hearts with Word and holy  
Sign ;  
For the Bread He told them was His BODY Broken,  
And His BLOOD of Healing filled the Cup with  
Wine.

III.

In His sacred Hands He took the Bread and  
brake It,  
Likewise took the Cup and sanctified the same ;  
Whoso shall presume unworthily to take It,  
God shall of a surety bring that Soul to shame.

IV.

Whosoever drinketh of the Cup of Blessing,  
Whoso of this Bread partaketh not in vain,  
He shall bear true witness, worthily confessing  
CHRIST's most holy Passion, till He come again.

## V.

But the unbelieving eat and drink damnation,  
 For their hearts discern not JESUS CHRIST the  
 LORD,  
 And they spurn His BLOOD of Reconciliation  
 Which from out the Spear-wound for our ransom  
 poured.

## VI.

Lo ! the WORD Incarnate is the Bread from  
 Heaven ;  
 Lo ! the Cup is filled with JESUS' BLOOD indeed ;  
 Precious is the Food to faithful Servants given ;  
 They that feed upon Him CHRIST's Command-  
 ment heed.

## VII.

CHRIST herein sustaineth all the faithful-hearted,  
 Yet His BODY is not torn in any wise ;  
 In a broken Morsel is the Whole imparted ;  
 GOD is truly present, veiled from mortal eyes.

\*       \*       \*       \*

Thus the Hours shall find me still devoutly musing,  
 LORD, on Thy dear BODY's awful Mystery ;  
 That Thy Sacramental Graces rightly using  
 With a faith unchanging I may worship Thee.

The Cross the Fount of Blessing.

**H**AIL to the holy Cross ! Sweet JESUS,  
 Hail to the loved and saving Sign !  
 From whence all Virtue comes to ease us,  
 Whence Virtue flows and Might  
 Divine.

Hail to the Cross ! Fount of all Blessings,  
 Whence Grace descends in copious flood ;  
 Worthy alone of all carefssings,  
 Hail to thee ! loved and sacred Wood.

Hail to the holy Cross ! that giveth  
 Virtue and Strength and loving Faith ;  
 Hail to the Cross ! that ever liveth  
 Singing Life's triumph over Death.

Hail to the Cross ! from whence went raying  
 Athwart o'er earth Love's holy flame ;  
 Thy banner o'er its heights displaying  
 And reaping Glory from its shame.

Hail to the holy Cross ! rejected  
 Albeit, and scorned by worldly pride ;  
 Yet by Almighty Love elected  
 To be the meek and humble's guide.

Hail to the holy Cross ! affliction  
 Sinks not the heart nor bids it qualm ;

For thou, sweet Fount of Benediction,  
Art near to pour the healing Balm.

Hail to thee, holy Cross of ages !  
That bids attempered sorrow fall ;  
Before thy foot no tempest rages,  
No storms oppress, no passions thrall.

Hail ! Ark of Peace, on Thee confiding  
Fierce winds may blow, wild waves may toss ;  
For I am safe by thee abiding,  
Sweet JESUS, here before Thy Cross.

### Christus, Lux in deficiens.

 CHRIST, the Light that knows no  
waning,  
Gives to us His FLESH as Food,  
Drink He gives us also, deigning  
To refresh us with His BLOOD.

CHRIST, Thou Radiance ever glowing,  
Who upon the Cross didst bleed,  
Light on all Thy Saints bestowing,  
With Thyself Thy Flock dost feed.

FLESH, Which we are now receiving,  
Of a Virgin took the WORD,  
And the BLOOD we drink believing  
He for sinful man outpoured.

In this Rite, our Souls to nourish  
To the WORD made FLESH we come ;

Hence our faith in strength doth flourish ;  
Hence we reach our Heavenly home.

Bread of Sweetness ever holy,  
Full art Thou of pure Delight ;  
**SAVIOUR**, born of Maiden lowly,  
King art Thou of perfect Might.

May we ever eat in gladness  
Of this rich, Angelic Bread ;  
May we in death's hour of sadness  
With this sweetest Gift be fed.

He was at the third day-hour  
Led a Victim forth to die,  
When He bare His Cross of Power  
His Elect to raise on high.

Lead us, Giver of Salvation,  
To our Home Thyself beside,  
Where eternal Jubilation  
Dwelleteth through the **LAMB** that died.

Evermore we there the story  
Of Thy wondrous Deeds will raise,  
Reigning with Thy Saints in Glory  
We will offer Gifts of praise.

Sacrifice and Hymns in union  
God we bring this festal day ;  
May He with Divine Communion  
Feed us in His Love for aye.

## The pleading Presence of Christ.

**A**LL to God's True BODY !  
 Of Virgin Mary sprung,  
 Truly for us offered,  
 On Cross of anguish hung,  
 Whose dear Side was truly  
 By spear enforced to bleed ;  
 In our latest conflict  
 Upon Thee let us feed.

Once for all, O JESU,  
 Thou wast a Victim made ;  
 Still in Heaven Thou pleadest  
 In FLESH and BLOOD displayed ;  
 But though round this Altar  
 Nought of Heaven appear,  
 Thy strong Word and Action  
 Doth make Thee present here.

In very Life and Essence  
 Thou dost Thy Word fulfil,  
 Who wheresoe'er Thou livest  
 Art Mediator still ;  
 O Qui peccata tollis,  
 To Thee our greetings rise—  
 All hail ! the pleading Presence,  
 All hail ! the Sacrifice.

The Bread becomes Thy BODY,  
The Wine becomes Thy BLOOD,  
And Both, O Love Incarnate,  
Are our Life-giving Food.  
What Thou to GOD presentest  
To sinners Thou dost give,  
So bending to adore Thee  
We eat, and drink, and live.

O Jesu Christ, remember.



JESU CHRIST, remember  
When Thou shalt come again  
Upon the clouds of Heaven  
With all Thy shining Train ;  
When every eye shall see Thee  
In DEITY revealed  
Who now upon this Altar  
In silence art concealed ;  
Remember then, O SAVIOUR,  
I supplicate of Thee,  
That here I bowed before Thee  
Upon my bended knee ;  
That here I owned Thy Presence  
And did not Thee deny,  
And glorified Thy Greatness  
Though hid from human eye.  
Accept, Divine Redeemer,  
The homage of my praise ;

Be Thou the Light and Honour  
 And Glory of my days ;  
 Be Thou my Consolation  
 When death is drawing nigh ;  
 Be Thou my only Treasure  
 Through all Eternity.

## Ave, Caro Christi.

**A**OLY FLESH of CHRIST our King,  
 Thee, Adorable, we sing ;  
 In the New Law's happy Vale  
 Pasture of the true Flock, hail !  
 Pure and spotless be the breast  
 Where Thou comest as the Guest ;  
 Let the Faithful hourly say—  
 Thee we worship, Thee we pray.

Thee, the Church Thy mystic Wife,  
 Worships as the BREAD of Life ;  
 Ransom, Guide, Redemption free,  
 Now our Satisfaction be,  
 We the sinners need Thy Balm ;  
 We the mourners seek Thy Calm ;  
 Bring us out of life's lorn road  
 Into Glory, unto GOD.

## The Altar Shade.



ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,  
LORD, to Thine Altar shade we fly ;  
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,  
SAVIOUR, we seek Thy Shelter here ;  
Weary and weak, Thy Grace we pray ;  
Turn not, O LORD, Thy Guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,  
Long have we sought Thy Rest in vain ;  
Wilderer in doubt, in darkness lost,  
Long have our Souls been tempest-tost ;  
Low at Thy Feet our sins we lay ;  
Turn not, O LORD, Thy Guests away.

## Christ, our Life.



ABOURING and heavy-laden,  
Wanting help in time of need,  
Fainting by the way from hunger,  
Bread of Life, on Thee we feed.

Thirsting for the springs of waters  
That, by Love's eternal law,  
From the stricken Rock are flowing,  
Well of Life, from Thee we draw.

Driven out from happy Eden,  
Far from home and shelter strayed,

Tossed with tempest, faint from sunshine,  
Tree of Life, we seek Thy shade.

In the land of cloud and shadow  
Where no human eye can see,  
Light to those who sit in darkness,  
Light of Life, we walk in Thee.

Strangers upon earth, and pilgrims  
Wearied with the world and weak,  
By life's many ways bewildered,  
Path of Life, for Thee we seek.

Vexed with passion's hateful bondage,  
Longing, struggling to be free,  
Where Thy loving Banner leads us,  
Prince of Life, we follow Thee.

Sick of sense's vain deceivings  
Crumbling round us into dust,  
Strong alone in Faith's believings,  
Word of Life, in Thee we trust.

Thou the Grace of Life supplying,  
Thou the Crown of Life wilt give,  
Dead to sin and daily dying,  
Life of Life, in Thee we live.

### De Corpore Christi.



HE Serpent's venom'd bite with deadly fire  
 Wounded us all in Adam our first sire ;  
 The BLOOD of CHRIST repaired that sad defeat,  
 Healed our deep wound, and left our cure complete.

Eve, through the Serpent's wiles, involved us all  
 In one unhappy crime and fatal fall ;  
 Her Daughter, fairer than the lily's bloom,  
 Produced the FRUIT That changed our dreadful doom.

This is the Woman's Holy, Precious FRUIT  
 Born, without man, from that untainted Root ;  
 And by the HOLY SPIRIT's Heavenly dew,  
 That noble Flower came forth and wondrous grew.

No flower adorned the grass, all dry and seared,  
 When clothed in Human Flesh our GOD appeared ;  
 The grass no vigour and no life retained,  
 When its flower sightless and despised remained.

He, as all Nature witnessed, for our cure  
 Did not disdain Death's tortures to endure ;  
 His sacred Side is pierced, His BODY bruised,  
 His Precious BLOOD, like rain, for us effused.

Jesus ! the Virgin's Flower, remember whence  
 We sprang, but think not of our dire offence ;  
 Grant for our grievous wounds Thy healing Grace,  
 And on Thy Right Hand may we find a place.

### It is the Lord.



AWFUL Might of Grace Divine,  
 Which can our shallow thoughts re-  
 prove,

And in the simplest forms enshrine  
 Such heights and depths and worlds of love ;  
 Yea, all God's Mercies earthward sent  
 Are in the Blessed Sacrament.

For we have all if we have Thee  
 Who giv'st us here Thy FLESH and BLOOD,  
 And giv'st us Faith withal to see  
 That Miracle of Ghostly Food ;  
 To her keen eyes the veil is rent  
 That shrouds the Blessed Sacrament.

With her we lift our hearts on high,  
 By self condemned, by God forgiven ;  
 With her to JESUS we draw nigh  
 And stretch our hands for Bread from Heaven ;  
 No more in sin's foul dungeon pent  
 We touch the Blessed Sacrament.

The vain heart-vexings for the past,  
 The restless gloom, the haunting fears,

In that sweet Presence may not last,  
 But leave us gazing through our tears,  
 With knees in thankful worship bent  
 Before the Blessed Sacrament.

‘ It is the LORD ! ’ no thought but this  
 Can compass all our wondrous gain ;  
 ‘ It is the LORD ! ’ our Life, our Bliss,  
 Who died, Who lives to plead and reign,  
 And Whose vast Love has fullest vent  
 In this most Blessed Sacrament.

### Partendo dal Mondo, l'amante Pastore.



HEN the loving Shepherd,  
 Ere He left the earth,  
 Shed to pay our ransom  
 BLOOD of priceless Worth,

These His Lambs so cherished,  
 Purchased for His Own,  
 He would not abandon  
 In the world alone.

Ere He makes us partners  
 Of His Realm on high,  
 Happy and immortal  
 With Him in the sky,

Love immense, stupendous  
 Makes Him here below

## The Consecration.

Partner of our exile  
In this world of woe.

Lest one heart that loves Him  
E'er should sigh with pain,  
Pining for His Presence,  
Seeking Him in vain,

He on earth would tarry  
Near to every one,  
That each heart might find Him  
On His Altar-throne.

Thence He seeks to kindle  
With His Heavenly Fires  
Every heart that truly  
To His Love aspires.

How that Fire enkindles  
Piercing like a dart,  
He alone is witness  
Who has felt its smart :

Though the heart approaches  
Cold as falling snow,  
Soon it melts and kindles  
From the Furnace glow.

Say ! ye Souls enamoured,  
What blest flames you feel ;  
Say ! what fiery arrows  
Pierce you as you kneel,

## A Carol on the Holy Sacrament. 179

When you come to worship  
Where your JESUS lies,  
All your love awaiting,  
Hid from mortal eyes.

JESUS, Food of Angels,  
Monarch of the heart,  
Oh, that I could never  
From Thy Face depart.

Yes, Thou ever dwellest  
Here for love of me,  
Hidden Thou remainest,  
God of Majesty.

Soon I hope to see Thee  
And enjoy Thy Love,  
Face to face, Sweet JESUS,  
In Thy Heaven above.

## A Carol on the Holy Sacrament.



MAN, and is It, as thou sayest ?  
The Food on Which thy Soul is fed,  
Is It the blissful Angels' Bread ?  
And is It sweet to mortal taste ?

It is the same, the wondrous Food,  
Which once the mighty Prophet led  
When from the hateful Queen he fled  
To rest upon the Mount of GOD :

For whom, to guard his duty's road,  
 Like rain the falling Lightning sped,  
 And steel clad hosts, like molten lead,  
 Were whelmed beneath the fiery flood.

It is the Food Whose comfort known  
 Can shield the life from mortal harm ;  
 Whose sweetness can the bosom warm  
 To glow beneath the frozen zone :

The spicy forests of Ceylon  
 Yield not so strange or sweet a charm :  
 They cannot Death's strong power disarm  
 With all their groves of cinnamon.

### Christi Corpus, Ave.



AIL ! BODY born of Mary, Hail !  
 CHRIST, Redeemer dear,  
 True MAN and Perfect GODHEAD and  
 Living FLESH are here.

Hail ! Thou our true Salvation, the Way, the Life  
 art Thou,  
 With Thy Right Hand of Power save us from  
 evil now.

Hail ! BLOOD of CHRIST, in Heaven the Chalice  
 of the blest,  
 The Water of Redemption to cleanse the sinful  
 breast.

Hail! Blood and saving Water, that from the  
wounded Side  
Of CHRIST, our dear Redeemer, flowed for us  
when He died.

## Jesu, nobis miserere.

**H**AIL! CHRIST'S BODY, Manhood Real,  
Of the Virgin Mary born,  
Truly suffering, truly offered  
On the Cross and hill of scorn.  
Hail! for man's Salvation piercèd,  
Gaping Wounds and riven Side,  
Whence outflowed with Love unstinting  
BLOOD and Water, mingled Tide :  
Now upon that BODY feed we  
And of that sweet Fountain drink,  
Lest when death relentless seize us  
'Neath the Judge's gaze we sink.

Grant that as I see Thee now  
Veiled beneath the Form of Bread,  
When Thou com'ſt the Heavens to bow  
And to judge the quick and dead,  
Freed by Thee from every fear  
I may then lift up my head,  
Glad to know and see Thee near :  
Thou Who soughtest earth the dreary,  
Never of our pardon weary,  
JESU, nobis miserere.

Hail ! O FLESH of CHRIST, the Victim  
 On the Altar of the Cross,  
 Offered to the FATHER's Justice,  
 Suffering to redeem our loss :  
 By Thy bitter Death redeemed  
 May we all Thy Brightness see ;  
 Grant us glorious fruition  
 Of eternal Joy with Thee :  
 Hail ! Thou WORD of GOD Incarnate,  
 On Thine Altar Thee we seek,  
 Thee the loving Bread of Angels,  
 Health and Hope to sick and weak.

JESUS, hail ! from Heaven descending,  
 On the Cross Thine Arms extending,  
 Healing sin and sorrow ending :  
 Thou of Goodness infinite,  
 Fount of Pity, Loving LORD,  
 Sinners' Hope and Saints' Delight,  
 Angels' Praise, Thy Grace accord :  
 Thou Who soughtest earth the dreary,  
 Never of our pardon weary,  
 JESU, nobis miserere.

### Thoughts upon the Real Presence.



AKE ! GOD, Thine Own ; these Gifts  
 are Thine  
 We to Thy holy Altar bring ;  
 Yet deign'st Thou in Thy Love Divine  
 To take them as man's Offering :

## Thoughts upon the Real Presence. 183

Take then Thine Own, for all are Thine—  
These poor Oblations of our Bread and Wine.

Thou that hast gained again Thine Home

Abandoned once for man to die,

Come in Thy sacred Presence, come !

Clothed in an awful Mystery ;

Thy sacred Boon of mighty Love present,  
Veiled in its Sacramental Element.

Come ! as Thy Truth hath said Thou wilt,

The Food of Life to give ;

Thy BLOOD, Thy BODY, broken, spilt,

That dying man may live :

SAVIOUR, to us Thy Love extend ;

JESUS, Blest Victim of the world, descend.

Bow down ! the consecrating hand

The Mystic Bread hath broken ;

Moved by the Power of God's Command

The Blessing hath been spoken :

Bow down ! bow down ! thy GOD revere ;

Veiled in this broken Form thy GOD is here.

Bow down ! the hallowed Wine is reared,

Blest into Life with Life It flows ;

A SAVIOUR from the sins we feared,

A Strength and Healer of our woes :

Bow down ! in this blest Symbol lies

My SAVIOUR's BLOOD, Earth's bleeding Sacrifice.

Come ! HOLY GHOST, my Soul fulfil

With faith to hold this Mystery ;

Unchanged to sight, yet bear they still  
 The Very GOD's Humanity :  
 Faith asks not how, but grasps GOD's Word  
 As faultless Truth to mortal sense preferred.

Why seek to know what GOD hath sealed ?  
 Faith were an empty sound,  
 If nought but what our sight revealed  
 Around our course were found—  
 LORD, I believe ; increase my faith  
 To take on trust whate'er the SPIRIT saith.

Come ! Faith, and fit me to receive  
 This sacred Food whereon I feed ;  
 So may the Presence of His BODY give  
 Oneness and fellowship indeed ;  
 I joined in CHRIST and CHRIST in me,  
 A true Communion—yet a Mystery.

Joined to His BODY, may my body prove  
 A worthier member of my sacred Head ;  
 May the rich Drops of BLOOD remove  
 The stains I loathe, the Wrath I dread :  
 Grant that my body and my Soul may find  
 Their portion in the SAVIOUR of Mankind.

### Whence shall we buy Bread ?



HEN sink our hearts in famine sore,  
 Nor vainly seek refreshment more  
 In scenes so full of joy before,

How soon we turn, how loudly cry  
To Thee, O LORD, exalted high  
Whom once our sins required to die.

Wilt Thou, in this our darker day,  
Withhold the Bread of Life we pray  
And leave us fainting by the way?

Since we were brethren false to Thee,  
Wilt Thou to us no Brother be  
But all unmoved our anguish see?

This we deserve: but Thy true Love  
Its Judgment forms in Heaven above,  
Where earthly passion cannot move.

Ere yet our trembling lips confess  
The depth of our unworthiness,  
Thy Voice of Mercy speaks to bless.

With Thee, O Shepherd good and kind,  
The Bread of Life we richly find  
And sweet repose in heart and mind.

With faithful steps we follow Thee  
And sweetly feel that we are free,  
Though signs of bondage we may see.

## Reminiscens Beati Sanguinis.



ROM their hid spring my tears are falling,  
My heart the Blessed BLOOD recalling  
Which man's Creator poured for me  
In lavish torrents from the Tree ;  
It is a Stream of such Delight  
That none who tastes should ill requite.

Why dost Thou suffer woes so many,  
Sweet JESU ? Sins Thou didst not any ;  
By Thee came never crime's offence,  
Thou art the Flower of Innocence :  
Thine is the scourge, the robber I ;  
I am the guilty, Thou dost die.

Why for the worthless, Price so great ?  
Is it for earthly wealth or state ?  
Oh, Thou hadst Glory none may share,  
None can approach it, none declare ;  
Yet with such Love Thy Heart did flame  
It made the shameful Cross no shame.

If ne'er for what Thy Grace has given  
A praiseful answer mounts to Heaven,  
If ne'er with love for Love I burn,  
Nor to Thy Sorrows make return  
In labours dear to GOD through Thee,  
Woe to the wretched ! woe to me !

Oh, can I see Thee stretched on high  
In holiest death-throes, yet pass by ?

Oh, can I live for ought else now  
My little life-space ? I do vow  
To Thee an offering utter, whole,  
My two-fold being, flesh and Soul.

Ye who are now far off, O fly  
Unto the sweet Cross lest ye die ;  
Ye who now live to self, O strive  
That ye may live to God, and live :  
Would ye be members reckoned ?  
Ye must be pierced as was your Head.

O look not on that Streaming BLOOD  
With eyes of cold ingratitude ;  
Let there be tears and mighty crying,  
Your God upon the Cross is dying ;  
And love and grief to Him are due  
Who loved and grieved to BLOOD for you.

Lo ! He has bought a Kingdom blest  
And set for man a Port of rest ;  
No key can ope that Kingdom's door,  
No ship can reach the happy Shore  
Except amain they fashioned be  
Of nails and wood from Calvary.

Hail ! BLOOD, Which quickenest man within,  
And streaming bid'st him enter in :  
If any sin-stain foul my Soul  
In Mercy wash me, make me whole ;  
And till I go hence, each new want  
With new-born Bounty heed and grant.



## PART IV.

### The Communion.

#### *THE SACRAMENTAL PORTION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.*

### The Soul's Invitation.

**H**E Board is spread with Meats  
Divine,  
O worn with strife and soiled with  
sin,  
Draw near, love-thirsting Soul of  
mine,  
Draw near and take thy SAVIOUR in.

I see the white prepared Board,  
I hear the Words of Love and Grace,  
But canst Thou deign to dwell, O LORD,  
Within so foul and soiled a place?

Fair was the shrine the Prophet-chief  
Made for Thy Dwelling-place of old,  
With curtain fine and Almond leaf,  
And Shittim shaft and ring of gold.

More fair on green Moriah's breast  
The House the Monarch reared for Thee,  
With costly gems and odours drest,  
With burning lamp and molten sea,

With Cedar flower and carven Palm,  
In purest gold of Parvaim set,  
And pillars hung, like ships a-calm,  
Each spell-bound in its gilded net.

Poor heart ; ah, where thy hallowed fires ?  
Thy gold of consecrated days,  
The broidered veil of pure desires,  
The cedar-scented songs of praise ?

A nobler hand to grace Thy shrine,  
Gems of more wondrous beauty brought,  
Gave all the reasoning powers Divine,  
The light of Love, the wealth of thought.

Ah, me ! the world has come between  
Thy Soul and CHRIST ; the gold is dim ;  
The floor is soiled He made so clean ;  
Is this a dwelling fit for Him ?

Yet, come ! I see the Wine, the Bread :  
That BLOOD can wash away thy sin ;  
Draw near, my Soul, and be thou fed,  
Nor doubt but CHRIST will enter in.

## The two Wills.



FT as I act or think or speak,  
Comes battle of two Wills within,  
This like an Infant poor and weak,  
That like a Demon strong for sin.

This labours, flutteringly alive,  
As if a cold spark went and came ;  
That other doth against it drive  
Red torrents of devouring flame.

Yet, mark th' exceeding Power of GOD,  
How like a rock His Promise stands—  
That Demon to the dust is trod,  
Slain by the feeble Infant hands.

That fluttering life so faint and cold,  
That one pale spark of pure desire  
Sun-like arises, and behold !  
GOD's Rainbow in the falls of fire.

O Mystery far beyond my thought !  
I trembled on the brink of Hell :  
Into what Paradise am I caught !  
What Heavenly anthems round me swell !

**Verbum Supernum prodicens.**



HE Heavenly WORD proceeding forth,  
Yet leaving not the FATHER's Side,  
Accomplishing His Work on earth  
Had reached at length life's eventide.

By false Disciple to be given  
To foemen for His Life athirst,  
Himself the Very Bread of Heaven  
He gave to His Disciples first.

He gave Himself in either Kind,  
His Precious FLESH, His Precious BLOOD,  
In Love's own fulness thus designed  
Of the whole man to be the Food.

By birth their Fellow-man was He ;  
Their Meat when sitting at the board ;  
He died their Ransomer to be ;  
He ever reigns their great Reward.

O Saving Victim, opening wide  
The gate of Heaven to man below,  
Our foes press on from every side,  
Thine Aid supply, Thy Strength bestow.

**Lignum Crucis mirabilis.**

HY glory beams throughout the world,  
O marvellous, O blessed Tree,  
Whereon the spotless Victim hung,  
And won in death the Victory.

The cedar lifts its mighty head,  
But equals not Thy majesty ;  
No noxious apple dost thou bear,  
But Fruit of Life and Liberty.

O CHRIST, Thou King of Holiness,  
Whose Token is this blessed Cross,  
Each day, each hour be Thou our Guard,  
And let us never mourn Thy loss.  
Now let our heart and tongue unite,  
And let their voice be pure and true,  
That we may fitly pay to Thee  
The praise and glory ever due.

**Hymn of the Holy Feast.**

KING of Beauty, LORD of Love,  
True Bread and living Stay,  
How dost Thou sweet Refreshment  
prove

To pilgrims on their way.

O precious Drops, that from yon Fount  
Of Comfort ever flow,  
Who taste of These all toil surmount,  
They sweeten every woe.

Manna Celestial daily spread,  
    Drink from the Rock outpoured,  
Thus through the wild are nourishèd  
    Thy sorrowing Children, LORD.

Thrice blessed they whom Thou dost feed,  
    Who on Thy Breast recline ;  
With Thee indeed no more they need,  
    Who giv'st Thyself to Thine.

**Self-Searching at Communion.**

 ORD, at this moment Thou art surely  
here  
    And I Thy Presence feel ;  
I feel Thy pitying Eye rest on my head,  
I hear Thy gentle Footsteps near me tread,  
    And at Thy Feet I kneel.

I kneel ; I tell Thee all my inmost woe,  
    Tell of a load of sin ;  
I ask Thy Mercy, Pardon and Relief ;  
I show Thee all my bitter, bitter grief,  
    The deep distress within.

I count my years to Thee a wasted life  
    With so much left undone ;  
It looks so sad—now that Thyself art near  
    Thy Human Life shines out so pure and clear,  
        And mine in sin has run.

LORD, while I see Thy Wounds I feel it all,  
 Too much for me to bear :  
 I need to draw new Life in every breath ;  
 I need a Rescue in the hour of death,  
 And One my griefs to share.

And while I lay this sadness at Thy Feet,  
 I feel Thee nearing me—  
 Stretch forth thine hand—I know Thy healing  
 Voice ;

It makes this weary, mournful heart rejoice,  
 And draws me nearer Thee,

Nearer and nearer still ; offers Thyself  
 In wondrous Mystery ;  
 Unites me with Thee and Thyself with me,  
 In sorrow, joy, through life, through death, to be  
 Thine in Eternity.

### *Hoske dum vito triumphans.*



HEN the Patriarch was returning  
 Crowned with triumph from the  
 fray,  
 Him the peaceful King of Salem  
 Came to meet upon his way,  
 Meekly bearing Bread and Wine,  
 Holy Priesthood's awful Sign.

On the Truth thus dimly shadowed  
 Later days a lustre shed,

When the great High Priest eternal,  
Under Forms of Wine and Bread,  
For the world's immortal Food  
Gave His FLESH and gave His BLOOD.

Wondrous Gift ! the WORD Who moulded  
All things by His Might Divine  
Bread into His BODY changes,  
Into His Own BLOOD the Wine ;  
What though sense no change perceives ?  
Faith admires, adores, believes.

He Who once to die a Victim  
On the Cross did not refuse,  
Day by day upon our Altars  
That same Sacrifice renews ;  
Through His holy Priesthood's hands,  
Faithful to His last Commands.

While the people all uniting  
In the Sacrifice sublime  
Offer CHRIST to His High FATHER,  
Offer up themselves with Him,  
Then, together with the Priest,  
On the living Victim feast.

An Eucharistic Prayer.



ESU, to Thy Table led,  
Now let every heart be fed  
With the True and Living Bread.

While in penitence we kneel  
 Thy sweet Presence let us feel,  
 All Thy wondrous Love reveal.

While on Thy dear Cross we gaze  
 Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
 Turn our sadness into praise.

Draw us to Thy wounded Side  
 Whence there flowed the healing Tide ;  
 There our sins and sorrows hide.

From the bonds of sin release,  
 Cold and wavering faith increase,  
 LAMB of GOD, grant us Thy Peace.

Lead us by Thy piercèd Hand,  
 Till around Thy Throne we stand  
 In the bright and better Land.

### Union with Christ.



NE holds me fast : kept in His pure  
 Embrace  
 I rest in peace ;  
 Flows on my weary heart His softening  
 Grace  
 And troubles cease.

Though cold the storm and fierce the blasting wind  
 I do not fear,  
 For in His Breast a Covert safe I find :  
 No storm comes there.

**Panis descendens Coelitus.** 197

He shields me tenderly, my Spouse, my Love ;  
    He guides me on  
To Mansions fair, prepared for me above  
    Where He has gone.

He feeds me, lest I faint or fall or die,  
    With Food from Heaven :  
He His Own SELF in wondrous Mystery  
    To me has given.

He draws me to Himself; I needs must go ;  
    I cannot stay :  
No earthly tie must bind me here below :  
    But far away,

Where, 'mid the countless throngs of Angels bright  
    And Spirits blest  
He reigns, my God and King, my sole Delight,  
    I long to rest.

**Panis descendens Coelitus.**

**B**READ, Which from above descendeth,  
    Whence the Strength within us grows,  
Which to us new Life extendeth  
    And abundant Grace bestows ;

May CHRIST be that Feast unto us  
    Which true Nourishment imparts,  
And the Cup which doth renew us  
    Filling full of Joy our hearts.

Splendour of the Light of Heaven  
 Whom unceasing praises greet,  
 As at Thy Last Supper given,  
 Give us of Thy FLESH to eat.

Heavenly Banquet of the living,  
 Glory in Redemption shown,  
 Rest unto the humble giving,  
 Make the Bliss of Heaven our own.

To the Memory still returning  
 Of Thy Death for us accurst,  
 Snatch us from the Lake of burning,  
 Thou Who didst exclaim—I thirst.

Glory, LORD, we give adoring  
 Thee for all Thy Blessings past ;  
 Be Thou present, ever pouring  
 Light on Festival and Fast.

### Come to the Feast.



COME to the Feast ! your King obey ;  
 Come to the Feast ! your SAVIOUR  
 find ;  
 All vain excuses cast away  
 And leave your worldly cares behind :  
 Come to the Feast ! but oh, beware ;  
 The King Himself will judge you there—  
 One Robe alone His Guest must wear.

Still, LORD, Thy Servants call in vain :  
 Men walk as fools and dream they live ;  
 Thy richest Banquet they disdain  
 And take the husks the world can give ;  
 Seeming to live they love to die,  
 Though Angels ever pass them by  
 With Bread of Immortality.

O GOD of Wisdom, make us wise  
 To know Thy Will and love it best,  
 To count Thy Blessing all our prize  
 And find Thy Service sweetest rest ;  
 Then Faith and Love again shall win  
 All that we lost in days of sin,  
 And Heavenly Peace on earth begin.

## Creative Word.



CREATIVE WORD, That didst of old  
 Make Life and Light to be,  
 Still in Thy Church Thy Power unfold  
 Through Thy own Ministry ;  
 Still let Thy SPIRIT's brooding Wing  
 Through Water Life impart,  
 And from Thyself new Nature bring  
 To every mortal heart.

When in Thy Person on Thy Day  
 Thy Servant breaks the Bread,  
 And bids the hallowed Cup convey  
 The BLOOD Which Thou hast shed ;

Oh present, then, Incarnate LORD,  
 Touch Thou each heart with Fire  
 Till Thou art longed-for and adored,  
 Man's first and last Desire.

When Thy Ambassador proclaims  
 Thy unexhausted Grace ;  
 And bids us seek in acts and aims  
 The beauty of Thy Face ;  
 When He the mystic Book unrolls,  
 Then lest he speak in vain  
 Take Substance, SAVIOUR, of our Souls  
 And there be born again.

O JESU GOD, O JESU MAN,  
 Thou, LORD of Power and Might,  
 Didst love us ere our life began,  
 Dost love us day and night :  
 Come ! JESU, through Thy SPIRIT come !  
 That we may come through Thee,  
 And dwell in our Dear FATHER's Home  
 Through all Eternity.

### Rehoboth, there is room.



E bidden, come ! the Servants cried—  
 For all is ready now,  
 He sits at meat Whom graveclothes tied,  
 With oil He decks His Brow.

Come all ! not worthy were the few  
That first He bade to stay ;  
They chose the world—the Message flew  
Which called the world away.

Come all ! earth's utmost bounds are won  
To fill the Banquet-hall ;  
When all that Jesus bids is done  
There yet is room for all.

No herdsmen at the fountains wait  
To sound the call to strife,  
No Esek there, nor Sitnah's hate  
Beside the Springs of Life.

The Land is fruitful, all shall dwell  
So sundered now in one ;  
The rivers parted at the well  
Shall meet before the Throne.

*De Superna Hierarchia.*



ROM the most holy Place above  
In the world's latter day  
The WISDOM True of God came down  
To guide us on our way ;  
Oh, we had ever longed for Him  
And He at last was given,  
Mary the Virgin's Blessed CHILD,  
Jesus, the mortal's Haven.

## The Communion.

Great was He ever ; great the name  
 The Holy Virgin won,  
 When by a Miracle she rose  
 Mother to such a SON ;  
 He takes this lost world's sin away,  
 Forward with Might He goes,  
 And in the van of fainting men  
 Doth put to flight their foes.

There was no sorrow in His Home,  
 There was no death on high,  
 He sought Him FLESH to sorrow in,  
 A Cross that He might die ;  
 He is the righteous Lawgiver,  
 And yet Himself He gave  
 Unto the Law's most bitter scourge,  
 Us from its curse to save.

For lo ! the LAMB was lifted up  
 Upon the cruel Tree,  
 And He was sacrificed for us,  
 Incarnate Charity ;  
 Thus our marred life was built again—  
 Upon each infant brow  
 The Sign of Him Who saves is set,  
 And Heaven is open now.

It was the night He was betrayed  
 When in an Upper Room  
 With His loved Twelve He sat at meat,  
 Knowing what soon should come :

He blessed and brake the Holy Bread  
And said—O hearken ye  
Who doubt Him—This My BODY is ;  
Do this remembering Me.

He ceased. Anon He spake again,  
God's Holy SON and True,  
And thus the Gift unspeakable  
Came in the Chalice too ;  
It had made glad man's heavy heart,  
But then his All It stood,  
The Drink of the new Paradise,  
The WORD Incarnate's BLOOD.

This Mystery is hid in GOD,  
This can none else explore,  
Be Thou content to wait awhile,  
Believe, embrace, adore ;  
But be thou ware to eat and drink  
If slave to sin thou be,  
Only the pure and guileless heart  
Can take It worthily.

Say ! canst thou love as Peter loved ?  
Behold thy Peace is here ;  
Art thou a Judas ? in thy sins  
Come not, O Traitor, near ;  
This is the just man's Aliment,  
This arms him for the fray ;  
But who so lacks a Wedding-robe  
Is the Foe's certain prey.

Thine is this Marvel, Blessed CHRIST,  
 Thine would Its sharers be ;  
 O save us from eternal Wrath,  
 Clothe us with Chastity :  
 Thou hast restored the breach ; to Thee  
 For Health and Peace we come ;  
 Make us more worthy of Thy Gift ;  
 Bring us more near our Home.

## The Mystery of Divine Love.



Y GOD, my GOD, how shall I dare  
 To taste that more than Angels' Food,  
 The BODY of my Risen LORD,  
 My SAVIOUR's Precious BLOOD ?

Shall lips impure presume to touch  
 The Chalice of that pure Joy-wine ?  
 Shall aught but sinless hand receive  
 The wondrous Bread Divine ?

I were not meet to share the crumbs  
 That chance to fall Thy Table round,  
 Nor even with unsandalled feet  
 To tread Thy hallowed Ground,

Didst Thou not welcome broken hearts  
 And contrite to Thy Marriage-feast ;  
 Thy Grace bestowing on the last,  
 Thy Mercy on the least.

Thy Form on darkened hill of shame  
 Erst lifeless hung 'mid foemen rude,  
 And there Redemption's mystic Fount  
 The trembling earth bedewed.

That riven Form at God's Right Hand  
 Now fills resplendent Kingly Throne,  
 And yet, as in that far-off hour,  
 We are not left alone.

'Tis all we need : time's finite line  
 To sound Eternity shall fail,  
 Nor may we seek from cloud-wrapt Sun  
 To rend away the veil.

Soft shines upon our mournful stream  
 A tender ray—why crave for more ?  
 Where Reason folds her baffled wings,  
 Undaunted Faith may soar.

### Jesu Clemens, pie Deus.



ESUS, GOD of Grace above,  
 JESUS Sweet, and all my Love,  
 JESUS Good, O JESUS Mild,  
 SON of GOD, and Mary's CHILD,  
 Who the Bliss can freely tell  
 Felt by those who love Thee well,  
 Those by faith bound fast to Thee,  
 Those who joy with Thee to be ?  
 Oh, the sweetness let me show  
 With Thy holy Love to glow ;

With Thee to endure and weep,  
 With Thee ever joy to keep.  
 Majesty of boundless scope  
 All our Love, our Life and Hope,  
 Make us worthy Thee to see,  
 Make us ever dwell with Thee ;  
 That in blissful joy and sight  
 We may chant in Realms of Light,  
 In Heaven's Life effulgent glow ;  
 Amen, JESUS, be it so.

### Conference between Christ, the Saints, and the Soul.



AM pale with sick desire,  
 For my heart is far away  
 From this world's fitful fire  
 And this world's waning day ;  
 In a dream it overleaps  
 A world of tedious ills  
 To where the sunshine sleeps  
 On th' everlasting hills.  
 Say the Saints—There Angels ease us,  
 Glorified and white.  
 They say—We rest in JESUS,  
 Where is not day nor night.

My Soul saith—I have sought  
 For a home that is not gained,

I have spent yet nothing bought,  
Have laboured but not attained ;  
My pride strove to rise and grow,  
And hath but dwindled down ;  
My love sought love, and lo !  
Hath not attained its crown.  
Say the Saints—Fresh Souls increase us,  
None languish nor recede.  
They say—We love our JESUS,  
And He loves us indeed.

I cannot rise above,  
I cannot rest beneath,  
I cannot find out Love,  
Nor escape from Death ;  
Dear hopes and joys gone by  
Still mock me with a name ;  
My best belovèd die  
And I cannot die with them.  
Say the Saints—No deaths decrease us,  
Where our rest is glorious.  
They say—We live in JESUS,  
Who once dièd for us.

Oh, my Soul, she beats her wings  
And pants to fly away  
Up to immortal Things  
In the Heavenly day :  
Yet she flags and almost faints ;  
Can such be meant for me ?

Come and see—say the Saints.  
 Saith JESUS—Come and see.  
 Say the Saints—His Pleasures please us  
 Before GOD and the LAMB.  
 Come and taste My Sweets—saith JESUS—  
 Be with Me where I am.

## The True Bread.



RUE Bread of Life, in pitying Mercy  
 given  
 Long-famished Souls to strengthen  
 and to feed ;

CHRIST JESUS, SON of GOD, true Bread of Heaven  
 Thy FLESH is Meat, Thy BLOOD is Drink indeed.

I cannot famish though this earth should fail,  
 Though life through all its fields should pine  
 and die,  
 Though the sweet verdure should forsake each vale,  
 And every stream of every land run dry.

Thee, Tree of Life, of Thee I eat and live,  
 Who eateth of Thy Fruit shall never die ;  
 'Tis Thine the everlasting Health to give,  
 The youth and bloom of Immortality.  
 Feeding on Thee all weakness turns to power ;  
 This sickly Soul revives like earth in spring ;  
 Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour ;  
 This being seems all energy, all wing.

## O Colenda Destas.



LORIOUS Object of our praise,  
Blessed Fount of Happiness,  
While in faith our voice we raise  
Look on us and hear and bless.

Open here the glorious Heaven  
Where Thy Majesty is known ;  
Now let living Light be given  
From the Splendour of Thy Throne.  
Visit us, and make us see  
Thy Salvation here below ;  
Till, presented unto Thee,  
We shall all its Sweetness know.  
Fill our hearts with Heavenly Love,  
Make us strong to do Thy Will,  
Let Thy SPIRIT from above  
His refreshing Dews instil ;  
Show the riches of Thy Grace,  
Rain the sacred Manna down,  
Make us one in Thy Embrace,  
Let Thy Love the Union crown.  
Ever-blessed GOD, behold  
Not the vileness of our state ;  
But how Good Thou art unfold,  
And how mercifully Great.  
Though despised we look to Thee,  
Deign to hear our earnest cry ;  
Let us Thy sweet Mercy see,  
Give us, LORD, a large supply.

DEITY, Supreme o'er all,  
 Condescend to show Thy Love ;  
 While before Thy Feet we fall  
 Pour Thy Blessing from above.

### The hidden Altar-Life.



JESU, it were surely sweet  
 To sit and listen at Thy Feet,  
 With those who in Thy Life drew near  
 Thy Words of wondrous Grace to hear.

And it were sweet to walk with Thee  
 Along the shores of Galilee,  
 Or safe embarked in Peter's boat  
 O'er its blue waves with Thee to float.

Yet sweeter far it is to pray  
 Before Thine Altar-throne to-day,  
 And feel the Love which bids Thee lie  
 Thus wrapt in holiest Mystery.

Hail! JESUS, hail ! my Dearest LORD,  
 By Seraph-choirs in Heaven adored ;  
 Hail! JESUS, Who art Hidden thus  
 On this poor earth for Love of us.

**Anima Christi.**



SOUL of JESUS, once for me  
Offered on the shameful Tree,  
Heal, and make me by that Cure  
Pure as Thou Thyself art Pure ;  
Thou of Life the Fountain fair,  
Draw me in and keep me there.

Form of JESUS, One with GOD,  
Who the dreadful winepress trod,  
Man of Sorrows drowned in grief,  
Thou of sin the sole Relief,  
Be Thy Sacramental Power  
Present at my dying hour.

Holy JESUS, Great I AM,  
Shining in a Spotless LAMB,  
Gentle as the Heavenly DOVE,  
Thou the LORD of Light and Love,  
By Thy Passion, by Thy Prayer  
Snatch me from my own despair.

Hide me where that Wound was given  
Piercing to the Heart of Heaven ;  
Hide me where those nails unmeet  
Rent Thy Hands and fixed Thy Feet ;  
Hide me where red Drops ran down  
From that sad acanthine Crown.

BLOOD of JESUS, crimson Sea,  
 Glorious as eternity,  
 Fathomless, alone, sublime,  
 Boundless Bath of human crime,  
 Me the leper, vile and mean,  
 Plunge me there and make me clean.

Water, from that sacred Side  
 Of a GOD Who groaned and died,  
 Blending with the purple Gore  
 When His Agony was o'er,  
 Flow in Mercy full and free,  
 Flow for sinners, flow for me.

Holy JESUS, let me be  
 Never separate from Thee ;  
 From the malice of the Foe  
 Ward me in the vale of woe ;  
 Let me, yielding up my breath,  
 Find a Paradise in death.

There no more shall night be known  
 Safely prostrate at Thy Throne ;  
 Called by Thee to realms of day  
 Where all tears are wiped away,  
 JESU, Thou my Rest shalt be,  
 Faith hath found her home in Thee.

**Heil'ger Tisch den Jesus decket.**



HIS holy Feast, by JESUS spread,  
Makes glad yet fills my Soul with dread ;  
Such conflict who can quell ?  
We eat for better or for worse ;  
I see before me, Blessing, Curse,  
Life, Death, or Heaven, or Hell.

Yet, LORD, I come ! Thou dost invite ;  
But first be fitting Robe of white  
With jealous care put on ;  
While I by faith my heart prepare,  
And so that festal Garment wear  
Which Thou Thyself hast won.

O Friend among ten thousand chief,  
Good Shepherd, bring me quick relief,  
My faltering footsteps stay ;  
Set free my limbs for I am bound,  
Heal me, I have a deadly wound,  
Lead me, I've gone astray.

My thirst and hunger let me slake  
And freely Life's pure Waters take,  
Thou, Whom my Soul doth prize ;  
Oh, save me, sunk in grievous plight,  
I grope in darkness, give me Light,  
Give Life to one who dies.

**The Communion.**

O LORD, with rigour chide not one  
 Who suppliant comes before Thy Throne,  
 Spurn not in Anger fierce ;  
 With heart and knee before Thee bowed,  
 Let this my prayer pierce through the cloud,  
 To Thy bright Presence pierce.

LORD, let Thy FLESH, Which in my stead  
 Once bore the Cross, be now my Bread ;  
 And Thy most Precious BLOOD—  
 Let not that Stream have flowed in vain,  
 But let these Both my strength sustain  
 And be my highest Good.

**¶ Eccl. Visatorium.**

FOOD that weary Pilgrims love,  
 O Bread of Angel Hosts above,  
 O Manna of the Saints,  
 The hungry Soul would feed on Thee,  
 Ne'er may the heart unsolaced be  
 Which for Thy Sweetness faints.

O Fount of Love, O cleansing Tide,  
 Which from the SAVIOUR's pierced Side  
 And sacred Heart dost flow,  
 Be ours to drink of Thy pure Rill  
 Which only can our Spirits fill  
 And all we need bestow.

O Jesu, Whom, by Power Divine  
 Now hidden 'neath the outward Sign,  
     We worship and adore,  
 Grant when the veil away is rolled  
 With open Face we may behold  
     Thyself for evermore.

## The Angel's Invitation to the Prophet.

 CHRISTIAN, did no one, thinkest thou,  
     behold thee  
     What time thou fainted'st in the noon-  
         day heat ?

Heard'st thou no Angel's voice which sweetly told  
     thee—

The journey is too great ; Arise and eat.

An Angel's voice ? Nay, 'twas thy GOD that  
     spake it

In fonder tones than Angel could repeat :  
 Himself the Food, His own the Hands that  
     brake It ;

His own the Words that bade thee—Rise and  
     eat :

This is the Bread of Life Which came from  
     Heaven,

And now for thee is on My Table spread ;  
 This is My BODY Which for Thee was given,  
     And This My BLOOD Which for thy sins was  
         shed.

Oh, fainting, faltering wanderer, art thou able  
 Still to refuse thy Suppliant God's Request ?  
 Be filled, ye hungry, from My bounteous Table ;  
 And come, ye weary, I will give you rest.

Oh, may His gracious, oft-urged Invitation  
 Subdue thee with its tones so soft and sweet ;  
 Mayst thou, at length, with heartfelt adoration  
 And tearful penitence—Arise and eat.

Another Banquet is for thee preparing,  
 Another Feast thy longing eyes shall greet ;  
 An Angel's voice shall break thy rest, declaring—  
 Behold, all things are ready ; Rise and eat.

### Approach to Communion.



ORD, to Thine Altar we draw near ;  
 Oh, fence us round with holy fear,  
 And o'er our trembling spirits shed  
 The feeling of Thy Presence dread :  
 We bow the head, we bend the knee  
 Before Thine awful Majesty,  
 Beseeching Thee with favouring Eyes  
 To look upon our Sacrifice.

Our conflict, LORD, Thou know'st it all,  
 The thousand foes which fast enthrall  
 Our captive Souls, that would be free  
 From every taint to worship Thee—

## **Thus we confess the Saviour's Love.** 217

The vain desire, the wandering thought  
With worldliness and folly fraught,  
The earthly joy, the earthly care,  
That haunt us in the House of Prayer;

The doubts, the questionings of mind  
That will perforce an entrance find,  
Seeking to rob us of the prize  
That faith would meekly realize;  
Th' Accuser's ceaseless voice within  
Whispering of unforgiven sin,  
To make the wounded Soul retreat  
In terror from Thy Mercy-Seat.

The World, the Flesh, and Satan's rage,  
Our threefold foe, Thou canst assuage,  
Who by Thine own Almighty Power  
Did'st quell them in their fiercest hour:  
Oh, let Thy new and risen Life  
Within our Souls subdue the strife,  
And help us, LORD, that we may see  
Thy Presence here, and worship Thee.

## **Thus we confess the Saviour's Love.**



HUS we confess the SAVIOUR's Love,  
His last Command we thus obey,  
Who came in Mercy from above,  
And died to take our guilt away.

O come ! with lively faith partake  
 This blessed Cup, this hallowed Bread,  
 His BODY broken for our sake,  
 His Precious BLOOD for sinners shed.

With holy joy that Love adore  
 Which saved us from eternal pain ;  
 How deep for us the Woe He bore !  
 How vast the Bliss through Him we gain !

And did He pay the costly Price  
 Our captive Spirits to redeem ?  
 Henceforth, a living Sacrifice,  
 Oh, let us yield ourselves to Him.

### ¶ Jesus, bruised and wounded more.



JESUS, Bruised and Wounded more  
 Than bursted grape or bread of wheat,  
 The Life of Life within our Souls,  
 The Cup of our Salvation sweet,  
 We come to show Thy dying Hour,  
 Thy streaming Vein, Thy Broken FLESH ;  
 And still the BLOOD is warm to save,  
 And still the fragrant Wounds are fresh.

O Heart that, with a double Tide  
 Of BLOOD and Water maketh pure ;  
 O FLESH once offered on the Cross,  
 The Gift that makes our pardon sure ;

Let never more our sinful Souls  
The anguish of Thy Cross renew,  
Nor forge again the cruel nails  
That pierced Thy Victim BODY through.

¶ Panis Dulcissime.



READ of Life, Divinely sweet,  
Faithful Souls may take and eat,  
'Tis the Manna GOD hath sent :  
Gentle LAMB of GOD, in Thee  
That great Sacrifice we see  
Which the Law and Prophets meant.  
Though but common Bread appear,  
Thine Own FLESH is hidden here,  
On It now by faith we feed :  
Holy SPIRIT, on us shine,  
Seven-fold Gifts of Grace are Thine,  
Make It now our Meat indeed.  
  
Souls are quickened, blest and fed,  
When they eat this living Bread,  
Uncorruptedly the same ;  
All their guilt is purified  
By the FLESH of Him Who died—  
Glory to His precious Name.  
Thus Thy sacred Cup of BLOOD,  
And Thy FLESH our mystic Food  
Cheer us while on earth we live ;  
But in Heaven to meet Thee, LORD,  
There to feast around Thy Board,  
This will boundless Rapture give.

## The Miracles of Grace and Nature.



MYSTERIOUS is Thy Presence, LORD,  
Awful Thy Power Divine ;  
The water hears Thy faintest Word  
And blushes into wine.

The clouds that round us dark and low  
With threatening aspect move,  
If Thou dost look upon them, glow  
With rainbow lights of love.

The grain that from the sower's hand  
Is scattered on the mould,  
Soon in the valleys thick shall stand  
Returned a thousand fold.

The dews which evening skies distil  
Around the creeping vine,  
At Thy Command arise and fill  
The blood-red grape with wine.

Thus holy Truths around us lie  
Doing their humble part,  
But wanting the attentive eye  
And the believing heart.

Thus at Thy Holy Feast, O LORD,  
We kneel, and we believe  
That That which Thy creative Word  
Hath made It we receive.

Mysterious Truth, which human pride  
 Must bow to and adore,  
 Which in our heart of hearts we hide,  
 Believe and ask no more.

## Ave, Caro Christi Regis.

**H**AIL ! FLESH of CHRIST the Regal,  
 Hail ! Food that feeds the Flock,  
 The new Law's Heavenly Manna,  
 The Spiritual Rock ;  
 Can the blind world reject Thee ?  
 Oh, Thou art All to us,  
 Adorable for ever  
 And wholly Marvellous.

With adoration hourly,  
 With voices Heavenly sweet,  
 The Faithful give Thee Glory  
 As it is right and meet ;  
 And Thou wilt deign accept them—  
 But would they feed on Thee  
 They must be pure and stainless,  
 For Thou art Purity.

The Bride gives Thee her worship  
 Who art the Bread of Life ;  
 Thou Guide unto the pilgrim,  
 Thou Peace where guilt is rife :

## The Communion.

Salvation's Bread, O fill us  
 With Thy unclouded Joy,  
 Sweet Food of Satisfaction,  
 Pure Drink which cannot cloy.

Oh, be Thou nigh to guard us,  
 The fallen one's Stay Thou art,  
 Balm to the weary mourner,  
 Joy to the breaking heart ;  
 Thou didst go first to light us,  
 Thou hast the path full trod ;  
 Guide through this world of grieving  
 Into the Joy of GOD.

## Corpus Christi.



HESE Wounds I hail, O LORD my GOD,  
 For they were suffered once for me ;  
 My ransom was Thy Precious BLOOD,  
 My confidence is fixed in Thee.

Oh, Sacrifice beyond compare,  
 High Priest and Victim both in One ;  
 All Love, all Light, all Wise, all Fair,  
 The Virgin-Born, the FATHER'S SON.

Ten thousand thousand daily feed  
 On Thee, and find their Graces grow ;  
 Sweet Help in every time of need,  
 The Well whence Heavenly Waters flow.

Lo ! how the broken-hearted come  
 To see their SAVIOUR on the Cross,  
 And then return in comfort home  
 To count for Him all things but dross.

Sweet JESUS, stretch abroad Thine Arms,  
 Embrace the world Thou hast redeemed ;  
 Thy Voice shall hush its loud alarms,  
 And darkness fly where Thou hast beamed.

Thou with Thy Saints shalt reign alone  
 From shore to shore, from pole to pole ;  
 And Glory round Thy holy Throne  
 Shall in eternal surges roll.

And till the Trump of GOD may sound  
 Thy Church on earth shall prostrate fall,  
 In praise and prayer and hymns profound  
 To worship Thee, the LORD of All.

### Give us this Day our Daily Bread.



THOU our FATHER, throned in  
 Heaven,  
 Deep reverence to Thy Name be given :  
 Thy Kingdom hastening come : Thy  
 Will

In earth, as Heaven, let all fulfil :  
 The Bread by which we daily live  
 Daily dispense : as we forgive  
 Those who against ourselves transgress  
 Forgive us, LORD, our trespasses :

Nor lead us in temptation's way,  
 But rescue from Satanic sway :  
 For Thine the Kingdom, LORD, the Power  
 And Glory—Thine for evermore.

**Ave, Verum Corpus natum.**

**A**IL to Thee ! True BODY, Sprung  
 From the Virgin Mary's Womb,  
 The Same that on the Cross was hung  
 And bore for man the bitter doom ;  
 Hear us, Merciful and Mild,  
 JESU, Mary's Gracious CHILD.

From Whose Side for sinners riven  
 Water flowed and mingled BLOOD,  
 Mayst Thou, Dearest LORD, be given  
 In death's hour to be my Food ;  
 Hear us, Merciful and Mild,  
 JESU, Mary's Gracious CHILD.

**Communion Prayer.**

**L**ORD, when before Thy Throne we meet  
 Thy Goodness to adore,  
 From Heaven th' eternal Mercy-seat  
 On us Thy Blessing pour,  
 And make our inmost Souls to be  
 An habitation meet for Thee.

The BODY for our Ransom given,  
 The BLOOD in Mercy shed,  
 With this immortal Food from Heaven,  
   LORD, let our Souls be fed ;  
 And as we round Thy Table kneel  
 Help us Thy quickening Grace to feel.

Be Thou, O HOLY SPIRIT, nigh,  
 Accept the humble prayer,  
 The contrite Soul's repentant sigh,  
   The sinner's heartfelt tear ;  
 And let our adoration rise  
 As fragrant incense to the skies.

### They need not to depart.



HEY need not to depart,  
 Give ye them Food to eat,  
 Nor send away in the world's mart  
   To buy them meat.

There be the Gospels four  
 And the Apostles' Deeds,  
 Five Barley-loaves laid up in store  
   Against their needs ;

And there be Fishes twain,  
 Choice Sacraments of Grace ;  
 They shall not ask for Food in vain  
   In desert place.

And He is here to bless  
 Who hath a Table spread,  
 And offers in the wilderness  
 His FLESH for Bread.

The child of tender age  
 May feed on Gospel lore,  
 The cravings of the wisest sage  
 Demand no more.

And Sacramental Food  
 To feeble and to strong,  
 The Gift of Life and Life renewed  
 To all belong.

Ho ! every one that will  
 Come freely and partake ;  
 Your Souls with Gospel Manna fill  
 For Jesus' sake.

Yet while enough for all  
 That precious Food is found,  
 Let not one Fragment wasted fall  
 Unto the ground.

### Penitence after long neglect.



UR LORD in Words of Heavenly Wis-  
 dom said—  
 We must not cast to dogs the Children's  
 Bread :

Yet even dogs, within their master's hall,  
 May eat the crumbs that from his table fall.

My FATHER, here a Child unworthy comes  
Beneath Thy Board to gather up the Crumbs ;  
No longer worthy to be called Thy Child,  
So far has sin my wayward heart beguiled.

Thy Grace preventing called me by my name  
When yet unconscious to the Font I came ;  
Made Child of GOD by free Adoption there,  
And taught to call Thee FATHER in my prayer.  
Yet have I followed worldly ways and vain,  
And empty husks are all that now remain ;  
On joys unreal have I my substance spent,  
My feet are bare, my garments soiled and rent.

Now taking with me words, I straight arise,  
To seek my FATHER in this woful guise ;  
For well I know a parent's bowels yearn  
Whene'er he sees a long-lost Child return.  
Before affliction came I went astray,  
But now am bent to keep Thy righteous Way ;  
Lo ! while I yet am speaking He doth hear ;  
Yea, e'en before I called He hastened near.

He brings forth that best Robe to put me on,  
The righteous Robe of His Begotten SON ;  
And bids my feet, which slippery paths have trod,  
With Gospel Peace henceforth be firmly shod.  
If Angels joy when sinners leave their way,  
Those elder Brothers will rejoice to-day  
That I, with purpose fixed new life to lead,  
Now come repentant at Thy Board to feed.

By faith I see CHRIST'S BODY in this Bread,  
 And in this Cup His BLOOD for sinners shed,  
 Which, though my mind tries vainly to conceive,  
 As CHRIST hath spoken so do I believe.  
 No longer now self-banished from my place,  
 'Mongst those who ever with Thee share Thy  
 Grace,  
 On Heavenly Manna shall my Soul be fed :  
 LORD, give me evermore Thy Children's Bread.

Let me not only in Thy Household dwell,  
 For servants hired know not their master well ;  
 With CHRIST so close let my Communion be  
 That I may dwell in Him, and He in me.  
 Now with the Angel-choir my voice I raise,  
 More bound than they redeeming Love to praise :  
 Not one has erred of all that Heavenly Host ;  
 Those who are most forgiven will love Thee most.

### O Saviour, now at God's Right Hand.



SAVIOUR, now at God's Right  
 Hand,  
 High Priest within the veil,  
 For us before the Altar stand,  
 For us with GOD prevail.

All our infirmities were Thine,  
 But now all Power on high ;  
 To Thee for Grace and Strength Divine  
 We lift our suppliant cry.

We plead Thy sacred Death, O CHRIST,  
Till Thou again shalt come ;  
For ours is Thy blest Eucharist,  
And Heaven our promised Home.

The House of Bread.



ESUS, True GOD, True MAN we adore  
Thee ;  
Veiled though Thy Presence, we  
worship Thee here ;  
True Bread of Angels, we fall down before Thee  
Now the blest moment has brought Thee so near.

Thou dost descend, but no awful thunder  
Rending the Heavens o'erwhelms us with dread ;  
Silently, filling our Spirits with wonder  
Thou dost stoop down to us, Life-giving Bread.

Vision of Peace and Source of all Pity,  
Praise of the Angels and Fountain of Love,  
Thou art the Gate of the Heavenly City,  
Glory of Saints in the mansions above.

Now at Thy Shrine Thou liest before us,  
Who for us sinners sought pure Mary's Breast ;  
Sweetly is ringing the Angels' glad chorus,  
Bethlehem, true House of Bread is our rest.

Here Precious BLOOD for sin is still flowing,  
Sealing forgiveness and making us pure ;

Thou in the Gift of Thyself art bestowing  
Grace to endeavour and Strength to endure.

Now may we cry while kneeling before Thee,  
Lifting our hearts to the FATHER's dread  
Throne—

Look on the Face of CHRIST, we implore Thee,  
Spare our transgressions, our Sacrifice own.

JESUS, all hail ! Redeemer most holy,  
Thee we adore at Thy own Altar-shrine ;  
Keep evermore our hearts pure and lowly,  
Meet for Thy Presence, O Victim Divine.

### Christi, Quis regnas Olympo.



CHRIST, Who art enthroned on high,  
Look on us parted far from Thee ;  
How wondrously Thou comest nigh  
That joined with us Thou mayest be,  
By that same BODY Which at birth  
Shed Joy and Gladness over earth.

Hence like a mountain torrent's flow  
Grace downward pours in copious streams,  
O when that fervent Love doth glow,  
What heart but melts beneath its beams ?  
What guilty Soul would shun the Flood  
And not seek cleansing in that BLOOD ?

O haughty man, lay down thy pride,  
Thy LORD is here in Meekness found ;

Why strayest thou when He doth hide  
Himself within this narrow Bound ?

Why wilt thou seek the gazing crowd  
When GOD is veiled beneath a Cloud ?

Guter Hirte, willst du nicht.



WILT Thou not, my Shepherd true,  
Spare Thy Sheep, in Mercy spare  
me ?

Wilt Thou not as Shepherds do  
In Thine Arms rejoicing bear me,  
Bear me where all troubles cease,  
Home to Folds of Joy and Peace ?

See ! on Earth's wide desert way  
How my truant steps mislead me ;  
Bring me back, no more to stray,  
In Thine own green Pastures feed me ;  
Gather me within the Fold  
Where Thy Lambs Thy Light behold.

With Thy Flock I long to be,  
With the Flock to whom 'tis given  
Safe to feed, and praising Thee  
Roam the happy plains of Heaven :  
Free from fear of sinful stain  
They can never stray again.

LORD, I here am sore beset,  
Fears at every step confound me ;

Lo ! my foes have spread their net  
 And with craft and might surround me ;  
 Such their snares on every side,  
 Safe Thy Sheep can ne'er abide.

JESUS, LORD, my Shepherd true,  
 Oh, from wolves Thy Sheep deliver ;  
 Help as Shepherds wont to do,  
 From their jaws preserve me ever ;  
 Bid Thy trembling wanderer come  
 To his everlasting Home.

### Christ our Confidence.



RE there not hours when faith is weak,  
 When doubtings will arise ?  
 Are there not times when those most meek  
 Are taken by surprise ?  
 Some passing cloud may chance to veil  
 The brightness of the Sun ;  
 Some transient terror may assail  
 True happiness begun.  
 Oh, fear thou not, the Truth shall shine  
 Still clearer to thy heart,  
 And from its eminence Divine  
 Yet brighter rays impart ;  
 If thou but build thy faith so sure  
 On Him Who is the Rock,  
 That every blast it may endure  
 And brave the sternest shock.

With singleness of heart believe,  
 And let thy trust be keen ;  
 Then thou the Blessing shalt receive  
 Of those who have not seen.

## En, ut superba criminum.



O ! how the savage crew  
 Of our proud sins hath rent  
 The Heart of our All-gracious GOD—  
 That Heart so Innocent.

The soldier's quivering lance  
 Our guilt it was that sped ;  
 The steel that pierced Him by our crimes  
 So deadly sharp was made.

O Heart, whence sprang the Church,  
 The SAVIOUR's spotless Bride,  
 Thou Door of our Salvation's Ark  
 Set in its mystic Side ;

Thou holy Fount whence flows  
 The sacred sevenfold Flood,  
 Where we our filthy robes may cleanse  
 In the LAMB's Saving BLOOD ;

By sorrowful relapse  
 Thee will we rend no more ;  
 But like the flames, those types of Love,  
 Strive Heavenward to soar.

## O Sacerdotum veneranda sura.



WFUL is the Priestly state,  
Which by faith beheld aright  
Closes and unbars the gate,  
Though unseen by mortal sight :

CHRIST, in this His earthly Seat,  
Holds in them the Balance meet,  
Binds and lets the sinner's feet  
In His own appointed Rite.

When they ply their healing art  
'Tis His Hand in them is found ;  
When they soothe the wounded heart  
His Anointing heals the wound ;  
When they speak the faithful sheep  
Drink their words and hide them deep,  
For the Law of God they steep  
First in their own hearts profound.

When the Wrath is going forth  
And the Vial in mid air,  
They stand forth to stop the Wrath  
With deep importuning prayer :  
May they, LORD, themselves be wise  
Who touch Thy dread Mysteries,  
Mirrors in their people's eyes,  
Worthy of the things they bear.

### The Wedding Garment.



HE nuptial Robe, which all must wear  
 Who enter to the Spousal Feast,  
 Is not a garb for vulgar stare,  
 A cloth of gold in samite pieced,  
 In costly jewels glittering fair,  
 With rustling pride surceased.

The nuptial Robe which all must don  
 Who would their heads lift up on high,  
 Who would approach the Bridal-throne  
 With contrite heart and suppliant eye,  
 This yoke of Peace and this alone  
 Is the fair stole of Charity.

The nuptial Robe is pure and white,  
 Unsoiled in deed, unstained in thought,  
 With willing heart and purpose right,  
 In works of Love it must be wrought,  
 Although 'tis wove with colours bright,  
 It shall not pass where Love is nought.

The nuptial Robe to which is given  
 An entrance to the Bliss of GOD,  
 Must raise the Soul with Virtue's leaven,  
 Must to the Cross point out the road,  
 And humbly labour still, till Heaven  
 Relieve thee of thy heavy load.

Then clothed anew in Virtue's dress  
 Angels shall bid thee welcome Home ;  
 Then shall the toil that did oppress  
 Be buried with thee in the tomb ;  
 Then shall ye hear that last Address—  
 Ye blessed of My FATHER, come !

### The Spouse's Bridal Array.



RIDE of the LAMB, thyself prepare  
 To meet the Spouse Divine :  
 Put on thy Robe with virgin care,  
 And bright with jewels shine.

Arrayed in linen white and clean,  
 The Saints' pure Righteousness,  
 Come forth as sun or moon serene,  
 And show thy beauteous dress.

No blemish in thy garb must be,  
 Nor spot on all thy vest,  
 Fair emblems of the purity  
 Grace wrought within thy breast.

Whate'er thou once couldst call thine own  
 Must all be laid aside :  
 In what He hath conferred alone  
 Will Jesus own His Bride.

What scarlet was, white snow behold ;  
 What crimson, native wool :

For every sheep in Jesus' Fold  
Is washed in Calvary's pool.

Faith, Hope and Love unite to gem  
EMMANUEL's chosen Bride ;  
But in the New Jerusalem  
Love only shall abide.

I am the Rose of Sharon.



KNOW a Flower so sweet and fair,  
There is no earthly blossom  
With Sharon's Rose that may compare ;  
Fain would I wear  
Its Fragrance in my bosom.

It is the True and Living WORD,  
Whom GOD Himself hath given  
To be our Guide, our Light, our LORD,  
In Whom is stored  
All hope for earth and Heaven.

Hark ! how He saith—Come unto Me  
Ye burdened and sad-hearted ;  
Granted your heart's desire shall be,  
And pardon free  
To mourning Souls imparted.

This is My BODY that I give  
For you in Mercy broken ;

**The Communion.**

Whate'er is Mine with It receive,  
 If ye believe  
 And keep what I have spoken.

This is My BLOOD once shed for you  
 Ye hearts, now faint and sinking ;  
 Drink of My Cup, and find anew  
 Fresh Strength to do  
 My Bidding without shrinking.

Ah, LORD, by Thy most bitter Woes  
 We pray Thee ne'er forsake us ;  
 Since Thou couldst even die for those  
 Who were Thy foes,  
 Thy Children deign to make us.

And keep us ever close to Thee,  
 Give courage to confess Thee,  
 However dark the time may be,  
 Till safe and free  
 In Heaven at last we bless Thee.

**The Bread that cometh down from Heaven.**

HE Sun is sinking in the west ;  
 And while its rays decline,  
 Gleams of the full-orbed Paschal moon  
 On the calm waters shine.

The Galilean waters hushed  
 In eventide are still ;

Yet crowds of weary wanderers wait  
Upon its lonely hill.

Pilgrims they are for Sion bound,  
Whose Paschal Feast is near ;  
But the true Passover Himself  
Receives and feeds them here.

They sit upon the grassy turf  
Marshalled in groups and rows ;  
CHRIST holds the Food which in His Hand  
And by His Blessing grows.

He gives the Food ; Apostles take,  
Distribute it, and then—  
Two fishes and five barley loaves  
Regale five thousand men.

O Blessed LORD, the earth is Thine,  
By Thy creative Hand  
The golden harvests crown the year  
And deck the fertile land.

O Blessed LORD, Thou Bread of Life  
That cometh down from Heaven,  
Supplies of everlasting Good  
By Thee to man are given.

Thy GODHEAD is the Well-spring, LORD,  
The pure exhaustless Source,  
From which they flow through age to age  
In never-ending course.

In channels formed by Thee they flow  
 In rivulets of Grace,  
 Refreshing all who wander here  
 In this world's desert place.

Oh, feed us weary Pilgrims, LORD,  
 And to Thy Sion bring,  
 To keep a Heavenly Feast with Thee  
 Our Prophet, Priest and King.

**L**ord, Thy Life let us receive.



ORD, Thy Life let us receive,  
 For in Thee we do believe ;  
 Let Thy BODY and Thy BLOOD  
 Be to us our Souls' best Food.

JESUS, at Thy latest Feast  
 John once leaned upon Thy Breast ;  
 Filled like him with Love Divine  
 Let us on Thy Breast recline.  
 More than to parched land soft showers,  
 More than dews to drooping flowers,  
 Precious be to us Thy Grace  
 Till we see Thee Face to face.  
 In this Feast and in Thy Word,  
 Gazing on Thy Glories, LORD,  
 More like Thee to us become,  
 Heavenly, for our Heavenly Home.

God is in His holy Hill.



OD is in His holy Hill :  
Let the earth and sea be still ;  
And the Child of sin and woe  
Come before Him, bending low,  
Where our loved and lost ones meet  
Safe beneath their SAVIOUR's Feet.  
Faces dear, 'tis here ye smile,  
Ye, whom we have missed awhile.

Here is poured a Living Cup,  
Wells of water springing up  
Into Life that cannot die,  
Pledge of Immortality,  
Earth hath nothing half so dear ;  
CHRIST'S OWN FLESH and BLOOD are here.  
Glory, honour, praise and peace !  
God is nigh ; all words must cease.

And He sent them away.



N the desert far from home,  
Faint and weary, LORD, we come ;  
In Thy Presence only sure  
Of the Bread that can endure :  
Life with Thee is all we pray ;  
Send us not, O LORD, away.

## The Communion.

Thou art Nature's Mighty LORD,  
 Thou art Love in deed and word,  
 Thou art Mercy, Truth and Right,  
 Shining in commingled Light :  
 Thou art everlasting Day ;  
 Send us not, O LORD, away.

Come with us, where duty calls  
 To the Temple's sacred walls :  
 Thou art all we look for there,  
 Thou fulfiest all our prayer :  
 Life with Thee is all we pray ;  
 Turn us not, O LORD, away.

Leave us not, O Shepherd good,  
 Still we crave Thy sweetest Food ;  
 Thou canst all our need supply ;  
 If Thou feed us not we die :  
 Life in Thee is all we pray ;  
 Turn us not, O LORD, away.

## Communion.



LOSER, closer, JESUS still  
 Let me feel Thee and adore Thee,  
 Heart and Soul and Sense and Will,  
 Lo ! they all bow down before Thee.

Can it be that Thou art here  
 Resting on this heart of mine ?  
 Every earthly hope and fear  
 Lost in flames of Love Divine ?

Yes ! LORD JESUS Thou dost hold me,  
And I lose myself in Thee ;  
Closer still and closer fold me  
Rapt in speechless ecstasy.

O to see Thee Face to face !  
O for wings of Love to fly !  
O that in this strong embrace  
I could lay me down and die !

Lay me down and take my rest  
There where time no bond can sever,  
And thus leaning on Thy Breast  
Drink of Love's deep stream for ever.





## PART V.

### The Thanksgiving.

#### *THE EUCHARISTIC PORTION OF THE DIVINE OFFICE.*

*Vivo, sin vivir en mí.*



HIS Union of Divinest Love  
By which I live a Life above,  
Setting my heart at liberty  
My GOD to me enchains ;  
But then to see His Majesty  
In such a base captivity  
It so my Spirit pains,  
That evermore I weep and sigh,  
Dying because I do not die.

Ah, what a length does life appear,  
How hard to bear this exile here,  
How hard from weary day to day  
To pine without relief :

The yearning hope to break away  
 From this my prison-house of clay  
     Inspires so sharp a grief,  
 That overcome I weep and sigh,  
 Dying because I do not die.

Oh, what a bitter life is this  
 Deprived of God, its only Bliss ;  
     And what though Love delicious be,  
     Not so is Hope deferred :  
 Ah, then, Dear LORD, in Charity  
     This iron weight of misery  
         From my poor Soul ungird,  
 For evermore I weep and sigh,  
 Dying because I do not die.

This only gives me life and strength,  
 To know that die I must at length ;  
     For Hope insures me Bliss Divine  
         Through death, and death alone.  
 O Death, for thee, for thee I pine,  
     Sweet Death, of Life the origin,  
         Ah, wing thee hither soon,  
 For evermore I weep and sigh,  
 Dying because I do not die.

And thou, fond Life, oh, vex me not  
 By still prolonging here my lot,  
     But know that Love is urging me ;  
     Know that the only way

## The Thanksgiving.

To gain thee is—by losing thee.  
 Come then, O Death, come speedily,  
     And end thy long delay,  
 For evermore I weep and sigh,  
 Dying because I do not die.

The Life above, the Life on high  
 Alone is Life in verity,  
     Nor can we Life at all enjoy  
         Till this poor life is o'er ;  
 Then, O sweet Death, no longer fly  
     From me who, ere my time to die,  
         Am dying evermore,  
 For evermore I weep and sigh,  
 Dying because I do not die.

To Him Who deigns in me to live,  
 What better Gift have I to give,  
     O my poor earthly life, than thee ?  
         Too glad of thy decay,  
 So but I may the sooner see  
     That Face of sweetest Majesty  
         For which I pine away,  
 While evermore I weep and sigh,  
 Dying because I do not die.

Absent from Thee, my SAVIOUR Dear,  
 I call not Life this living here,  
     But a long dying agony,  
         The sharpest I have known ;

And I myself, myself to see  
In such a rack of misery,  
For very pity moan,  
And ever, ever weep and sigh,  
Dying because I do not die.

The fish that from the brook is ta'en,  
Soon finds an end of all its pain ;  
And agonies the worst to bear  
Are soonest spent and o'er ;  
But what acuteſt death can e'er  
With this my painful life compare  
In torture evetmore ?  
While evermore I weep and sigh,  
Dying because I do not die.

When on the Altar I espy,  
My GOD, Thy hidden Majesty,  
And peace is soothing my sad heart,  
Then comes redoubled pain  
To think, that here from Thee apart,  
I cannot see Thee as Thou art,  
But gaze and gaze in vain,  
While evermore I weep and sigh,  
Dying because I do not die.

When with the hope I comfort me  
At least in Heaven of seeing Thee,  
The thought that I may lose Thee yet  
With anguish thrills me through ;

## The Thanksgiving.

And by a thousand fears beset  
 My very hope inspires regret  
     And multiplies my woe,  
 While evermore I weep and sigh,  
 Dying because I do not die.

Ah, LORD, my Light and living Breath,  
 Take me, oh, take me from this death,  
     And burst the bars that sever me  
         From my true Life above ;  
     Think how I die Thy Face to see,  
     And cannot live away from Thee,  
     O my eternal Love,  
 And ever, ever weep and sigh,  
 Dying because I do not die.

I weary of this endless strife,  
 I weary of this dying life,  
     This living death, this heavy chain,  
         This torment of delay  
     In which her sins my Soul detain ;  
     Ah, when shall it be mine ? Ah, when,  
     With my last breath to say—  
 No more I weep, no more I sigh ;  
 I'm dying of desire to die ?

## Sacramental Union with Christ.



HAT happiness can equal mine ?  
 I've found the Object of my love ;  
 My SAVIOUR and my LORD Divine  
 Is come to me from Heaven above ;  
 He makes my heart His own Abode,  
 His FLESH becomes my daily Bread,  
 He pours on me His Healing BLOOD,  
 And with His Life my Soul is fed.

My Love is mine and I am His ;  
 In me He dwells, in Him I live :  
 Where could I taste a purer Bliss ?  
 What greater Boon could Jesus give ?  
 O Royal Banquet, Heavenly Feast,  
 O flowing Fount of Life and Grace,  
 Where GOD the Giver, man the guest  
 Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

Dear JESUS, now my heart is Thine,  
 Oh, may it never from Thee fly ;  
 My GOD, be Thou for ever mine,  
 And I, Thine Own eternally.  
 No more, O Satan, thee I fear ;  
 O World, thy charms I now despise ;  
 For CHRIST Himself is with me here,  
 My Joy, my Life, my Paradise.

## Post-Communion Hymn.



EHOLD ! O LORD my GOD, Thee have  
 I now  
 Who all things hast, to Whom all  
 Angels bow,  
 To Whom the Seraphim around the Throne,  
 Adoring, raise the high Tris-hagion.  
 Thee, Fount of Life, Thee, perfect Happiness,  
 Thee, Mighty God, Thy creature doth possess.  
 LORD, take my heart from all things not of Thee,  
 And let Thy Presence sweet abide with me.  
 All without Thee is dark, but in Thy Light  
 The gloomiest cloud beams forth a rainbow bright.  
 Sorrow is peace ; and in a thorny nest  
 The wounded heart may yet all calmly rest.  
 Amid the rushing storm that howls along  
 Thy dear Voice whispers clear its under-song.  
 My Love, my Joy, my Own, my Life, my All !  
 O keep me, hold me, ne'er from Thee to fall.  
 O Heart of Love, broken for love of me,  
 Fain would my cold heart break for love of Thee.  
 O Heart of Meekness ; earnestly I seek  
 Of Thee the Grace to be sincerely meek.  
 O Truth unfeigned, to Thee I humbly sue  
 For strength to dare at all times to be true.  
 O Lowliness majestic, grant to me  
 The priceless Gift of pure Humility.

Yea, draw me after Thee by Thine own Ways  
Of prayer, of work, of patience, and of praise.  
And when, Dear LORD, my days on earth are o'er,  
O call me whither Thou art gone before,  
To gaze upon Thy Face for evermore.

**Steil und dornig ist der Pfad.**



TEEP and thorny is the way  
Straight to Heaven our home af-  
cending ;  
Happy he who every day  
Walks therein, for CHRIST contending ;  
Happy when his journey o'er  
Conqueror he to CHRIST shall soar.

Great shall be his recompense  
True to death on GOD who waited ;  
Who renounced the joys of sense,  
To his SAVIOUR consecrated ;  
Who has gazed with steadfast eye  
On the Crown of Victory.

On the Cross our Dying LORD  
Bled for man who had offended,  
Purchased us the great Reward,  
Then from earth to Heaven ascended ;  
Victor e'en in death, He said—  
**FATHER, it is finishèd.**

May we soon approach Thee near,  
 We who long on earth have striven,  
 Storms and night surround us here,  
 Bright and peaceful 'tis in Heaven :  
 Death may strike and graves may yawn,  
 Yonder beams Life's endless dawn.

On then, Comrades, wend your way,  
 Let not life's drear waste alarm you ;  
 Look to Jesus, watch and pray  
 'Gainst the fight that God would arm you.  
 God, Who strong the weak canst make,  
 Victory give for Jesus' sake.

In hac Truce Te invenisti, quicunque  
 invenisti.

**H**AIL ! Tree of Life, planted anew  
 Amidst the briar-waste of dearth,  
 Once more thy branches dropping dew  
 Awake the echoes deep of mirth,  
 Lost since the airs of Eden blew  
 Their sweet last gift o'er sin-stained earth.

Hail ! Tree of Life, on Calvary's height  
 Extending wide, restored again ;  
 Hail ! happy boughs of sweet delight  
 Where sure repose and quiet reign ;  
 A shelter they from Demon spite,  
 From sorrowing care and fruitless pain.

## The last Communion in Church. 253

Hail ! Tree of Life, beneath thy shade  
Fain would I rest and list thy call ;  
No burning heat shall strike my head,  
No mildew there, nor blight shall fall ;  
For should the bitter cup invade,  
Sweet Peace is there to temper all.

Hail ! saving Cross, beneath thy foot  
Here would I rest and look above ;  
My needed strength would here recruit,  
Thy promised Mercies here would prove,  
Gather each day increase of fruit,  
New fuel for increase of Love.

## The last Communion in Church.

 E hath been near unto the golden Gate ;  
Serene he waited for his Master's  
Calling ;  
It came—A little longer thou must wait,  
The sands of life have not yet ceased their falling.

Once more he passeth in the well-known way ;  
Though sight be dim and footsteps fail and  
falter,  
Led by the hand, once more this Holy Day  
He draweth nigh unto his LORD's dear Altar.

He kneeleth low ; he heareth words of Bliss ;  
With hand up-spread and eyelid closed he  
kneeleth.

Oh, what an hour of peace and joy is this :  
 Oh, in what Love his LORD Himself revealeth.

We see the trembling form : but far from sight  
 The Spirit passeth to more glorious regions  
 Behind the veil, upborne on wings of light,  
 Blending its worship with Angelic legions.

Entranced he gazeth on the wounded Side,  
 The precious Stream for him in Mercy flowing,  
 The low-bowed Head, the Arms outstretching wide,  
 The awful Cross with mystic radiance glowing.

Servant of GOD, thou hast not long to stay ;  
 Soon the weak bonds that hold thee here shall  
 sever ;  
 Then shalt thou gaze upon the perfect day,  
 And be with Him thou lov'st forever and forever.

### Dignare me, O Jesu, rego Te.



ESU, grant me this I pray,  
 Ever in Thy Heart to stay ;  
 Let me evermore abide  
 Hidden in Thy wounded Side.

If the evil one prepare,  
 Or the world, a tempting snare,  
 I am safe when I abide  
 In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

If the flesh, more dangerous still,  
Tempt my Soul to deeds of ill,  
Nought I fear when I abide  
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

Death will come one day to me ;  
JESU, cast me not from Thee :  
Dying, let me still abide  
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

Nun nimm mein Herz.



OW take my heart and all that is in me,  
My LORD Beloved, take it from me to  
Thee ;  
I would have Thine :  
This Soul and flesh of mine  
Would order thought and word and deed  
As Thy most holy Will shall lead.

Thou feedest me with Heavenly Bread and Wine,  
Thou pourest through me streams of Life Divine ;  
O noble Face,  
So Sweet, so full of Grace,  
I ponder as Thy Cross I see  
How best to give myself to Thee.

Behold ! through all th' eternal Ages still  
My heart shall choose and love Thy holy Will ;  
Wouldst Thou my death ?  
I die to Thee in faith ;

Wouldst Thou that I should longer live ?  
To Thee the choice I wholly give.

But Thou must also deign to be my own,  
To dwell in me, to make my heart Thy Throne,  
    My GOD indeed,  
    My Help in time of need,  
My Head from Whom no power can sever,  
    The Bridegroom of my Soul for ever.

### Powerful to Save.



**N** whose Soul have Mercy, JESU, Powerful to save—  
    This inscribe above my clay when sleeping in the grave :  
The Cross o'ershadowing the spot, a tablet at the feet  
Recording my baptismal name dear lips have rendered sweet.  
For Mercy is my only hope, for Mercy is my cry,  
I have no other plea to gain a blest Eternity ;  
I have no trust but in the Cross to save in my death-hour,  
No help but in my SAVIOUR's BLOOD to quench the Tempter's power.  
  
The solemn hour of closing life to all is drawing near,  
When nothing but the COMFORTER can succour or can cheer ;

O Glorious TRIUNE, Light of Life, to Thee be  
Glory given,  
For JESU Present when on earth, for JESU when  
in Heaven.

**D** Crux, qui sola languentes.



CROSS, that only know'st the Woes  
He suffered erst Who hung on Thee,  
Speak to our hearts of those deep  
Throes,  
Those broken Words, that Agony.

Sharp were the nails which ruthless bound  
His fainting Form in thine embrace ;  
The thorns about His Temples wound  
Forbade Him e'en that resting-place.

Oh, fearful Woe—the LORD of Life  
Upon thy breast contends with Death ;  
And Victor in the mortal strife,  
Yet yielded up His last faint Breath.

O holy Cross, by thee we live,  
And at thy foot our life we lay ;  
Tribunal, whence our LORD shall give  
His Judgment in that bitter Day.

Give us, O LORD, to die with Thee,  
 With Thee fell Death to rise above,  
 Despising earthly vanity  
 To fix our hearts on Joys above.

**Cor Arca Legem continens.**

 RK of the Covenant, not that whence  
 bondage came of old,  
 But that of Pardon and of Grace and  
 Mercies manifold ;  
 Thou Veil of awful Mystery, thou Sanctuary  
 sublime,  
 Thou sacred Temple, holier far than that of olden  
 time ;  
 Blest Heart of CHRIST, in thy dear Wound the  
 hidden depth we see  
 Of what were else unguessed by us, His boundles  
 Charity.  
 Beneath this emblem of pure Love 'twas Love  
 Himself that died,  
 And offered up for us to GOD a Victim crucified.  
 Oh, who of His redeemed will Him their mutual  
 love refuse ?  
 Who would not rather in that Heart their Home  
 eternal choose ?

Halt im Gedächtniss Jesum Christ.



BEAR JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind  
 Who left His Heavenly Throne,  
 And, out of Love to humankind,  
 Put human Nature on—  
 Our BROTHER, born of Flesh and Blood  
 To make His sure Salvation good—  
 Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind  
 On Whom our hopes depend ;  
 With that great Love He bore mankind  
 He loved them to the end ;  
 And gave at length His FLESH and BLOOD  
 To be their Souls' sustaining Food—  
 Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind  
 Who sore by grief was tried ;  
 A Ransom for our Souls to find  
 Upon the Cross He died :  
 He vanquished sin and every foe  
 And saved us from eternal woe—  
 Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind  
 Who, freed from grief and pain,  
 A Conqueror Death hath failed to bind,  
 The third day rose again :

The righteous Acts of CHRIST the LORD  
Have Life and Peace to man restored—  
Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind  
Who, all His Sorrows past,  
In sight of those He left behind  
Returned to Heaven at last ;  
There to prepare for us a Place  
Where we shall always see His Face—  
Then thank Him for His Love.

Bear JESUS CHRIST the LORD in mind  
Who, from His Throne above  
Once more will come, the Judge assigned  
Both quick and dead to prove :  
Take heed that thou mayst stand the test,  
And enter then His holy Rest  
To thank Him for His Love.

LORD, let me ever bear in mind,  
And let my faith embrace  
Thy Love to me and all mankind ;  
And may Thy cheering Grace  
In hours of sorrow Comfort give,  
And cause me after death to live  
And thank Thee for Thy Love.

## The Ship in the midst of the Sea.



HE waters were Thy Path ;  
 Thy Way was on the sea :  
 Who in that night could trace Thy  
 Steps ?  
 Who solve the Mystery ?

Some at Capernaum asked—  
 When and how cam’st Thou here ?  
 In vain they tried to find the track  
 By which Thou didst appear.

But Thy Disciples, LORD,  
 Did gladly Thee receive ;  
 And when the Ship was at the shore  
 They pry not, but believe.

LORD, in Thy Sacraments  
 Thou walkest on the sea ;  
 Let us not ask—how dost Thou come ?  
 But gladly welcome Thee.

Then will the winds be hushed,  
 The waves no longer roar ;  
 When CHRIST is with us in the Ship,  
 The Ship is at the shore.

## Jesu, Dulcedo cordum.



ESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,  
 Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of  
 men,  
 From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy Truth unchanged hath ever stood,  
 Thou savest those that on Thee call,  
 To them that seek Thee Thou art Good,  
 To them that find Thee, All in All.

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,  
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;  
 We drink of Thee, the fountain Head,  
 And thirst our Souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless Spirits yearn for Thee  
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
 Glad when Thy gracious Smile we see,  
 Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay !  
 Make all our moments calm and bright ;  
 Chase the dark night of sin away ;  
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy Light.

## Communion Calm and Joy.



H, what is this enchanting Calm  
 Which thus with Joy my bosom fills,  
 Which o'er my Spirit pours a balm,  
 And through my inmost being thrills?

Is some bright Seraph higher sent  
 Diffusing sweetness from his wings  
 To steep my bosom in content,  
 Unseen, unfelt from earthly things?

No; something purer far must dwell  
 Within this raptured Soul of mine:  
 'Tis what no mortal tongue can tell,  
 'Tis more than Heavenly, 'tis Divine.

My God, my Jesus, it is Thou  
 Art ravishing my heart with Bliss;  
 Thy Presence is within me now:  
 Could I have asked a boon like this?

Yes, stooping from Thy Throne above  
 Thou wilt not dwell from man apart:  
 Thou, in Thy Sacrament of Love,  
 Hast come to dwell within my heart.

## The last Sacraments.



HEN day's shadows lengthen,  
JESU, be Thou near ;  
Pardon, comfort, strengthen,  
Chase away my fear ;  
Love and Hope be deepened,  
Faith more strong and clear.

When the night grows darkest  
And the stars are pale,  
When the foe assembles  
In Death's misty vale,  
Be Thou Sword and Helmet,  
Be Thou Shield and Mail.

He who stands beside me  
Comes but to proclaim  
Pardon for contrition,  
Wipes out stains of shame,  
Saying—I absolve thee  
In CHRIST's blessed Name.

If Thou willest feed me,  
Strengthen ere I go ;  
In that unknown pathway  
Lighten every woe ;  
JESU, as Thou knowest,  
Grant me so to know.

That an hour of weakness—  
That a time of fear—  
Come ! Thou Bread of Heaven,  
Sacrament so dear ;  
All I loved may vanish  
If but Thou be near.

Come ! Thou Food of Angels,  
Source of every Grace,  
In Thy FATHER's Mansions  
Give me soon a place,  
That unveiled in Splendour  
I may see Thy Face.

Fading this world, fading,  
Forms are growing dim,  
Other voices whisper  
Tones of some sweet Hymn  
Telling of His Mercy,  
Speaking but of Him.

By the Jordan's ripples,  
Passing through the shade,  
Let me hear that Promise  
Once for ever made—  
It is I, thy JESUS,  
Be not thou afraid.

Cold the waters rolling,  
Chill the mists around,  
Black the night above me,  
Strange th' untrodden ground,

**The Thanksgiving.**

Oft lost in the desert,  
Yet may I be found.

Then be near me, JESUS,  
Enemies shall flee ;  
Ave ! Sacramentum,  
Thou my Comfort be ;  
Food and Priest and Victim,  
Let me feed on Thee.

So shall no fears chill me  
On that unknown shore,  
For in death He conquered  
And can die no more ;  
His Hand guards and guides me  
To the City's door.

Blessed warfare over,  
Endless Rest alone,  
Tears no more nor sorrow,  
Neither sigh nor moan,  
But a Song of triumph  
Round about the Throne.

**An Act of Thanksgiving.**

ESUS, Gentlest SAVIOUR,  
God of Might and Power,  
Thou Thyself art dwelling  
In us at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,  
Heaven is all too strait  
For Thine endless Glory  
And Thy Royal State.  
Out beyond the shining  
Of the farthest star,  
Thou art ever stretching  
Infinitely far.  
Yet the hearts of children  
Hold what world's can not,  
And the GOD of Wonders  
Loves the lowly spot.  
As men to their gardens  
Go to seek sweet flowers,  
In our hearts Dear JESUS  
Seeks them at all hours.  
JESUS, Gentlest SAVIOUR,  
Thou art in us now ;  
Fill us full of Goodness  
Till our hearts o'erflow.  
Pray the prayer within us  
That to Heaven shall rise ;  
Sing the song that Angels  
Sing above the skies.  
Multiply our Graces,  
Chiefly Love and Fear,  
And, Dear LORD, the chiefest,  
Grace to persevere.  
Oh, how can we thank Thee  
For a Gift like this.

Gift that truly maketh  
 Heaven's eternal Bliss ?  
 Ah, when wilt Thou always  
 Make our hearts Thy home ?  
 We must wait for Heaven,  
 Then the day will come.  
 Now at least we'll keep Thee  
 All the time we may ;  
 But Thy Grace and Blessing  
 We will keep alway.

### A Sonnet from the Canticles.



MODEL of all Beauty, in Whose  
 Light  
 True Blessedness doth evermore abide,  
 Whose Voice outwonders the mysterious  
 tide

With its unfailing volume. Day and night  
 Thou art our full-orbed noon. Oh, that I might  
 Set as a jewel in the circlet rest  
 That rounds Thine Arm ; and so be ever blest  
 Clasping and clasped by Love that's Infinite.  
 The bloom upon Thy Lips is sweeter far  
 Than all the costly balsams of the south ;  
 The glances of Thine Eyes more potent are  
 Than Death and Hell ; Thy Breath is Life  
 indeed.  
 Oh, let me kiss Thee. In my utter need,  
 Oh, kiss me with the Kisses of Thy Mouth.

## Thanksgiving after Communion.



GOD of Mercy, GOD of Might,  
How should pale sinners bear the sight,  
If as Thy Power is surely here  
Thine open Glory should appear ?

For now Thy People are allowed  
To scale the Mount and pierce the Cloud,  
And Faith may feed her eager view  
With wonders Sinai never knew.

Fresh from th' atoning Sacrifice  
The world's Creator bleeding lies,  
That man, His foe by whom He bled,  
May take Him for his daily Bread.

Oh, agony of wavering thought,  
When sinners first so near are brought—  
It is my Maker, dare I stay?  
My SAVIOUR, dare I turn away?

Thus while the storm is high within  
'Twixt love of CHRIST and fear of sin,  
Who can express the soothing charm  
To feel thy kind upholding arm,

My mother Church? and hear thee tell  
Of a world lost yet loved so well,  
That He, by Whom the Angels live,  
His Only SON for her would give?

And doubt we yet ? Thou call'st again ;  
A lower still, a sweeter strain ;  
A voice from Mercy's inmost shrine,  
The very breath of Love Divine.

Whispering it says to each apart—  
Come unto Me, thou trembling heart ;  
And we must hope, so sweet the tone,  
The precious Words are all our own.

Hear them, Kind SAVIOUR, hear Thy Spouse  
Low at Thy Feet renew her vows ;  
Thine own dear Promise she would plead  
For us her true though fallen seed.

She pleads by all her mercies, told  
Thy chosen Witnesses of old,  
Love's heralds sent to man forgiven,  
One from the Cross and One from Heaven.

This, of true Penitents the chief  
To the lost Spirit brings relief,  
Lifting on high th' adorèd Name—  
Sinners to save CHRIST JESUS came.

That, dearest of Thy bosom Friends  
Into the wavering heart descends—  
What ? fallen again ? yet cheerful rise,  
Thine Intercessor never dies.

The eye of faith that waxes bright  
Each moment by Thine Altar's light

Sees them e'en now ; they still abide  
In mystery kneeling at our side ;

And with them every Spirit blest  
From realms of triumph or of rest,  
From him who saw creation's morn  
Of all Thine Angels eldest born,

To the poor babe who died to-day,  
Take part in our thanksgiving lay  
Watching the tearful joy and calm,  
While sinners taste Thine Heavenly Balm.

Sweet, awful hour ; the only sound  
One gentle footstep gliding round,  
Offering by turns on JESUS' part  
The Cross to every hand and heart.

Refresh us, LORD, to hold it fast ;  
And when Thy Veil is drawn at last,  
Let us depart where shadows cease  
With Words of Blessing and of Peace.

Saturatus Ferculis et Cibis.



ED with Dainties from above,  
With holiest Viands sated,  
Nourished by this Feast of Love,  
With Heavenly Joys elated,

With what fitting gratitude  
Can this cold heart be glowing  
To Thee Who art here my Food,  
On me Thyself bestowing ?

## The Thanksgiving.

Now and every hour of time  
 Let all Creation bless Thee ;  
 For this Festival sublime  
 Shall my whole heart confess Thee  
 Who dost thus my Spirit cheer,  
 My earthly portion sweeten,  
 Life revive and darkness clear  
 By Thy Dear BODY eaten.

This through all my quickening veins  
 Its sacred Vigour poureth ;  
 And unto my heart and reins  
 Immortal youth restoreth.  
 Oh, on what sweet Bread to-day  
 Hath my rapt Soul been feeding ;  
 How with thanks can I repay  
 Such Love, all thanks exceeding ?

Now to embrace Thy sacred Feet  
 I turn with deep affection,  
 And with streaming tears to greet  
 The Spouse of mine election :  
 Firm in faith Thy Wounds adored  
 I reckon with devotion ;  
 And Thy precious Death, O LORD,  
 Partake with deep emotion.

Feet and Knees, Thy Hands, Thy Face,  
 Heart, Eyes, Side, Bosom viewing,  
 There for Pardon and for Grace  
 Bowed down and prostrate suing :

## The Evening after Communion. 273

May they to my heart and eyes  
For evermore be present ;  
From my breast responsive sighs  
To Thee draw forth incessant.

When in my last earthly day  
From hence my Spirit flitteth,  
And this failing frame of clay  
For aye departing quitteth,  
With that Sacred FLESH of Thine  
And BLOOD my Soul deliver,  
Wherein Thou, O Boon Divine,  
Of Thine own Self art Giver.

## The Evening after Communion.



OME ! let me for a moment cast  
All earthly thoughts away,  
And muse upon the sacred Gift  
Which I received to-day.

This morning that Eternal LORD  
Who is my Judge to be,  
Came to this lowly tenement  
And stayed awhile with me.

With His Celestial FLESH and BLOOD  
My fainting Soul He fed ;  
With tender Words of Grace and Love  
My heart He comforted.

He Who of all that live and breathe  
Is all the Life and Breath,  
This morning deigned to visit me  
In this my house of death.

He Whose Immensity transcends  
Creation's utmost goal,  
This morning deigned to be confined  
Within my finite Soul.

He Who in endless wealth abounds,  
The world's Possessor blest,  
This morning deigned, oh, wondrous thought,  
To be by me possessed.

He Who in Awful GODHEAD sits  
Upon His Throne on high,  
This morning entered my abode  
In His HUMANITY.

He Who for me a Trembling BABE  
On Mary's Heart reclined,  
This morning in my heart and flesh  
His DEITY enshrined.

O Soul of mine, reflect, reflect,  
Consider, one by one,  
What Marvels of surpassing Grace  
Thy GOD in thee has done.

His tender Love with love repay,  
Extol His sacred Name,  
To all the world His Greatness tell,  
His Graciousness proclaim.

*Εὐχαριστοῦμέν Σοι, Δέσποτα.*



ASTER, LORD and GOD, to Thee  
 Thanks and adoration,  
 That Thou giv'st Thyself to be  
 Our Participation,  
 Through Thy Mysteries, holy, pure,  
 Heavenly, that for aye endure ;  
 Souls and bodies strengthening free  
 With Thy best Salvation.

Loving, Bounteous, Gracious LORD,  
 Thankful we adore Thee ;  
 May Thy Gifts on this Thy Board  
 Duly set before Thee  
 Be to us Celestial Food,  
 Holy BODY, Precious BLOOD,  
 Through Thy SPIRIT and Thy Word,  
 Lowly we implore Thee.

So shall we with Love unblamed,  
 Godliness abounding,  
 Hope that maketh not ashamed,  
 Faith the Foe confounding,  
 Walk in Thy Commandments' way,  
 Till on Thy tremendous Day  
 Blessed we of Thee be named,  
 All Thy Saints surrounding.

## Eucharistic Thanksgiving.



E give Thee thanks, Dear FATHER,  
 For all Thy Glory shown  
 In making this great Sacrifice  
 For all our sins atone ;  
 For giving our poor human sight  
 A SAVIOUR to adore,  
 Pardon and Comfort, Peace in death,  
 And Life for evermore.

We thank Thee, Holy FATHER,  
 For all that gentle Love  
 Which leads these earthly, anxious hearts  
 To peaceful homes above,  
 Which shows the passing vanity  
 Of worldly cares and joys,  
 And man's strong will and passions' might  
 In tenderness destroys.

We give Thee thanks, Sweet SAVIOUR,  
 Our grateful hearts to Thee  
 Who pitileth all our sorrows  
 And all our misery ;  
 We thank Thee for Thy Precious BLOOD  
 Which takes away our sin,  
 Pardons our lives, our words, our deeds,  
 Our inmost thoughts within.

O LAMB of GOD, we thank Thee  
For stilling all our fears,  
Calming unrestful human hearts  
And drying all our tears ;  
Drawing to better, purer hopes  
Above, and Rest in Heaven ;  
Whisp'ring of never-dying Love,  
And every sin forgiven.

We give Thee thanks, Good SPIRIT,  
For Thy Life-giving Power,  
Shining with mystic splendour's Light  
In Eucharistic hour ;  
Oh, teach us how to worship GOD  
As Angels do on high,  
And join our loved Communion with  
Their Altars in the Sky.

We thank Thee, HOLY SPIRIT,  
Rise Thou within our hearts,  
Illuminate the Mystery  
This Sacrament imparts ;  
Oh, sanctify the Offerings  
We bring our GOD to-day ;  
Reveal Thy glorious Presence,  
And teach as how to pray.

O TRIUNE GOD, we thank Thee,  
Thy glorious Name we bless,  
And ask Thy Grace to lead us on  
In paths of Holiness ;

Help us each day to work for Thee ;  
 Let not Thy Blessing cease ;  
 But ever whisper in our hearts  
 The parting Words of Peace.

We give Thee thanks, O TRINITY,  
 Eternal THREE in ONE,  
 For all the wondrous Love and Grace  
 This Sacrament has won ;  
 We give Thee thanks, O TRINITY,  
 Mysterious ONE in THREE,  
 For this bright Light to guide us here  
 On to Eternity.

### Remember Me.

*The Christian's Request to his Friend.*



HEN thy heart's emotion  
 Yields to deep devotion,  
 O Friend, remember me :  
 When in sweet Communion  
 Lost and sacred Union,  
 Oh, then remember me :  
 When from earth retiring  
 To thy LORD aspiring,  
 All His Grace desiring,  
 Lone thou bow'st the knee ;  
 Then when friends the dearest  
 Are in JESUS nearest,  
 Then, Friend, remember me.

*The Christian's Request to his SAVIOUR.*

When my heart beguiling  
All around is smiling,  
O LORD, remember me :  
When afflictions press me,  
Sins and fears distress me,  
Oh, still remember me :  
On the couch when lying,  
Languishing and dying,  
When the last, last sighing  
Yields my Soul to Thee,  
Then when friends are failing  
Nought on earth availing,  
Oh, then remember me.

*The SAVIOUR's Request to the Christian.*

When caressed, caressing  
Thine each earthly Blessing,  
Wilt thou remember Me ?  
Then when sunshine fails thee,  
Then when storm assails thee,  
Will I remember thee :  
When My Word is spoken,  
When the Bread is broken  
Of My Death the Token,  
Midst My two or three ;  
Then thy Friend once bleeding,  
Now in Glory pleading,  
Then most remember Me.

## The Thanksgiving.

When My Brethren languish  
Pressed with want or anguish,  
In them remember Me :  
When thou hear'st what millions  
Death's dark shade pavilions,  
In them remember Me :  
Think what once I suffered,  
How My Life I offered,  
How My Love discovered  
Love to all, to thee :  
Thus with love's emotion,  
Thus with life's devotion,  
Oh, thus remember Me.

Wait awhile ; be fervent ;  
As My Friend and Servant  
Awhile remember Me :  
Soon shall faith to vision  
Yield in sweet transition  
If thou remember Me :  
Soon with those before thee  
Gathered into Glory  
Thou too shalt adore Me,  
Soon my Face shalt see ;  
All thy faint remembrance  
Lost in bright resemblance,  
Oh, then remember Me.

**O Jesu, Dulcissime.**



JESU, best Beloved,  
 Thou Bread by which we live,  
 Who now hast deigned most really  
 Thy very Self to give,  
 From every guilt absolve me,  
 And grant my grief to be  
 Sincere and penitential,  
 And welcome unto Thee.

O JESU, living Victim,  
 By gifts of Grace and Love  
 Renew my Soul, and make me  
 Acceptable above ;  
 By broken Bread and Wine-Cup  
 Eternal Life impart,  
 And nourish by Thy Presence  
 Thy Love within my heart.

Make me, Sweet Consoler,  
 All vanity to flee ;  
 My Buckler, my Defender,  
 Give me the Victory ;  
 Teach me Thy Ways, Restorer,  
 And grant when life be past  
 In Beatific Vision  
 To see Thy Face at last.

When they had sung an Hymn, they  
went out.

**G**ALM lay the City in its double sleep,  
Beneath the Paschal Moon's cold  
silvery light  
That flung broad shadows o'er the  
rugged steep  
Of Olivet that night.

But soon the calm was broken, and the sound  
Of strains all sweet and plaintive filled the air ;  
And deep-toned voices echoing all around  
Made music everywhere.

The Holy Rite is o'er ; the Blessed Sign  
Is given to cheer us in this earthly strife ;  
The Bread is broken and outpoured the Wine—  
Symbols of better Life.

The bitter cup of wrath before Him lies ;  
And yet as up the steep they pass along,  
The mighty Victim to the Sacrifice,  
They cheer the way with song.

We ne'er can know such sorrow as that night  
Pierced to the Heart the Suffering SON of GOD ;  
And every earthly sadness is but light  
To that dark path He trod.

## The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving. 283

And yet, how faint and feeble rise our songs ;  
How oft we linger 'mid the shadows dim ;  
Nor give the Glory that to Him belongs  
In Eucharistic Hymn.

O for an echo of that chant of praise ;  
O for a voice to sing His mighty Love ;  
O for a refrain of the Hymns they raise  
In the bright Home above.

Touch Thou our wayward hearts and let them be  
In stronger faith to Thy glad Service given,  
Till o'er the margin of Time's surging sea  
We sing the Song of Heaven.

## The Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.



WITH heart from fears, with eyes from  
tears,  
With feet from falling free,  
What shall I render, O my GOD,  
For all Thy Gifts to me ?

What part have I in life, or lot,  
For Him Who made me live ?  
Who gave His Son, what shall He not—  
But, oh, what shall I give ?

What spikenard odours shall I shed  
Before the Mercy-seat ?  
What balms outpour about His Head,  
What tears upon His Feet ?

Though every hair a tear should dry,  
 Each tear bedew a sin,  
 There still would be a death to die,  
 A pardon still to win.

Who with Thine Own serves Thee alone,  
 He best Thy Love repays ;  
 I'll take the Cup, and offer up  
 Thy Blessing for my praise.

Thy Gifts shall be my vows to Thee  
 For joy, for sorrow blest ;  
 From sin, from pain, my Soul, again  
 Turn there unto thy rest.

### Wie konnt ich Sein vergessen.



H, how could I forget Him  
 Who ne'er forgetteth me ?  
 Or tell the Love that let Him  
 Come down to set us free ?  
 I lay in darkest sadness  
 Till He made all things new,  
 And still fresh Love and Gladness  
 Flow from that Heart so true.

How could I ever leave Him  
 Who is so kind a Friend ?  
 How could I ever grieve Him  
 Who thus to me doth bend ?

Have I not seen Him dying  
For us on yonder Tree?  
Do I not hear Him crying—  
Arise and follow Me?

For ever will I love Him  
Who saw my hopeless plight,  
Who felt my sorrows move Him  
And brought me Life and Light;  
Whose Arm shall be around me  
When my last hour is come,  
And suffer none to wound me  
Though dark the passage home.

He gives me Pledges holy,  
His BODY and His BLOOD;  
He lifts the scorned, the lowly,  
He makes my courage good:  
For He will reign within me,  
And shed His Graces there;  
The Heaven He died to win me  
Can I then fail to share?

In joy and sorrow ever  
Shine through me, blessed Heart,  
Who bleeding for us never  
Didst shrink from sorest smart:  
Whate'er I've loved or striven  
Or borne I bring to Thee;  
Now let Thy Heart and Heaven  
Stand open, LORD, to me.

## Act of Thanksgiving.



OLY, Holy, Thee we sing,  
Jesu, with the Angel-throng,  
Unto Thee Thy Children bring,  
Jesus, gifts of heart and song.  
CHRIST, the Everlasting GOD,  
CHRIST, of Heaven the End, the Road,  
Be Thou ever praised and blest,  
SAVIOUR, LORD for aye confess ;  
Hail ! to Thee all knees are bent ;  
Hail ! most wondrous Sacrament.

## Eucharistic Adoration.



ORD, when at Thy holy Table  
We adore Thy Presence, raise  
Every heart, for Thou art able,  
On the wings of prayer and praise :  
Strengthen, with the Heavenly Food  
Of Thy BODY and Thy BLOOD,  
All who feeble though they be  
Come in faith to feed on Thee.

Where the Bread of Life is broken  
Glorious is the holy place ;  
Where the Word of Life is spoken  
Sweet Thy reconcilèd Face :

Love and life and faith and prayer  
Find their deep renewal there,  
All we are or hope to be  
There we get, and give to Thee.

Mystery of awful Wonder,  
Thou the Mighty God art there,  
Clothed not in Thy Robes of thunder,  
But in Love so rich and rare,  
That the nearer we approach  
And the more by faith we touch,  
We the purer Blessings prove,  
Higher Joy and deeper Love.

Awful Presence, ever filling  
As Thou dost Immensity,  
Yet in all Thy Greatness willing  
Man's incarnate Life to be :  
Oh, the fulness of the Bliss  
We may know through Love like this ;  
Oh, the rich and precious store,  
Joy vouchsafed us evermore.

Viva, viva, Jesu.

 LORY be to JESUS  
Who in bitter pains  
Poured for me the LIFE-BLOOD  
From His sacred Veins.

## The Thanksgiving.

Grace and Life eternal  
 In that BLOOD I find,  
 Blest be His Compassion  
 Infinitely kind.

Blest through endless ages  
 Be the precious Stream  
 Which from endless torments  
 Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting Spirit  
 Drinks of Life her fill ;  
 There as in a fountain  
 Laves herself at will.

Oh, the BLOOD of CHRIST,  
 It soothes the FATHER's Ire,  
 Opes the gate of Heaven,  
 Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance  
 Pleaded to the skies ;  
 But the BLOOD of JESUS  
 For our pardon cries.

Oft as It is sprinkled  
 On our guilty hearts,  
 Satan in confusion  
 Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting  
 Wafts Its praise on high,

Angel Hosts rejoicing  
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices,  
Swell the mighty flood,  
Louder still and louder  
Praise the Precious BLOOD.

¶  
Per Pacem ad Lucem.



DO not ask, O LORD, that life may be  
A pleasant road ;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take  
from me  
Aught of its load ;  
I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet ;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet :  
For one thing only, LORD, Dear LORD, I plead,  
Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter and though heart  
should bleed—  
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O LORD, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full Radiance here ;  
Give but a ray of Peace that I may tread  
Without a fear ;  
I do not ask my Cross to understand,  
My way to see—

Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand  
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but Peace Divine  
Like quiet night :

Lead me, O LORD—till perfect Day shall shine  
Through Peace to Light.

### Bringt dem Herrn im Heilighume.



RING ye to the LORD, ye mighty,  
Glory, honour, thanks and praise ;  
Bowing low in adoration  
Let your hearts sweet Anthems raise :  
Holy, Holy, ever Holy,  
Art Thou, SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST !

Let Thy Blessing be upon us,  
Who for us hast deigned to die,  
On the Cross Thy Life-BLOOD pouring,  
Very LAMB of GOD most High :  
Holy, Holy, ever Holy,  
Art Thou, SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST !

### The Sign of the Son of Man.



CROSS, O Cross of Shame,  
In every age the same,  
Thou Symbol of a shameful thing,  
Meet for a slave and not a King ;

## The Sign of the Son of Man. 291

Symbol of shame and loss,  
Where is thy Grace, O Cross,  
That I should bear thee thus with heart and hand,  
Where earth's rude scorners stand—  
Myself a laughing-stock for thee,  
A by-word and a mockery ?

O Cross, O Cross of Pain,  
Where is to me the gain  
That in this bleeding heart of mine  
I nail each bitter nail of thine,  
That still with every breath  
I live a life of death—  
A life that is a daily dying still,  
A death that may not kill ;  
But hour by hour and day by day  
Feeds on the life it will not slay ?

O Cross, O Cross of Light,  
With Heavenly beauty bright,  
I love and glory in thy shame,  
For He I love has borne the same.  
The world may scorn and threat  
Her idle vengeance yet,  
But I will bear thee still with heart and hand,  
Though men with devils band ;  
For He I love is with me still,  
And shame is sweet if His dear Will.

O Cross, O Cross of Joy,  
Oh, Sweetness without cloy,

Still wound and pierce my bleeding heart  
For honey streams from every dart.

O crimson, crimson Tree,  
Still let me cling to thee ;  
In thy dear arms reposing day by day  
Still let me die alway ;  
For He I love is by my side,  
And death is sweet for He has died.

O Cross, O Cross of Woe,  
When Heaven and earth shall glow,  
When blazing in the eastern sky  
The SON of MAN's dread Sign shall lie,  
His Sign no more of shame,  
His Cross, a Cross of flame  
To whom the gain, to whom the endless loss,  
At that dread Day, O Cross,  
To scorner or to scorned on high ?  
The Fire shall try . . . . the Fire shall try.

### *Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.*



HOU passest by—Thyawful Step I hear;  
Thou passest by—Thy five dread  
Wounds I see ;  
Thou passest by—Thy saving Cross I  
clasp

With penitential tears of agony.

Thou passest by—I will not let Thee go  
Until Thy Mercy streams into my Soul ;

I am sin-laden ; lift the burden off,  
For Thou alone canst heal and make me whole.

Renew my Spirit with unswerving faith,  
While pondering on the path Thy Saints have  
trod ;

With hope and courage nerve this feeble frame  
To follow Thee, Thou Ever-present GOD.

Thou passest by—I pray to be illumed  
With Grace and Light ; so shall the darkness  
flee :

And these dim eyes, O Thou Ascended LORD,  
In rapture recognise and gaze on Thee.

**Where your Treasure is, there will your  
Heart be also.**



LIFT up your hearts !  
Unto the LORD we lift,  
For every Grace His Love imparts,  
For every good and undeserved Gift.

Give God the praise !  
Thus is it right and meet ;  
Therefore our Hymn of Thanks we raise  
As those who cast their crowns before His  
Feet.

Very meet and right and bounden duty thus our  
Thanks to bring.

At all times and in all places, thus Thy endless  
 Praises sing,  
 Holy FATHER, LORD Almighty, Everlasting GOD  
 and King.  
 Thus with Angels and Archangels, thus with all  
 the Hosts of Heaven,  
 Thanks and honour, laud unceasing, to Thy  
 glorious Name be given ;  
 Thee, O GOD, Whose uncreated Glory filleth  
 heart and sky,  
 Thee most Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD of Hosts we  
 magnify—  
 Glory, never ending Glory, be to Thee, O GOD  
 most High.

All, all in vain  
 He seeks to earth who clings  
 To soar aloft in Seraph's strain,  
 Or speed his flight to Heaven on Angel's  
 wings.

For thy best weal  
 Lay thou not up thy store  
 Where midnight thieves break through and  
 steal,  
 Where moth and rust the precious Gift  
 devour.

Let not thy voice  
 To Heavenly song give birth

The while thy carnal heart by choice  
Grovels unlifted from the dust of earth.

But with the tongue  
Let loving hearts agree,  
Or else sing not the Angel's song,  
Or at His Altar bow th' unwelcome knee.

## Hymn of Thanksgiving.

**B**LESSED JESUS, we will praise Thee,  
Thee, our own supremest Good ;  
All we have we offer to Thee,  
Riches, station, e'en our blood :  
Joyful hearts and joyful voices  
Hymn Thee, LORD, and own Thy Sway,  
Earth redeemed in Thee rejoices  
Hour by hour and day by day.

Thou for man Thyself didst offer  
Once a Victim on the Rood ;  
Now each day Thy Love doth proffer  
Thine Own FLESH to be our Food ;  
'Neath the Form of Bread, obscurely  
Thou, LORD JESUS, will'st to hide ;  
But faith finds Thee, knowing surely  
Thou with us wilt e'er abide.

Of the FATHER Sole-Begotten,  
What could cause Thee Love like this ?  
Why for us hast Thou forgotten  
Thy Co-equal Throne in bliss ?

Ah ! 'tis Love has thus o'ercome Thee ;  
 Thou its force Divine would'st prove :  
 Answer, Earth ! ye Angels tell me,  
 Do you know of greater Love ?

Sing then, Brothers ! in Thanksgiving  
 Ceaselessly our lives be spent :  
 Blest be JESUS, ever Living  
 In His wondrous Sacrament :  
 JESUS patiently endures us,  
 Praise the sweetness of His Name :  
 We are sinners ; but He heals us  
 In His Heart's own cleansing flame.

O my JESUS ! long-sought Treasure,  
 Come ! and dwell within my heart ;  
 Make me love Thee without measure,  
 Never, never, from me part :  
 Ease for me life's weary burthen,  
 And when death draws nigh then come !  
 Thou my SAVIOUR, Thou my Guerdon,  
 Food to cheer me journeying Home.

### Himmelan geht unsre Bahn.

 EAVENWARD still ! our pathway  
 tends,  
 Here on earth we are but strangers,  
 Till our road in Canaan ends,  
 Through this wild beset with dangers ;

Here we rove, a pilgrim-band,  
Heaven we call our Father-land.

Heavenward still ! my Soul ascend,  
Thou art one of Heaven's creations ;  
Earth can ne'er give aim or end  
Fit to fill thy aspirations ;  
Oft will Heaven-enlightened mind  
Longing turn its Source to find.

Heavenward still ! in Volume blest  
God, throughout its sacred Pages,  
Calls me thus, and speaks of Rest,  
Rest with Him through endless ages.  
While mine ear that Call attends,  
Still to Heaven my path ascends.

Heavenward still ! my thoughts arise,  
When His festal Board invites me ;  
Then my Spirit upward flies,  
Foretaste then of Heaven delights me :  
When on earth this Food has ceased,  
Comes the LAMB's Own Marriage-feast.

Heavenward still ! my Spirit wends,  
That fair Land by faith exploring ;  
Heavenward still ! my heart ascends,  
Sun and moon and stars out-soaring :  
Their faint rays in vain would try  
Once with Light of Heaven to vie.

Heavenward still ! when life shall close,  
 Death to my true Home shall guide me ;  
 There, triumphant o'er my woes,  
 Lasting Bliss shall GOD provide me :  
 CHRIST Himself the way has led,  
 Joyful in His Steps I tread.

Still then Heavenward ! Heavenward still !  
 That shall be my watchword ever ;  
 Joys of Heaven my heart shall fill,  
 Chasing joys that filled it never :  
 Heavenward still my thoughts shall run  
 Till the gate of Heaven be won.

### Aus Lieb verwundter, Jesu mein.



JESU, Pierced for love of me,  
 How can this poor heart grateful be ?  
 Would that my burning love might be  
 Even as is Thy Love to me :  
 Now on a wondrous wise dost Thou  
 Thy very Self on me bestow :  
 Love bids Thee stoop to be so low—  
 But who that depth of Love can know ?

Oh, come to me, Dear LORD, I pray  
 And let Thy Love my Spirit stay :  
 Behold, it longeth sore for Thee,  
 I would it might more worthy be.

To forest streams the Hart doth hie  
When he for thirst is fain to die ;  
And so my Soul doth pant for Thee,  
O JESU, JESU, come to me.

I cannot love Thee as I would,  
Yet pardon me, O Highest Good ;  
My life and all I call mine own  
I lay before Thine Altar-Throne :  
And if a thousand lives were mine,  
O Sweetest LORD, they should be Thine ;  
And scanty would the offering be,  
So richly hast Thou loved me.

The Angelic Hymn.



VERMORE their lauds the Angel hosts  
are singing,  
Honour, Praise and Glory to the  
THREE in ONE ;

Wherfore should not we too our lowly service  
bringing,  
Swell that mighty chorus ever here beneath the  
sun ?

SAVIOUR, Thou hast told us, wheresoe'er assemble  
Two or three to praise Thee, there Thou art  
surely nigh,  
There too are Thine Angels : so let the haughty  
tremble,  
For those mighty Spirits fold their snow white  
wings and cry—

Lowly, lowly bending in deepest adoration—  
 Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hosts, they sing :  
 With their glorious voices they swell our faint  
 Oblation ;  
 Round us still they hover when our Sacrifice we  
 bring.

Into all the glories of our Rites most holy,  
 Sacrificial wonders, Angels deign to look :  
 CHRIST hath died for mortals in self-devotion lowly :  
 Thence do Angels wait on man, so saith the  
 Sacred Book.

How can we be worthy, we weak and erring  
 creatures,  
 Of such potent Blessings, Angels to befriend ?  
 Something grant us, SAVIOUR, of those Angel-  
 natures,  
 Love for Thee as boundless, Love to serve Thee  
 without end.

### Gustate et Videte.



H me ! who am of sinful lips,  
 Nursed in a shadowy, dark eclipse,  
 Too long behind the dreary cloud  
 Of ignorance wrapt, and sorrow's  
 shroud ;  
 Ah me ! and who am I to tell  
 What Life, what Love, and Sweetness well

With overflowing streams, from Thee,  
My LORD and GOD.—Ah me ! Ah me !

And who am I, that I should trace  
With feeble pen Thine inward Grace ;  
Tell of that Manna wondrous sweet,  
That hidden Bread for Angels meet,  
When none may know its depth of Love,  
Save those who do its Riches prove,  
When learning is but idle hire,  
And burning words of living fire.

Ah ! not to highest grasp of thought,  
To eloquence and learning nought,  
The holy light of Love is given  
And science of the things of Heaven ;  
Not to the high and lordly proud  
'Tis given to pierce the covering shroud,  
And aye as these more high aspire  
Droops down and smoulders Heavenly Fire.

But they who come and childlike seek,  
With lowly suit and conscience meek,  
For shelter 'neath the Holy Cross,  
Holding all other harbour loss,  
Shall in that blessed pale where dew  
Of Verity falls ever new,  
Drink of the Catholic Fount, and know  
What hidden taste lies hid below.

The SPIRIT and the Bride say—Come !  
 And echoing hearts cry—Hasten Home !  
 No more in idle ignorance  
 Inhale each breath the sinful trance,  
 But bid resolve to faith allied  
 Spring from within, sit by thy side,  
 And then how gladly shall ye run,  
 When once thou hast thy course begun.

All things corporeal or void,  
 Hated mayhap or once enjoyed,  
 Change as ye run ; joy understood  
 Is now received with gratitude ;  
 Ills that ye fled, transmuted, bring  
 New Love upon their healing wing ;  
 Yea, Death is but a passing strife  
 To enter by the gates of Life.

O ye who live within the pale  
 Of God's One Church, and at the rail  
 Receive the blissful Gift of Love,  
 That holy bond of Union prove :  
 Pause as ye kneel, and lingering stay  
 With loving, longing, new delay,  
 In memory of Him who rests  
 In special Presence in your breasts.

Kneel on, and raise your hearts on high  
 With upward intercessional cry,  
 For those who wander in a dream,  
 Who may in ignorance blaspheme,

**Plange, Sion, muta vocem.**      303

That these may rouse them from their sleep,  
And learn ere long how sweetly deep,  
The hidden Love they may inherit,  
Echoing the Bride and HOLY SPIRIT.

**Plange, Sion, muta vocem.**



ION ! mourn, thy voice subduing,  
Turn to lamentation, viewing  
All men's wild and fearful rage ;  
Loving greatly, greatly wailing,  
Praise thy GOD, though sin prevailing  
Lively hate in thee engage.

Joy in GOD now well thou leavest,  
Nor that sacred Food receivest  
Which makes life to live indeed :  
He with stripes again is goaded,  
And with deep reproaches loaded  
Who to save us came to bleed.

Oh, how vile was the commission,  
How abhorred the repetition  
Of the Cross, that deed of shame :  
His Disciples basely flying ;  
Priest and people loudly crying,  
For the death of GOD exclaim.

What the Love of GOD hath lent us,  
And for our Salvation sent us

Into judgment here is turned ;  
 Here the Holy is profanèd  
 Here the WORD of Truth disdainèd,  
 With contempt the Good is spurned.

He, the LAMB, Heaven's Adoration,  
 In the Altar's pure Oblation  
     Can but low esteem secure ;  
 Light to Heaven here darkly hidden,  
 Praised above here rudely bidden  
     Contradiction to endure.

Who in Heaven with jubilation,  
 Here in bitter indignation  
     Stand, the Messengers of light :  
 Howl, ye foes of GOD ! and tremble,  
 Nor your dread of Him dissemble,  
     Sinners ! when He comes in Might.

Sheep and goats of diverse spirits  
 Find Him tempered to their merits,  
     Due Rewards to each He deals ;  
 CHRIST, Himself the Victim giving,  
 Is the Judge of all men living,  
     And e'en now their sentence seals.

Doth this speech your dread awaken  
 Thundered forth by faith unshaken ?  
     Hear a Speech more stern and dread—  
 With Me ye shall enter never,  
 Nor My Banquet taste for ever—  
     Thus th' unchanging King hath said.

Still He looks 'mid Guests reclining,  
 'Mid so many vesture shining,  
 If a Guest unrobed be found :  
 Oh, what weight of chains shall bind him,  
 What a mist of darkness blind him,  
 Given up to torments bound.

Many shall in Hell awaken  
 By the sleep of death o'ertaken,  
 Guilty of the FLESH of CHRIST.  
 Whither are ye blindly going ?  
 Now the Vine is Life bestowing,  
 Why are ye to death enticed ?

LORD, to whom shall we retiring  
 Go from Thee, his face desiring,  
 There with better hopes enquiring—  
 Thou the Truth, the Life, the Way ?  
 Lo ! we stand in terror suing,  
 And our stubborn Souls subduing,  
 Praise and sorrow both renewing,  
 Prostrate hearts before Thee lay.

Thy Rebuke on us is turnèd  
 When Thou with contempt art spurnèd,  
 And with wrath our hearts are burnèd  
 When Thy foes are thus profane.  
 Gentle LAMB, Propitiation  
 For the sinful world's Salvation,  
 Mourn we Thine Humiliation ;  
 Thou their wickedness restrain.

Stop the mouth that Thee blasphemeth,  
 Heal the mind that falsely deemeth,  
 Stay the hand that vile esteemeth,  
 Turn from love that only seemeth,  
 Make Thy Fear on all to seize.  
 While we view this profanation  
 What can check our lamentation ?  
 Lo ! ourselves are Thy Oblation ;  
 Sighs and tears, our aspiration,  
 Grant us which Thyself may please.

### The Broken and Unbroken Body.

**B**ROKEN in the mortal strife,  
 Broken at the Fount of life,  
 Earthen Pitcher, Golden Bowl,  
 Wash me, cleanse me, make me whole.

All too faint, too feebly flow,  
 Hands and Feet and bleeding Brow ;  
 Broken Heart, give all Thy Flood,  
 Welling Water, welling Blood,  
 Drained of Water, full of Light,  
 Broken in the battle's night :  
 Earthen Vessel, to the brim  
 Full of Treasure, full of Him !

Bread of Life, to parted Guest,  
 Parted only when He Blessed ;  
 Parted, in partition One,  
 Broken FLESH, Unbroken Bone.

## The Completion of the Sacrifice. 307

Parted as His Robe was shred,  
Like the Coat unbroken Bread ;  
Rent without that each may win,  
Undivided, One within.

Parted only while we eat,  
Parted not when now we meet  
One in Him, when all adore,  
Men and Angels evermore.

## The Completion of the Sacrifice.



T is finished—JESUS said,  
Bowing on the Cross His Head.  
It is finished—He says now  
When the Voice comes soft and low :  
Lo ! the Victim's FLESH and BLOOD—  
Eat and drink with gratitude.

But if any would have part  
They must sorrow with That Heart ;  
Then, if JESUS thus be given,  
They must render back to Heaven  
Holy thanks of heart and will,  
Else it is unfinished still.

Were it from my heart alone  
Praise ascended to Thy Throne,  
Were there not within its shrine  
More than earthly Bread and Wine,  
Then, O then, it could not bless  
Save by owning thanklessness.

But there entered this sweet hour  
To my heart heart-changing Power ;  
Now that inner Aid I claim,  
**A**ll within me, praise God's Name ;  
Thou didst teach Thine Own to pray,  
Teach me now to praise and say—

Wake, my glory ; wake, sweet string ;  
I myself will wake and sing ;  
Lo ! my heart forgets its care,  
For my Love hath entered there,  
And its only thought is this—  
He is mine, and I am His.

What the Fathers longed to see,  
And the Prophets' company,  
What the holy Kings long dead  
Their true Crown had reckoned,  
The most holy Bread of Heaven,  
This to me is freely given.

What the people on the shore  
Prayed might feed them evermore,  
What the woman by the well  
Asked, that she might thirstless dwell,  
This is rendered to our need,  
Meat indeed and Drink indeed.

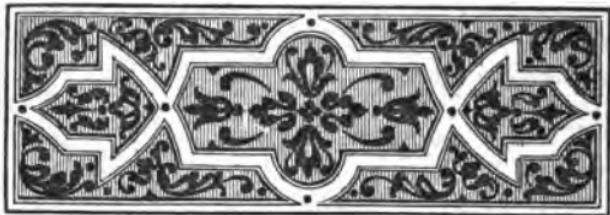
Who shall measure out Its price ?  
Who for It make sacrifice ?  
Gold or rubies gauge It never,  
All from all for It may sever,

**The Completion of the Sacrifice.** 309

And though nought to yield remain  
Infinite would be their gain.

Therefore with all Hosts on high,  
Alleluia ! rapt I cry ;  
Praise to Him Who from the Highest  
Hath to lowly Souls come nighest ;  
Sing of Him till time is o'er,  
Alleluia ! evermore.





## PART VI.

### Miscellaneous Hymns.

#### *EUCHARISTIC HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

##### *Sursum Corda.*



SINFUL Man, O LORD, am I.  
I bid thee not depart.  
If Thou forsake me, LORD, I die.  
Lift up thine heart ! Lift up  
thine heart !

Thou art so near, yet I so blind ;  
I so forgetful, Thou so kind :  
O GOD, how can'st Thou think of me ?  
I pity thee : I pity thee.

Dark bygone years around me frown,  
In drear despair my Soul sinks down ;  
How dare I meet Thy pleading Eye ?  
Thou shalt not die : thou shalt not die.

JESU, I am so full of shame,  
That Thou hast not one word of blame ;  
Can I not for Thee suffer loss ?

Take up thy Cross : take up thy Cross.

O be not angry ! may I speak ?  
Thou art so Mighty, I so weak ;  
My God, what may I give to Thee ?

Thine heart to Me : thine heart to Me.

Yet once again ; for Thou art kind :  
Strange doubts sweep stormy o'er my mind ;  
No Glory round Thy Food Divine ?  
Who seeks a sign ? Who seeks a sign ?

O be not angry ! if I do  
As Thou dost bid, O God most True,  
What time wilt let me spend with Thee ?  
Eternity : Eternity.

LORD, I choose Thee, now, for ever ;  
Me from Thee no Death shall sever ;  
How canst Thou love a slave like me ?  
Come sup with Me : come sup with Me.

Sad Heart, opprest by sin and care,  
Soar thou from earth to purer air :  
Know'st not in yonder Bread and Wine  
Thy God and mine, thy God and mine ?

## Eucharistic Intercession.



CHRISTIAN, when thine anxious spirit  
Is by lonely hours opprest,  
Yearning o'er the loved and absent  
In solicitous unrest,  
Think of him that lay at supper  
Folded to his SAVIOUR's Breast.

Let not thought alone suffice thee ;  
Steep thy Soul in fuller light,  
Where the splendours of GOD's Mercy  
Beam like Altar-candles bright,  
Where our LORD renews the Wonders  
Of His Eucharistic night.

Where the Church's pure Oblations  
On the Linen white are laid,  
Worship thou the WORD Incarnate,  
Hid from sense, to faith displayed,  
Him, the Holiest of all Holies,  
Him, thy very present Aid.

Brother Mine—His Voice is calling—  
Lo ! I come for love of thee,  
I That plead before the FATHER  
All I suffered on the Tree ;  
Give thy secret to My keeping,  
Ask whate'er thou wilt from Me.

He shall make thy full heart answer,  
Not for thy poor single need—  
**LAMB** of GOD, and Life eternal,  
While on Thee I come to feed,  
For the dear ones that Thou gavest  
Let this Offering intercede.

So, a Prince with GOD prevailing,  
Thou shalt hold up CHRIST His SON,  
Bid Him look on His Anointed  
Through the work on Calvary done ;  
Till for all whose weal thou seekest  
Fulness of His Grace be won.

Rise ! the Priest has left the Altar ;  
Thou hast wrought a work to-day,  
Thanks to Him Whose Love transcendeth  
All that thou canst think or pray,  
Whom to trust is life's true sunshine,  
Whom to love is bliss for aye.

**Salve, Sanguis Salvatoris.**

**H**AIL ! BLOOD of CHRIST, the SAVIOUR,  
Unto Whom, both night and day,  
Still present to the vision  
Of my inmost heart, I pray.  
Hail ! Sacred BLOOD, which truly  
Camed'st forth from out the Side  
Of JESUS the Anointed,  
In abundant Stream supplied.

Hail ! Who by Thee hath washed us,  
The Victim Who hath stood  
Upon the Cross in agony  
Forth shedding Streams of BLOOD ;  
Hail ! Who to cruel scourging  
His Mangled BODY gave,  
God for man outpouring  
From His Side the healing Wave.

Hail ! Thou that to the whole earth  
Art Safety, Health and Aid,  
That art for man's Redemption  
The Price his SAVIOUR paid.  
Hail ! Thou, that preordainèd  
Life's sustenance to be,  
Our Enemy's destruction,  
Hast from Satan set us free.

Hail ! Precious BLOOD, our Remedy  
To heal the wounds of sin,  
By the Chalice made partakers  
Of the saving Health therein.  
Hail ! for sin-tormented  
To many a weary Soul,  
Thou art the Consolation  
That relieves and makes it whole.

Hail ! Fount of Mercy, springing  
Forth from GOD for evermore ;  
Although a guilty sinner  
Grace and Pardon I implore,

That pure I may continue  
By Thee made clean again,  
And renewed, O Gracious SAVIOUR,  
Dwell alone in Thee. Amen.

### The Cup of Love.



MY SAVIOUR, from Thy bleeding  
Fount of woes  
Thy Cup of Love o'erflows :  
Not to me only these Thy Dews  
Which Life and Health diffuse,  
But unto mine in distance found  
May the blest Tide abound  
Which creeps to roots of desert flowers half-dead ;  
Woke by the touch they live, and bow the thank-  
ful head.

### Very excellent things are spoken of Thee.



ANY the voices, yet but one the theme :  
Weak though the instruments, the lips  
are fain  
That mingle here of loving verse the  
stream  
For thee, most Holy Feast ; and raise a strain  
Of laud and threne, hymn, prayer, and triumph  
blent,  
To Thee, Food, Sacrifice, Type, Sacrament.

As the fair Dove, that walking in the sun  
To each beholder shows with several sheen ;  
All silvery white her feathers are to one,  
Which to another azure glance or green ;  
To a fourth purple ; but to all are bright,  
Cheering the eyes with many-coloured light ;

So does the Sacred Feast itself approve  
In aspects multitudinous ; yet all  
Are emanations from the Fount of Love ;  
And to one goal by many ways recall  
The pilgrims' hearts that in the desert stray,  
Hungering and thirsting on their weary way.

Some with Faith's eagle eye pierce through the veil,  
And see the Mystery in vision clear :  
Some with obscurer sight the Blessing hail,  
And count the Promise, though more dim, as  
dear :  
Some trembling stretch a hand bedewed with tears,  
Some on Love's wings disdain all doubting fears.

One brings his lacrymal for conscious sin ;  
Another lights the incense of glad praise ;  
This trims his lamp, and comes more oil to win ;  
That fans the embers their first flame to raise :  
Martha seeks help to work with pious care,  
And Mary breaks her box of spikenard rare.

But all speak well of Thee, thou Holy Feast !  
All do Thee honour in their varied kind :

As in an Organ, greatest pipes and least  
Mingle in one full sea of song combined,  
So Saint and Penitent, so young and old,  
In Thee supplies for all they need behold.

All do Thee honour who Thy Feast attend :  
One sees an Altar ; one a Banquet spread :  
And Thou art All to all ; since CHRIST doth bend  
From Heaven, to be to all their Manna-bread.  
Then join we in this highest Act of Prayer :  
All that CHRIST meant let each discover there !

The Autograph.



EHOLD this Book ! Its Giver did  
engage  
That I should read it throughly, page  
by page,  
For He therein had writ  
A strangely marvellous history,  
Part clearness and part mystery,  
As to Him seemed fit.

I took the Gift : but scarce mine eyes were set  
Upon the tale, than they with tears were wet ;

Said I—This grief is mine.

I turned the leaf ; straightway a gleam of joy  
Dispersed the shadow of the past annoy ;  
Methought—My sun doth shine.

I read, and read ; nor yet the spell did break :  
At last, perplexed, to my Friend I spake—  
    This Book tells all of me ;  
But Thou its Author art, and I would claim  
That Thou should'st add thereto Thy written  
    Name  
    That it may tell of Thee.

To which He sadly—'Tis My frequent task  
To tell Mine Own they know not what they ask.  
    Then with a crimson stain  
He signed a Cross above, a Name below,  
The sight whereof so filled my heart with woe  
    I dared not look again.

I prayed Him close the Book. Nay—saith my  
    Friend—  
This pain is thy beginning, not thine end ;  
    Thou wilt be wiser soon :  
My Cross in all its beauty thou shalt see,  
Beyond all else this Sign shall be to thee  
    My greatest, highest Boon.

Yea, even so. My darkness may be light,  
Or all my sunshine fade in saddest night ;  
    For I am reading still,  
Yet oft returning to that title page,  
One view whereof doth all my grief assuage,  
    And all my joy fulfil.

That Book, it is my life ; that Cross, the sign  
That I am my Dear LORD's, and He is mine.

### Invocation of the Holy Ghost.



LADDENING Light, all glorious Fire  
Of the Everlasting SIRE,  
JESU CHRIST, Thou Blessed SON  
Of the Heavenly Holy ONE :

At all seasons, through all time  
Worthy art Thou to be sung  
With the sweet according chime  
Of full many an hallowed tongue :  
SON of GOD, Who Life dost give  
Whereby all the world doth live,  
Thee the world doth praise and bless  
Glorious in Thy Holiness ;  
Send we pray the SPIRIT down  
With His Grace our Gifts to crown  
Evermore our Light to be,  
Light to lead us unto Thee.

### Delectate in Domine.



ES, LORD, I will delight in Thee in  
every mood of mind,  
My Soul shall linger near Thee, for  
Thy Presence only sigh,  
Whether Thou lead to Calvary all human hope  
resigned,  
Or bid it tremble in the joy Saints feel when Thou  
art nigh.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee, in Thine shall  
make its life,  
Shall fix on Thee its hopes and fears, no other  
love shall own,  
Walk step by step beside Thee, though it follow  
to the strife  
Where Peter's courage failed him, and he dared  
his LORD disown.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee, shall seek Thy  
Manger low,  
Where Thou, earth's choicest Flower, on earth's  
rudest couch wast laid,  
Shall listen to the Angels' song, watch Joseph's  
bended brow,  
And muse upon the Strength Divine that Mary's  
Heart upstayed.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee, shall watch  
Thy Childhood's home,  
And when at last Thou leave it to do battle with  
the grave,  
Shall love to linger near Thee, though in the  
deepening gloom.  
It cannot see—albeit it knows—Thine Hand out-  
stretched to save.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee, when on the  
Cross reclined  
The Chalice that Thy Lip hath blest is onward  
past to mine,

Shall more and more delight in Thee when pain  
and sorrow bind,  
As Joy's weak bonds had never done, my inmost  
life to Thine.

My Soul shall still delight in Thee when the last  
hour draws near—  
Then, LORD, and more than ever then shall listen  
for Thy Voice,  
In patient hope shall wait on Thee, and casting  
out all fear,  
E'en in the blinding grasp of Death shall clasp  
Thee and rejoice.

## Ave, Jesu Christe.

**H**AIL ! JESU CHRIST, the FATHER's  
WORD, the stainless Virgin's SON,  
Thou LAMB of GOD, Thou SAVIOUR  
Dear, Oblation pure and One,  
True FLESH, and Fount whence Blessings come.

Hail ! JESU CHRIST, the Angels' praise, the Glory  
of the Blest,  
Vision of Peace, as GODHEAD True and Perfect  
MAN confess,  
Flower and Fruit of Virgin Womb.

Hail ! JESU CHRIST, the FATHER's Light, Thou  
Prince of happy Peace,

Gate of the Heavens, Living Bread, That givest  
faith's increase,  
**CHILD** of a Maiden, Shrine of **DEITY**.

Hail ! JESU CHRIST, the Heaven's Day, the Ran-  
som of mankind,  
Joy of the heart, the Angels' Bread, and Gladness  
to the mind,  
Thou King and Bridegroom of virginity.

Hail ! JESU CHRIST, straight Way, full Truth,  
our Prize and highest Love,  
Thou Source of rapture, Sweetness, Peace, and  
endless Rest above.  
Eternal Life, Thy Name be aye adored,  
O JESU CHRIST, Who art both GOD and LORD.

### Spiritual Communion.



ORD, I cannot seek Thee  
At Thy Altar-Throne,  
Yet may I receive Thee  
Friendless and alone.

Thou Who in the Garden  
All alone didst pray,  
Look upon Thy Servant,  
Visit me this day.

Where before the Altar  
Crowds adoring kneel,

There in very Essence  
Thou dost come to heal.

Far from Priest and Altar,  
CHRIST, to Thee I cry,  
Come to me in Spirit,  
Let me feel Thee nigh.

In my silent worship  
Let me share the Feast ;  
Be Thy Love the Altar,  
Be Thyself the Priest.

For that dread Reception  
Let Thy Grace be mine ;  
Give me true contrition,  
Give me faith Divine.

Though the Words of Pardon  
Now I may not hear,  
Yet Thine Absolution  
Lightens all my fear.

Knit me in Communion  
With those Spirits blest,  
Whom Thy BODY strengthens  
In the Land of Rest.

Thus would I receive Thee  
Friendless and alone ;  
But I long to hail Thee  
At Thine Altar-Throne.

## Ter Sanctus.



RIGHT the vision that delighted  
Once the sight of Judah's Seer,  
Sweet the countless tongues united  
To entrance the Prophet's ear.

Round the LORD in Glory seated,  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
Filled His Temple, and repeated  
Each to each th' alternate Hymn—

LORD, Thy Glory fills the Heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be Glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy LORD.  
Heaven is still with Glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the Angels' cry—  
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,  
LORD of Hosts, the LORD most High.

Ever thus in GOD's high praises,  
Brethren, let our tongues unite ;  
Chief the heart when duty raises  
God-ward at His mystic Rite :  
With His Seraph train before Him,  
With His holy Church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our Anthem flow.

LORD, Thy Glory fills the Heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored ;

Unto Thee be Glory given,  
 Holy, Holy, Holy L ORD.  
 Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
 We adopt Thy Angels' cry—  
 Holy, Holy, Holy, blessing  
 Thee the L ORD of Hosts most high.

## Touch Me not.



AY ! touch Me not—what mean these  
 Words that fall  
 As cold and chilly on the Magdalene's  
 ear,  
 As biting frost which comes in early spring  
 And nips the buds and flowers as they appear :  
 Cold words that well might chill the loving Soul  
 That scarcely could at first its new-born joy controul ?

Nay ! touch Me not—what mean these Words ?  
 for she

At Simon's supper erst her L ORD did greet,  
 And heedless of men's taunts and scorn did wash  
 With flood of bitter tears His blessed Feet ;  
 She washed, she wiped them with her hair, and won  
 Cleansing and pardon for the sinful act she'd done.

Nay ! touch Me not—what mean these Words ?  
 for she  
 The precious alabaster box did break ;

The sick the Good Physician did anoint  
 That she from Him rich largesses might take,  
 And type of mystic teaching e'er afford  
 When for His Burial she anointed CHRIST the  
 LORD.

Nay ! touch Me not—what mean these Words ?  
 for she

When men's hearts failed was true and faithful  
 found ;  
 And loving much, the sinner much forgiven  
 Stood near when to the Cross her LORD was  
 bound ;  
 And now for love of Him at early morn,  
 Unto the Sepulchre fresh spices she had borne.

What mean these Words ? no mortal e'er can  
 found

The depth of tenderness which they display ;  
 Not cold but full of Love, for oh ! methinks  
 JESUS to wondering Mary seems to say—  
 As Guerdon of the love which thou dost feel,  
 To thee the first of all I will new Truth reveal :

No longer now with earthly touch draw nigh ;  
 No longer now cling thou round My Feet,  
 As if thou wouldst Me as Rabboni know,  
 And only as the SON of Mary greet ;  
 A holier touch hereafter shall be thine  
 When thou shalt know thy LORD by Sacramental  
 Sign.

When to My FATHER I ascend on High  
And sit in Glory on My Heavenly Throne,  
Then thou shalt deeper Mysteries discern,  
And Me, as Equal to the FATHER, own :  
And thou shalt touch by living hand of faith  
Me, GOD and MAN, Who purchased Life by  
suffering Death.

Ω Du, Den meine Seele liebt.



THOU, my loving thought's Employ,  
My heart's abiding place,  
Who giv'st me Life and Peace and Joy,  
And crownest me with Grace :

There is none other, LORD, as Thou,  
For Thou art all to me ;  
No rest can this poor heart allow,  
Until it rest in Thee :

Till Thou, Blest LORD, Thyself bestow  
In fulness, as Thou art ;  
Till of that Love Thy loved ones know  
Thou have assured my heart.

Therefore dost Thou our Souls invite  
To where Thy Board is spread,  
And giv'st, as on that solemn Night,  
Thyself in Wine and Bread.

There sought I Thee with spirit weak,  
 Rejoicing now and sound ;  
 For where Thy good Word bade me seek,  
 There surely Thee I found :

Yes, Thee, my loving thought's Employ,  
 My heart's abiding place,  
 Who giv'st me Life and Peace and Joy,  
 And crownest me with Grace.

### Rejoice, ye Gentiles.



OW let the Bride awake,  
 The SPIRIT's echo be,  
 And welcome all who thirst to take  
 The Living Waters free.

Ruler and Scribe and Priest,  
 Jerusalem at large,  
 Were first invited to the Feast  
 Provided without charge.

But, since they scorned to come,  
 He Who the Table spread  
 Hath bid His Servants fill the room  
 With Gentile poor instead.

Come ! naked, blind and halt ;  
 Come ! hungry and athirst :  
 The Lowly GOD will here exalt ;  
 Here may the last be first.

He comes ! the Royal Heir,  
To seek and save the lost :  
His is a Banquet all may share,  
Though priceless, free of cost.

The Faithful Soul's approach.



COME, O FATHER Kind ;  
I trust Thy patient Love,  
Nor doubt shall longer vex my mind,  
Nor fear my heart shall move :  
Enough to know Thy boundless Grace  
A sinner calls to seek Thy Face.

I come, Almighty King ;  
Thy Mercy's gentle call  
So sweetly draws my Soul to bring  
The tribute of its all :  
Enough to know Thou lovest best  
The large desire of lowly breast.

I come, O SAVIOUR Dear ;  
I come, by Sin oppressed  
To Thee Who will the guilty clear  
And give the weary Rest :  
Enough to know that Thou hast died  
To stay at once my fear and pride.

I come, O CHRIST, my LORD ;  
I cry for Living Bread

Found but in Thee, the Living WORD,  
 Which all Thy Saints has fed :  
 Enough to know who eateth Thee  
 In everlasting Life shall be.

An Introit for the Epiphany.



HEN CHRIST, the LORD, to earth  
 came down  
 He set a glittering Star on high,  
 A jewel from His Kingly Crown  
 Dropped on His passage through the sky :  
 And o'er the BABE's poor Home it shone,  
 A Sentry there in gleaming dress  
 That Heaven its glorious King might own,  
 While earth received His Lowliness :  
 And Faith brought Sages from afar,  
 And Faith their Kingly Offerings poured,  
 And Faith revealed where stood the Star,  
 The Presence of the CHRIST, the LORD.

When CHRIST, the LORD, would victory win  
 The bitter Cross its arms outflung,  
 And there to conquer Death and Sin  
 Outstretched in pain and shame He hung :  
 And there men scorned the BLOOD He shed,  
 And there men mocked His Pain and Shame,  
 And yet a Crown was on His Head,  
 And on the Cross the Kingly Name :

And some their Love with reverence brought,  
    And some in Love His Shame adored,  
And Love, Love's deepest mystery taught  
    The Presence of the CHRIST, the LORD.

When CHRIST, the LORD, would mount His  
    Throne,  
And in His FATHER's Glory reign,  
He left a Blessing for His Own,  
    A Presence that should still remain :  
He brake the Bread, He blessed the Wine,  
    He said—My BLOOD, My BODY see—  
Earth's lowliest Food He took for sign  
    Of Heaven's most Holy Mystery.  
O Star, O Cross, O Mystery blest,  
    O Grace in lowliest vessels stored,  
O Faith, O Love, bring us our rest,  
    The Presence of the CHRIST, the LORD.

**Jam Legis umbra clauditur.**



EN now the legal shadows fade,  
    And now a newborn Light displayed,  
While every natural star declines,  
    Upon a world in twilight shines.  
Then, CHRIST our King, with loving care  
Thou didst Thy Supper-feast prepare,  
    And make the mystic Pasch to be  
Our Feast of Immortality.

O Thou Whom Judas did reject,  
 Receive the prayers of Thine Elect ;  
 Oh, lighten us this very night,  
 Wash us, and guide our hearts aright.  
 Oh, let Thy eversweet Desire  
 Set all our inmost hearts on fire ;  
 Let faith prepare and labour fit  
 Thy chosen Ones with Thee to sit,  
 That so we may when called by Grace,  
 When each is summoned to his place,  
 Drink from Thy Cup the Blood Divine  
 Till nature yield and sense decline.

### The Early Christians' Eucharist.



THROUGH the long hidden years Thou  
     haſt ſought me,  
     A Child of expeſtance and tears ;  
 Through the twilight of stars Thou  
     haſt brought me,  
     Through doubting and manifold fears.

True, the bright Paschal moon ſhone out clearly,  
     And Songs of the Feaſt filled the air,  
 But the Temple the ancients loved dearly,  
     Ah, ſomething was ſtill wanting there.

All its types and dim shadows but lead me  
     Where now, at Thy pure Altar-throne,  
 With Thyſelf, Bread of Life, Thou doſt feed me,  
     And makeſt me One with Thy Own.

O the beautiful stars are all paling,  
 The bright Paschal moon sails away,  
 All the types and dim shadows are failing  
 At break of this wonderful Day.

## Anima mia, che fai ?



Y Soul, what dost thou ? Answer me—  
 Love God who loves thee well—  
 Love only does He ask of thee,  
 Canst thou His Love repel ?

See, how on earth for love of thee,  
 In lowly Form of Bread,  
 The Sovereign Good and Majesty  
 His Dwelling-place has made.

He bids thee now His Friendship prove,  
 And at His Table eat ;  
 To share the Bread of Life and Love,  
 His own True FLESH thy Meat.

What other Gifts so great, so high,  
 Could God Himself impart ?  
 Could Love Divine do more to buy  
 The love of thy poor heart ?

Though once in agonies of pain  
 Upon the Cross He died,  
 A Love so great not even then  
 Was wholly satisfied :

Not till the hour when He had found  
 The sweet mysterious way  
 To join His Heart in closest bond  
 To thy poor heart of clay.

How, then, amid such ardent flame,  
 My Soul, dost thou not burn ?  
 Canst thou refuse, for very shame,  
 A loving heart's return ?

Then yield thy heart, at length, to love  
 That God of Charity,  
 Who gives His very Self to prove  
 The Love He bears to thee.

### The Friend of the Friendless.



THE Sheep renounced its happy fold  
 Defenceless pines with want and cold,  
 And longs to scape from rude alarms  
 Back to the tender Shepherd's arms :  
 Where shall the wandering Spirit flee ?  
 Friend of the friendless ! LORD, to Thee.

The Dove transfix'd her snowy breast  
 With fluttering pinion seeks her nest ;  
 The wounded Hart with bleeding feet  
 Turns to his dear embowered retreat :  
 Where shall the bruised Spirit flee ?  
 Friend of the friendless ! LORD, to Thee.

## **Sei Lob und Ehr dem nächsten Gut.** 335

The wayward Youth with pride elate  
Runs from his loving Parent's gate,  
But struck by misery's ruthless blast  
Returns to die at home at last :  
Where shall the houseless Spirit flee ?  
Friend of the friendless ! LORD, to Thee.

We too have loved from Thee to part,  
And FATHER, grieved Thy yearning Heart ;  
But we are sick, and well we know  
No heart like Thine for us will glow :  
Where shall our dying Spirits flee ?  
Friend of the friendless ! LORD, to Thee.

## **Sei Lob und Ehr dem nächsten Gut.**



ING praise to GOD Who reigns above,  
The GOD of all Creation,  
The GOD of Power, the GOD of Love,  
The GOD of our Salvation ;  
With healing Balm my Soul He fills,  
And every faithless murmur stills ;  
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

The Angel-host, O King of kings,  
Thy Praise for ever telling,  
In earth and sky all living things  
Beneath Thy Shadow dwelling,  
Adore the Wisdom which could span,  
And Power which formed Creation's plan ;  
To GOD all Praise and Glory !

What GOD'S Almighty Power hath made  
 His gracious Mercy keepeth ;  
 By morning glow or evening shade  
 His watchful Eye ne'er sleepeth :  
 Within the Kingdom of His Might,  
 Lo ! all is just, and all is right :  
 To GOD all Praise and Glory !

I cried to GOD in my distress—  
 In Mercy hear my calling ;  
 My SAVIOUR saw my helplessness,  
 And kept my feet from falling ;  
 For this, LORD, thanks and praise to Thee !  
 Praise GOD, I say, praise GOD with me ;  
 To GOD all Praise and Glory !

The LORD is never far away,  
 But, through all grief distressing,  
 An ever-present Help and Stay,  
 Our Peace, and Joy, and Blessing.  
 As with a Mother's tender hand  
 He leads His Own, His chosen Band ;  
 To GOD all Praise and Glory !

When every earthly hope has flown  
 From sorrow's sons and daughters,  
 Our FATHER from His Heavenly Throne  
 Beholds the troubled waters ;  
 And at His Word the storm is stayed,  
 Which made His Children's hearts afraid ;  
 To GOD all Praise and Glory !

Thus all my gladsome way along,  
I sing aloud Thy Praises,  
That men may hear the grateful song  
My voice unwearied raises :  
Be joyful in the LORD, my heart !  
Both Soul and body bear your part ;  
To God all Praise and Glory !

O ye who bear CHRIST's holy Name,  
Give God all Praise and Glory !  
All ye who own His Power, proclaim  
Aloud the wondrous story :  
Cast each false idol from His Throne,  
The LORD is God, and He alone ;  
To God all Praise and Glory !

## The Consecration.



HE Consecrating Words are said,  
And broken is that hallowed Bread ;  
Now kneeling at thy SAVIOUR's Feet,  
Arise, my Soul, arise and eat.

And now flows forth a sacred Flood,  
The Dying SAVIOUR's Cleansing BLOOD ;  
Draw near with faith—oh, wherefore shrink ?  
Arise, my Soul, arise and drink.  
'Tis a Remembrance sweet and fair—  
'Tis more, for CHRIST Himself is there ;  
My BODY and My BLOOD—He said,  
And blest the Cup, and brake the Bread.

How this can be man cannot tell,  
 It is a daily Miracle ;  
 We ask not, doubt not, nor explain ;  
 He said it Who said nought in vain.  
 That sacred Bread, that sacred Wine,  
 Are nothing less than Life Divine :  
 Yet since by faith we this believe,  
 Who but the faithful may receive ?  
 Then let my famished Soul be fed  
 By Thee, Thou everliving Bread !  
 And with this blest, All-quickenning Wine,  
 Refresh me, true and precious Vine !

### Our Daily Bread, the Bread of Life.



KING of earth and air and sea,  
 The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;  
 To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep  
 The bosom of the boundless deep ;  
 To Thee the lions roaring call,  
 The common FATHER, kind to all :  
 Then grant Thy Servants, LORD, we pray,  
 Our Daily Bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain ;  
 The ravens spread their wings in vain ;  
 The roaring lions lack and pine ;  
 But, GOD ! Thou carest still for Thine :  
 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless  
 The bleak and lonely wilderness ;

And Thou hast taught us, LORD, to pray  
For Daily Bread from day to day.

And oh, when through the wilds we roam  
That part us from our Heavenly home,  
When lost in danger, want, and woe  
Our faithless tears begin to flow,  
Do Thou Thy gracious Comfort give,  
By which alone the Soul may live ;  
And grant Thy Servants, LORD, we pray,  
The Bread of Life from day to day.

### The Mystic Ark.



S in Mystic Ark was stored  
Threefold witness of the LORD,  
Rod—that Aaron's Priesthood sealed,  
Law—on Sinai's Mount revealed,  
Manna—Israel that sustained  
Till the Land of rest they gained :  
So, LORD, in our spirits frail  
May this order aye prevail.  
Be Thy Law within our heart,  
Graven deep in every part :  
There implant Thy Cross Divine,  
Not in dry and lifeless sign,  
Striking far and firm its root,  
Bright with blossom, rich in fruit :  
Be Thy Sacramental Food,  
Source of full Beatitude,

All our life, as now we press  
 Onward through the wilderness ;  
 In Its Power, with Thee we tread,  
 Where Thy bleeding Feet have led,  
 We the mournful Way retrace,  
 Thorn and shame with Thee embrace ;  
 In that Food's sustaining strength  
 On the Mount of God at length,  
 We the unveiled Majesty  
 Of our King unscathed shall see.  
 Gold within and gold without  
 Overlaid that Ark about,  
 Figuring unto us that we  
 Must be clothed in charity :  
 Love to Thee within shall glow,  
 Love to man must overflow  
 In a tender, watchful care  
 Loads to lighten, griefs to share.  
 Thus, O LORD, Life's Source and Fount,  
 By the Pattern in the Mount,  
 Grant us all our lives to frame  
 To the Glory of Thy Name.

### The Sacrifice of Praise.



OR the beauty of the earth,  
     For the beauty of the skies,  
     For the Love which from our birth  
         Over and around us lies :  
 CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise  
     This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the beauty of each hour  
    Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
    Sun and moon and stars of light :  
**CHRIST**, our **GOD**, to Thee we raise  
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,  
    For the heart and brain's delight,  
For the mystic harmony  
    Sinking sense to sound and sight :  
**CHRIST**, our **GOD**, to Thee we raise  
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For the joy of human love,  
    Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above ;  
    For all gentle thoughts and mild :  
**CHRIST**, our **GOD**, to Thee we raise  
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For each perfect Gift of Thine  
    To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and Divine,  
    Flowers of earth, and buds of Heaven :  
**CHRIST** our **GOD**, to Thee we raise  
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Bride that evermore  
    Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
    This Pure Sacrifice of Love :

CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise  
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Martyrs' crown of light,  
For Thy Prophets' eagle eye,  
For Thy bold Confessors' might,  
For the lips of Infancy :

CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise  
This our Sacrifice of Praise.

For Thy Virgins' robes of snow,  
For Thy Maiden Mother mild,  
For Thyself, with hearts aglow,  
JESU, Victim undefiled,  
Offer we at Thine own Shrine  
Thyself, sweet Sacrament Divine.

### Christ and His Cross.



MIGHTY River flowing  
Through dry and herbless sand,  
A Rock its shadow throwing  
Across a weary land—  
Such, Blessed SAVIOUR now,  
While in noon-day heat we toil  
Through life's parched and barren soil,  
Such to Thy Church art Thou.

A Covert from the beating  
Of stormy wind and rain,  
The way-worn pilgrim greeting  
On some bleak wintry plain,

Such is Thy Cross's shade ;  
There while round God's Judgments sweep,  
Calm, as in health's sweetest sleep,  
Thy faithful Ones are laid.

## The Last Supper.



HIS is My BODY, Which is given for you;  
Do this—He said and brake—remembering Me.

O LAMB of GOD, our Paschal Offering true,  
To us the Bread of Life each moment be.

This is My BLOOD, for sin's remission shed—  
He spake, and passed the Wine-stained Chalice round :  
So let us drink, and on Life's fulness fed  
With Heavenly Joy each quickening pulse shall bound.

The hour is come ! with us in peace sit down ;  
Thine own Beloved, O love us to the end :  
Serve us one Banquet ere the night's dark frown  
Veil from our sight the Presence of our Friend.

Girded with Love still wash Thy Servants' feet,  
While they submissive wonder and adore ;  
Bathed in Thy BLOOD our Spirits every whit  
Are clean—yet cleanse our goings more and more.

Some will betray Thee—Master, is it I?  
 Leaning upon Thy Love, we ask in fear;  
 Ourselves mistrusting, earnestly we cry  
 To Thee, the Strong, for strength when sin is near.

But round us fall the evening shadows dim :  
 A saddened awe pervades our darkening sense;  
 In solemn choir we sing the parting Hymn,  
 And hear Thy Voice—Arise, let us go hence.

### Tellus et Aethera sublent.



ET earth and skies rejoicing sing  
 The Supper of the mighty King,  
 When the first Adam's dying Soul  
 Was by the Bread of Life made whole.

That Eve when He Who all things made  
 A mighty Mystery displayed,  
 His own Dear FLESH and Precious BLOOD,  
 Transformed to Soul-supporting Food.

From the high Feast behold Him rise,  
 A wondrous sight to mortal eyes—  
 The Grace of lowliness reveal,  
 And at the feet of Peter kneel.

His Servant pale with wonder turns,  
 When he the LORD of Hosts discerns  
 Down from the festal board descend,  
 To him with cloth and water bend.

O Simon, take the laver blest,  
See mystic Emblems here expressed ;  
The Highest doth the lowest bear,  
Let ashes then for ashes care.

The Cleanser to the Feast restored  
Pours forth the honey of His Word,  
Yet notes the base and traitorous guest,  
The guilt he harbours in his breast.

Fierce Wolf, dost thou, O Judas vile,  
This Gentle LAMB with kiss beguile ?  
Those royal Limbs to scourges give  
By which the worlds are cleansed and live ?

But now the heart and flesh indeed  
From long captivity are freed ;  
He consecrates the Chrism of Life  
With hope for wretched mortals rife.

The Cross.



EVER further than Thy Cross ;  
Never higher than Thy Feet :  
Here earth's precious things seem dross ;  
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus our sin we see,  
Learn Thy Love while gazing thus ;  
Sin which laid the Cross on Thee,  
Love which bore the Cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give  
 And rejoicing self deny ;  
 Here we gather love to live,  
 Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty  
 And our service here unite ;  
 Captives by Thy Cross set free,  
 Soldiers of Thy Cross we fight.

Pressing onwards as we can,  
 Still to this our hearts must tend ;  
 When our earliest hopes began,  
 Then our last aspirations end.

Till amid the Hosts of Light  
 We in Thee redeemed complete,  
 Through Thy Cross made pure and white  
 Cast our Crowns before Thy Feet.

### Song of the Seraphs.



ROWN Him with many Crowns,  
 The LAMB upon His Throne :  
 Hark how the Heavenly Anthem  
 drowns

All music but its own.

Awake my Soul, and sing  
 Of Him who died for thee ;  
 And hail Him as thy matchless King  
 Through all Eternity.

Crown Him the Virgin's SON,  
The GOD Incarnate born,  
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won  
Which now His Brow adorn.  
Fruit of the mystic Rose,  
As of that Rose the Stem :  
The Root whence Mercy ever flows,  
The BABE of Bethlehem.

Crown Him the LORD of Love,  
Behold His Hands and Side,  
Rich Wounds, yet visible above  
In beauty glorified :  
No Angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his burning eye  
At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the LORD of Peace,  
Whose Power a Sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease  
Absorbed in prayer and praise :  
His Reign shall know no end ;  
And round His pierced Feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him the LORD of Years,  
The Potentate of Time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime :

Glassed in a Sea of light,  
 Whose everlasting waves  
 Reflect His Form, the Infinite,  
 Who lives, and loves, and saves.

Crown Him the LORD of Heaven,  
 ONE with the FATHER known,  
 And the Blest SPIRIT through Him given  
 From yonder Triune Throne.  
 All hail ! Redeemer, hail !  
 For Thou hast died for me :  
 Thy praise shall never, never fail  
 Throughout Eternity.

### *Jesu, Dulcis Memoria.*



JESU Dear, how Sweet Thou art,  
 Thy Name is honey to the heart ;  
 But sweeter still than honey sweet,  
 In loving heart our Love to greet.

O Song of songs, the sweetest still,  
 O thought of thoughts, ineffable ;  
 O Name of names, all names above,  
 Sweet Mary's SON, our LORD, our Love.

O JESU, Hope of weeping eyes,  
 How Good to all Thy Love that prize ;  
 How Sweet to all that seek Thee fast,  
 But what to them that find at last ?

Ah ! never thought can think aright ;  
 Ah ! never tongue can utter quite ;

Ah ! none but he who loves can tell  
How sweet it is to love Thee well.

Be Thou our only Sweetness here  
Who art to be our Glory dear ;  
Be Thou our JESUS, and our Love,  
Our All on earth, our All above.

*The Manna Dews.*



HEN Pilgrim Israel wandered  
through the waste  
A moving Oasis his path sur-  
rounded ;

And gurgling onwards with a loving haste  
Quick by his tents the rock-born River bounded.

But when at eve the ever-silent dews  
Came down, when hushed was each devout  
Hosannah  
Angels swept forth, in all their radiant hues,  
And strewed th' impearlèd grass with Heaven-  
made Manna.

Then fell the dew upon the widespread Feast,  
Frosting the sacred Bread of the Immortals  
All night ; until at length the far off East  
Oped for the struggling Sun her burnished portals.

The earlier dews did keep the Manna pure  
And unprofaned by contact with the creature ;

And the late dews preserved the Gift secure  
From the night-roaming energies of Nature.

We have a Feast—a more than Angel-Food,  
And more than Angel-fingers have supplied It ;  
A Drink that flows down from the holy Rood,  
A Bread from God's Own Substance undivided.

How shall we taste, unless the SPIRIT Mild  
Flow in and saturate our inner senses ?  
How shall we hold the Blessing undefiled  
Wanting the SPIRIT's Succours and Defences ?

LORD of all Love, of tenderness unpriced,  
Shed through our Souls the Grace of Preparation.  
O Spirit from the SPIRIT FLESH of CHRIST  
Keep the LORD 'in us' safe from profanation.

### De Corpore Christi.



HE Master, seated mid the band  
Of those who own His guiding Hand,  
Takes Bread, and by creative Word  
Thus gives to them Himself their LORD.

Than this of Power and Love Divine  
Was never more amazing sign ;  
For while with them He thus partakes,  
He is the Bread which yet He breaks.

To mortal men He gives the power  
Of Priestly rank the awful dower

To speak His Blessing, and to frame  
Gifts Sacramental in His Name.

None other can perform this Rite,  
Nor holy Man, nor Angel bright ;  
This does the Priest, and none but he,  
According to the LORD's Decree.

Therefore the Priests of CHRIST have need  
Each to himself to take good heed,  
Lest, with so great an honour crowned,  
They to their LORD be faithless found.

Who so the King's Commission bear  
They in the King's high Office share ;  
Exalted by His wondrous Love  
Through the Anointing from above.

Cleansed be each heart and garnished well,  
That He may deign therein to dwell,  
Who, by His own most gracious Word,  
Himself our Banquet is and LORD.

Paraphrase of the Creed.

PART III.



ND I believe in Thee, O HOLY GHOST ;  
I know Thy quickening Breath is  
ever near ;  
Frequent upon my bosom's wasteful  
coast  
Break Thy still waves of Love o'ercoming fear.

What though Thou dwellest in excess of Light,  
'Nathless the Church Thy chosen Palace is :  
Fiery and Free, Thou movest through the bright  
Orders of High-souled Men and Saints in Blis.

Hence to the blessed Hill I lift my view ;  
One Apostolic Church I firm believe—  
Church on the Prophets built and Martyrs true,  
And living Stones that great Apostles leave.

Thee, JESUS CHRIST, Tower-top and Corner-stone  
Of all that mighty whole, I chief adore ;  
The Temple rests upon Thy Heart alone,  
Thine Hand doth lock and loose its mighty Door.

And I believe, through Thee, that living Union  
Which all the Souls of men elect enjoy ;  
With Thee through Faith they have their high  
Communion ;  
Thy praise, their service and their blest employ.

Ever in secret prayer or public praise  
Closer we press our throbbing hearts to Thee ;  
And as our tearful eyes to Heaven we raise,  
Mirrored in Thine, the blessed Dead we see.

But chiefly when around Thy mystic Table  
In tender love Thy true Disciples kneel ;  
Ah, chiefly then the Life ineffable  
Through our enraptured senses seems to steal.

Like loving John upon Thy Breast reclining  
We view the forms of those we loved on earth ;

Full on their beautiful brows the Life is shining,  
The Life through death of their immortal Birth.

O mystic Presence, Filial GODHEAD, rise !  
Fountain of Light, our darkling Souls suffuse :  
Shine through the veil of Thy dread Sacrifice,  
And bathe us in Thy mornings' orient Dews.

From Thee the healing source of Pardon flows,  
Thine is the hidden Life's immortal Manna ;  
Speed SON of David, speed the awful close ;  
The Children throng Thy way and shout—  
Hosannah !

The bodies of the Saints in holy ground,  
Dressed in their fading ceremonys, calmly sleep ;  
For Holy Church has strewed her texts around,  
And mourners read their Bliss and cease to weep.

Whilome on earth they sang the holy Creed,  
And bowed adoring towards the eastern gate ;  
Now near the Throne from fear and fetters freed  
For Thy great Advent languishing they wait.

And we believe, through BLOOD, in sin forgiven ;  
And raise in hope our brows though wan and  
wasting,  
Already Faith half lifts the veil of Heaven  
And lives, by Love, the Life of Glory everlasting.

**Jesus Christus, nostra Salus.**

**E**SUS CHRIST, our true Salvation,  
Mocked by scorn and reprobation,  
Gave us, to recall His Dying,  
This Oblation sanctifying.

Purest is this Bread, and holy,  
It is Thou, CHRIST JESU Lowly,  
Sacrament, FLESH, Food that satest,  
Of all Blessings chief and greatest.

Gift This is of perfect Sweetness,  
Love of GOD in full completeness,  
Eucharistic Boon of Power,  
And of high Communion Dower.

Hail ! O Mode of GODHEAD's Presence,  
Bond that joinest to GOD's Essence,  
Who so sees Thee and believeth,  
Joy within his heart conceiveth.

Sacred Feast, Which Angels feedest,  
Light, Thy holy ones Which leadest,  
That which ancient types suggested,  
Thy new Law hath manifested.

Medicine, diseases chasing,  
Helper, sinful man upraising,  
Feed us, from all evil sever,  
Bring us to Thy Light for ever.

**Jesus, do I love Thee ?**



ESUS, do I love Thee ?  
 Thou art far above me,  
 Seated out of sight  
 Hid in Heavenly Light  
 Of most highest height.  
 Martyred hosts implore Thee,  
 Seraphs fall before Thee,  
 Angels and Archangels,  
 Cherub throngs adore Thee ;  
 Blessed She that bore Thee !  
 All the Saints approve Thee,  
 All the Virgins love Thee.  
 I show as a blot  
 Blood hath cleansed not,  
 As a barren spot  
 In Thy fruitful lot.  
 I, fig-tree fruit-unbearing ;  
 Thou, righteous Judge unsparing :  
 What canst Thou do more to me  
 That shall not more undo me ?  
 Thy Justice hath a sound—  
 Why cumbereth it the ground ?  
 Thy Love with stirrings stronger  
 Pleads—Give it one year longer.  
 Thou giv'st me time : but who  
 Save Thou shall give me dew ;

Shall feed my root with BLOOD,  
 And stir my sap for good ?  
 Oh, by Thy Gifts that shame me,  
 Give more lest they condemn me :  
 Good LORD, I ask much of Thee,  
 But most I ask to love Thee ;  
 Kind LORD, be mindful of me,  
 Love me, and make me love Thee.

### In Him was Light.



ID the wild waves' wildest shock,  
 Where two mighty seas are meeting,  
 Stands a little lowly Rock  
 Holding out the Light of greeting  
 Through the dreary dark of night  
 To the Pilot, still unsleeping,  
 As an Angel browed with Light,  
 There its midnight vigil keeping.  
  
 Ever since the Word was said,  
 By the great Creator spoken,  
 Which that Rock's foundation laid  
 By His Law that is not broken,  
 There the angriest seas have crossed  
 In a strife that ne'er has rested,  
 There the fiercest surges tossed  
 Highest billows, tawny crested.  
  
 But above through day and night  
 Ever in its place and station,

Calm and steady shines the Light  
Resting on its sure foundation ;  
And the Pilot saileth by  
Nought the seething currents fearing ;  
Raising to the Light his eye,  
Into harbour safely steering.

So, to every Christian sight  
All His holiest Truth is centred,  
Glowing with intensest Light  
From the Home where He has entered,  
In that Word which JESUS spake  
When He gave that wondrous Token,  
In the Bread He blessed and brake,  
Of His Fleshly BODY broken.

Round that Word of Heavenly Life,  
Ever since that Gift was given,  
All the waves of earthly strife  
By man's earthly passions driven ;  
There have centred fierce and loud  
Angry words with angrier clashing,  
Surging fierce in billowy cloud,  
Round that firm foundation dashing.

Brother ! lift to Him thine eye,  
Watch not keenly men contending ;  
Let the strife of words pass by,  
Only to His Voice attending ;

Mingle not that Word He spake,  
 Heavenly Truth, with earthly leaven ;  
 As He gave, so simply take,  
 He will teach the rest in Heaven.

**Love the fulfilment of the Law.**



CHRISTIAN, if in this earthly vale  
 Unnumbered fears thine heart assail,  
 Unnumbered foes oppress,  
 "Tis not of all alone on thee  
 Cometh this searching agony,  
 This cup of bitterness.

'Tis but to try and prove thee still ;  
 God useth means to work His Will,  
 Yet not for all the same :  
 In peace and calm some onward glide,  
 Some in the dark empurpled tide,  
 Or purifying flame.

The shield that is vouchsafed us here  
 Shall keep our Soul from mortal fear,  
 Yet save our life alone ;  
 All lesser sorrows must we bear,  
 An offering meekly placed by prayer  
 Before the FATHER's Throne.

But faint and weak our strongest prayer,  
 Nor may our life with Saints compare

For suffering or for faith :  
Strive we to bear our griefs. They bore  
Gladly far greater ills of yore,  
Nor shrunk to yield their breath.

Pray we for strength to wage the fight  
With all the powers of worldly might,  
And bear their darkest frown ;  
Pray we for faith in danger's hour,  
Pray Jesus guide us by His Power  
Unto an Heavenly Crown.

**Si Pan es lo que vemos, como dura ?**



F What we see is Bread, how doth It,  
made  
Our constant Food, still unconsumed  
remain ?  
If GOD be in It, why like earthly grain  
Meets It our taste, and why in Form of Bread ?  
If Bread, why bend we down and bow the head ?  
If GOD, His Presence how may space restrain ?  
If Bread, why not to mortal knowledge plain ?  
If GOD, how are His creatures therewith fed ?  
If Bread, how can one morsel satisfy ?  
If GOD, O how is GOD in portions given ?  
If Bread, can bread the Soul's lost powers repair ?  
If GOD, can sight and sense perceive Him nigh ?  
If Bread, how came It down from highest Heaven ?  
How may I see and live, if GOD be there ?

## Rest in the Storm.



HE winds of God are met  
On the great Sea  
Wave, rock and quicksand threat  
Our part to be ;

Morning with no grey light  
Breaking afar  
Comes in the wake of night  
Without a star.

O'er Adria's billows dread  
To and fro driven  
We had not tasted bread  
For days twice seven ;  
Then forth a captive man  
Paul the Saint stood,  
Saying while day began—  
Eat to your good.

Lo ! then he took and blessed  
And brake atwain  
The Bread, and we had rest  
On that wild main ;  
As if the dreadful wave  
Which o'er us beat  
Were some still inland cave  
Where Christians meet.

Nor rock nor quicksand then  
Nor blinding spray

Moved us, nor rage of men  
More fell than they ;  
All these we counted nought,  
Even as He  
Who blessed the Cup, then sought  
Gethsemane.

In her futurity,  
'Mid strife for Truth,  
The Church of God shall be  
Ev'n as in youth ;  
Whate'er the storms o'erhead,  
Midst them her Priest  
Shall bless and break the Bread,  
And Souls shall rest.

**At Evening Time it shall be Light.**



S ends a day of darkness and Even-time  
draws nigh,  
How oft a glorious sunset illuminates  
the sky,  
To our remembrance calling, whilst growing still  
more bright,  
The Promise when comes Evening—Behold ! it  
shall be Light.

'Tis thus in life, as o'er us a weary day of sorrow  
Falls sadly, when mourning we fear to see the  
morrow

Our sunset comes, before us hope shines forth  
bright and clear,  
And we remember gladly that Evening-tide is near.

Peace, human ken far passing, in hours of deepest  
grief  
This blessed Promise brings us which whispers of  
relief,  
For in our saddest moments all veiled in earthly  
pain  
Faith tells us—When comes Evening all shall be  
bright again.

Ah ! then it matters little how long these clouds  
endure,  
Behind them hidden brightness is beaming we are  
sure ;  
When they disperse the sunlight will flash abroad  
and shine  
With great and undimmed glory, ere does the day  
decline.

And though our Heavenly FATHER ordaineth in  
His Will  
That brief be here our sunshine—e'en so, we thank-  
ful still  
Look up as comes the Evening, for when life's pain  
is o'er  
We know that He will give us bright Day for  
evermore.

**Pater, Nisi Deo Parenti.**



OD the SON, Who by the FATHER  
 Sittest in co-equal state,  
 CHRIST, our great High Priest in  
 Heaven,  
 Sacrifice immaculate,  
 GOD and MAN in perfect union,  
 Both our Judge and Advocate ;

On Thine Altars Thou art offered  
 By Thyself in bloodless Rite,  
 Yet in Glory still Thou bleedest  
 When our sins Thy BODY smite,  
 Unto Thee, our Judge and Pleader,  
 Daily do we foul despite.

Can the guilty thus in boldness  
 Come unto Thy holy Shrine ?  
 Can those hearts with sin polluted  
 Bear that Presence most Divine,  
 Before Which the purest spirits  
 Tremble as they see It shine ?

Thou Who over death hast triumphed,  
 We are doomed to die again,  
 Shall Thy Death, which pleased the FATHER,  
 Win no healing for our pain,  
 Can the everlasting Pledges  
 Of Thy Love be all in vain ?

Lift the veil, and come unshrouded  
 Bursting through the cloudy haze—  
 Nay, Thou hidest in Thy Mercy  
 From our eyes Thy GODHEAD's Rays,  
 Didst Thou not subdue their brightness  
 We should perish in the blaze.

Grant that we by faith may see Thee  
 Who art veiled in darkness sure,  
 Teach us with pure lips to praise Thee  
 Purer than the sunshine pure,  
 Let us die together with Thee  
 Who didst death for us endure.

### Joseph's Brethren afraid to eat Bread with Him.



HAT ! fearful still, and fearful all  
 The Banquet-room to tread  
 Who feared not in the Judgment-hall  
 To sue for daily Bread.

How oft we start with guilt's alarms  
 When Pardon's gifts begin,  
 And point from Love's extended arms  
 A finger at our sin.

Afraid, because each in his sack  
 Finds solace for his grief ;  
 Afraid of Him Who gives you back  
 The Price of your relief ;

Afraid, because He sets the Cup  
 Beside the living Bread,  
 And comes with joy to lift it up,  
 Alive and from the dead.

O stand and commune at the door,  
 And calm those doubts to rest ;  
 His Steward bids you fear no more  
 Who bids you all be blest.

O Rest prepared for all that toiled,  
 O blessed Banquet-room,  
 When Reuben found the pit despoiled,  
 And John an empty Tomb.

O Feast, surpassing Egypt's corn  
 And Eshcol's purple flood,  
 His FLESH for all Creation born,  
 His Sin-all-cleansing BLOOD.

## Christmas Communion.



T last Thou art come ! and the dew of  
 Thy Birth  
 Is the fragrance of Heaven to Thy  
 Pilgrims on earth ;

All life at Thy Coming grows radiant and sweet,  
 And our very heart's homage we lay at Thy Feet ;  
 Though worthless our best, let us do what we can  
 To welcome Thy Birthday, True GOD and True  
 MAN.

O Light to our eyes, and O Life to our heart,  
Can words ever tell what a SAVIOUR Thou art ?  
Who to ransom our Souls and to fill us with good  
Didst stoop to the Manger, the Garden, the Rood ;  
Take our thanks unexpressed, while adoring we  
fall

In Thine own very Presence, our GOD and our  
All !

For us Thou wast born, Thou didst die, Thou  
dost live—

Our praise Thou canst perfect, our sin canst forgive ;  
That want lies the deepest ; 'tis Mercy we need,  
And the Souls Thou absolvest keep Christmas in-  
deed ;

Let the Touch of Thy MANHOOD our cleansing  
renew,

And Thy deep Heart of Love to itself make us true.

When in hearts that once hailed Thee the gladness  
dies out,

When lips that adored Thee now question and  
doubt,

When they half deem it gain from Thy Yoke to  
be free,

O Grant us to cling all the closer to Thee,  
That if others turn back, we may do what we can  
To live for Thy Service, True GOD and True  
MAN.

I shall be made whole.



ND Thou art here ! no crowd I fear,  
No garments interpose ;  
And when I touch, Incarnate LORD,  
Into my being flows

Thy Power—all Thine. O more than Wine  
To him that toils and faints,  
O more than Life, Incarnate LORD,  
To Thy afflicted Saints.

Ah, let me think or ere I drink,  
Or ere my Spirit feeds,  
Of all Thy Love, Incarnate LORD,  
Of all my mortal needs :  
The misspent time, the bliss sublime  
Forgone for fleeting joy :  
The snakelike sins, Incarnate LORD,  
That all Thy Work destroy.

I weep ; but oh, the tears that flow  
Are from a heart that aches,  
Broken like Thine, Incarnate LORD,  
Thy Sorrows it partakes.  
Then here and now, in love do Thou  
Console it while it pines,  
And let it taste, Incarnate LORD,  
The Virtue of the Signs.

I do not seek, by reasoning weak  
 Thy Presence to surprise ;  
 Enough for me, Incarnate LORD,  
 Though hid from fading eyes,  
 That here Thou art, e'en GOD's Own Heart,  
 Descended from above,  
 JESUS still Lowly, and the LORD  
 Of everlasting Love.

That I may burn, oh, let me mourn,  
 Whate'er the present loss,  
 The wrongs that wrought, Incarnate LORD,  
 Thy Sufferings on the Cross ;  
 Through such pure grief, winning relief,  
 My Soul shall gather up  
 The Divine Fragments of my LORD,  
 Thy Life-BLOOD in the Cup.

I kiss the rod : come, Might of GOD,  
 Come, JESU, SAVIOUR mine :  
 Come, FLESH and BLOOD of CHRIST my LORD,  
 Come, Mystery Divine :  
 Come, Peace, come, Rest : o'er all my breast  
 Let all Thy Fountains flow,  
 And turn at once, Incarnate LORD,  
 The sin-red into snow.

The Lights are dim : the lingering Hymn  
 That woos the sense to Thee,  
 Seems as a Touch, Incarnate LORD,  
 Of Thy Humanity :

Heaven opes, earth fades with all its shades ;  
Before th' eternal Throne  
I kneel to Thee, Incarnate LORD,  
And clasp Thee as mine own.

**Deus-Homo, Rex Coelorum.**

**C**OD-MAN, from Thy Heavenly City,  
On the pitiable take pity.

Still to sin our frail heart yearneth ;  
Still to earth our earth returneth.

Hear us on Thy Kindness calling ;  
Keep our ruined house from falling.

What is man, from Eve descended,  
But a death-shoot to be ended ;

Or a worm of feeble senses,  
Helpless, and without defences ?

Be not wroth against Thy creature,  
Barred from holiness by Nature ;

Do not Thou from mercy sever  
Souls that can be sinless never.

Not such hardness canst Thou cherish,  
Thus to cause Thine Own to perish.

Worthless man, struck mute with wonder,  
Cannot answer to Thy Thunder ;

For we are but smoke or shadow,  
Frail as grasses of the meadow.

FATHER, from Thy Heavenly City,  
On the pitiable take pity.

**Lebt, ihr Christen so allhier auf Erden.**



FEAR not, Christians, that rough path  
to tread,  
Whereon blest Footprints of your  
SAVIOUR lead,  
His Bliss to gain,  
Who went not up to Joy but through sharp pain.  
Gaze on that countleſs Host with steadfast eyes,  
His followers, your fore-runners to the skies,  
And scan their life,  
Examples each with holy lessons rife.  
  
Would ye to join those chosen ranks ascend,  
With watchful zeal your King's Commands attend,  
And bid adieu  
To each unhallowed wish and worldly view :  
Take up your Cross, beneath it bending low,  
And for your Master's Will your own forego,  
Nor count it loss,  
Knights of the Order of the Holy Cross.  
  
Keep close to CHRIST, if conflict sore betide ;  
Stand fast, remembering He is at your side

To give you strength  
In battle, and the victor's palm at length :  
And when from earth's unquiet scene ye part,  
His Rest will compensate its keenest smart ;  
Then shall ye know  
Joy ne'er experienced in this world below.

Fight well the Fight of Faith, and ye shall win,  
And firmly strive against besetting sin,

Which all the way  
In varied warfare shall your progress stay :  
Whoe'er from those dread lists shall come away,  
Unscathed, unvanquished, at his dying day

He shall receive  
The Crown of Life which CHRIST the LORD will  
give ;

That righteous Crown by CHRIST in Heaven  
laid up

For those who bear His Image, drink His Cup ;  
Whom He will lead

By springs of ever new delights to feed :  
Thus will the Judge of all the earth reward  
All those who love and long to meet their LORD,

Whom He will own,  
At that Great Day, as jewels of His Crown.

## Draw nigh unto my Soul.



RAW nigh unto my Soul,  
O Holiest, draw nigh ;  
For I have wants within which Thou  
Alone canst satisfy :

O deign to commune with me as I kneel ;  
Thy Glory in my inmost Soul reveal.

Thou speakest in Thy Works ;  
But wondrous though they be,  
They have no voice to utter forth  
JESUS has died for me :

They show Thy Goodness and Thy Power Divine,  
But O, they cannot tell me Thou art mine.

Nor is it, LORD, enough  
To see Thine Image glow,  
Reflected in Thy chosen Ones  
Militant here below :

Thyself alone can satisfy the heart,  
Thou art the only Friend death cannot part.

Pleasant it is to stand  
Within Thy Temples fair,  
To hear Thy Ministers proclaim  
That Thou dost meet us there,  
To kneel before Thine Altar and partake  
The Sacramental Food, for JESUS' sake.

Draw near and condescend  
To take up Thine abode  
Within this sinful heart, and dwell  
An Ever-present GOD.

Must I not be alone with Thee at last ?  
O let my life be in Thy Presence passed.

**FATHER,** my Soul would be  
Like a transparent haze,  
Through which Thy DEITY should pour  
Its sanctifying Rays.

**LORD,** fill me with Thy Fulness ; give me Grace  
To commune with JEHOVAH Face to face.

Reveal Thyself e'en now  
Within that inmost bound  
Where the Immortal Essence dwells  
In solitude profound ;

Where thought is lost, and strong emotions keep  
Their ceaseless watch above the Mystery deep.

Do with me what Thou wilt,  
Low at Thy Feet I fall ;  
Absorb me in Thyself ; be Thou,  
**FATHER,** my All in all :

Show me the glorious Beauty that is Thine,  
And the deep lowliness that should be mine.

*Pon sum ingrata, sed amo.*



T is not I am thankless, LORD,  
That still I long for more and more,  
And fateless still look high and  
higher;

But listening to Thy holy Word  
My warm affections upward soar,  
And keener grow with new desire.

Not thankless I ; 'Thy Gifts increase  
More than desert and far above ;  
But yet beneath my loving vows

Unsatisfied, I cannot cease,  
Borne not by reason on but love  
To woo for more, my Heavenly Spouse.

Still, while I linger here I mourn  
In painful absence wrapt, apart  
Far from the Fount of Life and Light,

Exiled from Thee, my homeward bourne,  
To Whom the pulses of my heart  
Beat ever with renewed delight.

Yet may I weep and beat my breast,  
That still will wandering thoughts unkin  
To Thee, my GOD, perforce intrude,

And jealous of Thy holy Rest,  
 Wake up the ready slaves of sin  
 To raise unseemly inward feud.

Yet thou art near, and still for love  
 Teach me to bear an exile's trial,  
 Submissive to Thy chastening Rod,

Meekly resisting such as prove  
 Severe the most, by self-denial,  
 Restraint and penance, gall and goad.

Till purified, the day shall come  
 When joined with Spirits of pure fire,  
 The heart shall rest in ample peace

Called upwards to its Heavenly home,  
 Where unalloyed of all desire  
 All Love henceforth shall never cease.

## Eucharistic Longing.



AST flies the panting Hart athwart the  
 glade  
 While fiercely glows the parching  
 noon-tide heat,

Nor dares to linger in the forest shade  
 While close pursue the baying stag-hounds fleet.

Like as the Hart the water-brooks desireth,  
 So longs my thirsting Soul, O God, for Thee;

Like as the Hart a refuge safe requireth,  
To Thee for shelter doth my Spirit flee.

Ruthless the Hunter is my Soul who chaseth,  
The Lion, ever ready to devour ;  
I hide me 'neath the Tree my LORD embraceth,  
And find its outspread Arms a sheltering bower.

And see, from purest Founts, five Streams are welling  
To cleanse and heal the way-worn Souls that  
come ;

Deep, widening Waters, ever onwards swelling  
To the full River of my Heavenly home ;

The solemn music of whose peaceful flowing  
Chimes to the Angel-harpings on the shore ;  
Its waves 'neath sunless skies of glory glowing  
Where no unrestful sea shall murmur more.

The Tree of Life, its twelve-fold Fruitage bearing,  
And healing Leaves, o'ershadows that fair River ;  
Beneath no hunter lurketh, prey-ensnaring,  
But Souls set free find shelter safe for ever.

O Sacred Stream, thy waves like crystal clearest  
Of living Water, gladden evermore  
The City of our GOD—that City dearest,  
Whence they who enter shall ' go out no more.'

Like as the Hart the cooling shade requireth,  
So to that Home of Peace my longings flee ;  
Like as the Hart the water-brooks desireth  
So longs my thirsting Soul, my GOD, for Thee !

## The Footsteps of Christ.



ITH Virgin Heart, undazzled Eye,  
The Virgin-born went on,  
Each snare surmounted or passed by  
Until His Task was done.

With bleeding Feet but lifted Head  
The waste of life He trod,  
Tinging each Step with holy red  
The consecrated sod.

Those Steps our earth doth yet retain ;  
And when dark vapours hide  
That Sun which lights our pilgrim-train,  
She too can be our guide.

FATHER of Him and us, Thy Grace  
On us and all bestow,  
Who seek the goal He sought, to trace  
His Footmarks here below.

O joy to follow Him in hope  
For days, for months, for years ;  
Our steps in turn o'er His to drop  
And o'er His BLOOD our tears.

**Expostulation.**

**R**T thou not coming when thy **FATHER**  
calls ?

Or wilt thou lag in fear when **JESUS**  
leads ?

Or does the dreadful shame of former falls  
Make thee forget thy Spirit's present needs ?  
O foolish Doubt ! O most unworthy Dread !  
So long to bar thee from the Living Bread.

Art thou not coming to confess thy sin,  
And rid thy Soul of that unsleeping Foe  
Who maketh false without, and foul within ?  
Or where so near the **SAVIOUR** canst thou know ?  
O cruel Doubt ! to keep thee with the dead  
When 'Come to Me' the **LORD** of Life has said.

Art thou not coming, weary Child of care,  
Who findest not on earth the Fount of Peace ?  
Did not the SON of GOD our nature share  
To bring the captive Soul a sweet release ?  
O cruel Doubt ! to keep thee so opprest,  
When **CHRIST** is calling—I will give thee Rest.

Art thou not coming, Soldier of the Cross,  
Devoted at the Font to **CHRIST** the King ?  
Say, what shall save thee from eternal loss,  
If thou no prayer, and He, no succour bring ?  
O cruel Doubt ! to let thee helpless fight  
When **CHRIST** is calling—I will be thy Might.

Art thou not coming, thou who fearest Death,  
The bondman of a shadow and a word ?  
Is there not Life beyond this passing breath,  
And canst thou find it, but in CHRIST the LORD ?  
O cruel Doubt ! to keep thy Soul in fear  
When CHRIST the Word of Life is waiting near.

**Tu es certe, Quem habeo.**



SAVIOUR, Thou Whom close I hold  
Art He for Whom I thirsted sore,  
Thee, Whom I yearning sought before  
I now in loving clasp enfold.

For all these priceless Gifts of Thine  
What payment can I make to Thee,  
Who, when I hunger, fillest me  
With Bounties precious and Divine ?

O GODHEAD evermore adored,  
In faith I call upon Thy Name,  
Behold and hearken to my claim,  
Thou Wonderful and Gentle LORD.

O let the Heaven of Thy Might  
Be opened to my eager gaze,  
And may the glory of Thy Rays  
Shine on me with resplendent light.

With Thy Salvation, I intreat,  
In mercy visit me to-day,  
And make me worthy, LORD, I pray,  
To come into Thy Presence sweet.

Make Thou my Spirit stronger grow  
With Meat of Heavenly richness fed,  
And let Thy swift Flame, hither sped,  
Kindle my heart with burning glow.

Unlock for me Thy treasured Store,  
Rain down true Manna from above,  
And unto Thine unfailing Love  
Bind my whole being evermore.

To me who, needy, press my suit,  
And on Thy Pity take my stand,  
Open, O CHRIST, Thy bounteous Hand,  
Be gracious to the destitute.

O Thou, the Loving FATHER'S SON,  
Weigh not the guilt of my vile heart,  
But Thyself show me what Thou art,  
Most merciful and sweetest One.

Vouchsafe to hearken to my prayer,  
Who now, despised and lowly, plead  
That Thou wouldest make me in Thy meed  
Of sweet Abundance ever share.

O GOD, my asking grant to-day,  
That I may be from sickness healed,  
And that Thy Countenance revealed  
May cause my love to burn for aye.

Drive far away my slothfulness  
 By Thine own Gift of present Grace,  
 And leave within my Soul no place  
 For any mark of sinfulness.

Above me in Thy Mercy bend,  
 O DEITY supreme in Power,  
 And now, in this most holy hour,  
 Unto Thy Servant condescend.

Lo ! now unto the meanest things  
 Are bound in union things Divine,  
 Then hasten to Thy lowly Shrine  
 O Beautiful, O King of kings !

Grant me by Grace to be possest  
 Of that free Bounty Thou dost give,  
 And bid me, LORD, in Glory live  
 Within the Mansions of the blest.

## Lenten Communion.



ND dost Thou fast, and may I feast,  
 O Bread of Heaven, on Thee  
 One day in seven, from grief released,  
 Set by Thy Mercy free ?

And art Thou day by day distrest  
 With cares that round Thee close,  
 While I may in Thy blessed rest  
 One day in seven repose ?

Heavy Thy self-imposèd Load,  
 Thy burden on me light ;

The lonely desert Thine abode,  
But mine Thy Garden bright

Where I beneath the Tree of Life  
May gather living Food,  
And far removed from sin and strife  
Grow to be wise and good.

Thy forty days must all be spent  
Ere thou, O LORD, canst prove  
Thy FATHER's tender Mercies, sent  
By Angel hands of Love :

But weekly in my time of need  
Thou com'st to comfort me,  
And through my fast dost let me feed,  
O Bread of Heaven, on Thee.

Thy Table in the wilderness  
For my refreshment spread,  
Thyself the Food, and Thou to bless  
And break the Heavenly Bread.

LORD, in these days of holy calm  
I'll gather strength in prayer,  
My sorrows soothe with Gilead's Balm  
And lighten Lenten care ;

In pastures green my portion cast  
Beside the waters still,  
My meat and drink, through all my fast,  
To do my FATHER's Will.

**How He was known of them in Breaking  
of Bread.**



OW shall they know Him but not now,  
Behold Him but not nigh,  
The Risen see who by the Tree  
Stood not to see Him die ?

When unredeemed Himself He seemed  
Who died the world to save—  
Three blessed years all turned to tears  
The third day in the grave.

Not though He walked and sweetly talked,  
As evening's shadows grew,  
To calm their fears Who Mary's tears  
Dried with the morning's dew ;  
Though Angels said He was not dead  
Who watched to see Him Rise,  
The shadow's gloom still sealed the Tomb,  
Still held their waking eyes.

How should those Feet the wayside beat—  
Less wondrous when they pressed  
Bethsaida's steep, then strode the deep,  
Buoyed on the billow's crest—  
By nail-prints tied, or flinging wide  
To earth death's broken chain,  
How should they trace the bounds of space  
Or tread life's paths again ?

But when they break the Bread they take,  
 The Hands which Blessed and Bled—  
 As when they bowed all Tabor's Cloud,  
 Beside the Quick and Dead—  
 The hearts that burn together turn,  
 Their eyes no longer tied  
 See Him Who lives the Life He gives,  
 And show Him as He died.

### Confido et Conquiesco.



RET not, poor Soul, while doubt and  
 fear  
 Disturb thy breast ;  
 The pitying Angels, who can see  
 How vain thy wild regret must be,  
 Say—Trust and Rest.  
  
 Plan not, nor scheme—but calmly wait ;  
 His Choice is best :  
 While blind and erring is thy sight,  
 His Wisdom sees and judges right,  
 So Trust and Rest.  
  
 Strive not, nor struggle : thy poor might  
 Can never wrest  
 The meanest thing to serve thy will ;  
 All Power is His alone : Be still,  
 And Trust and Rest.

Desire not : self-love is strong  
Within thy breast ;  
And yet He loves thee better still,  
So let Him do His loving Will,  
And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear ? His Wisdom reigns  
Supreme confessed :  
His Power is infinite ; His Love  
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above—  
So Trust and Rest.

## Last Communion.



ESU, enthroned for evermore,  
O GOD, at GOD's Right Hand on  
high,  
Yet touched with feeling as of yore,  
O MAN, of man's infirmity ;

Thou patient Bearer of our pain,  
Thou gracious Weeper of our tears,  
Truly Thou hast not borne in vain  
This weary Flesh for thirty years.

Who pitiest still as then the woes  
Of our so frail humanity,  
Who drawest near to comfort those  
That cannot rise and come to Thee.

Health of the Soul, though cheeks grow pale,  
Once more we feed on Thee by faith,

Our Strength though flesh and heart shall fail,  
Our Life although we look on death :—

Death ?—LORD, Thou knowest : none beside :  
We cannot tell if it be so :

We only know that Thou hast died  
And risen for us : we only know

All things are possible with Thee :  
But fast the outward man decays,  
So much the more then inwardly  
Strengthen us ever by Thy Grace.

LORD, not our will be done but Thine :  
Though we no more as now we do  
Drink of Thy Fruit, O Living Vine,  
Until in Heaven we drink it new.

### I am the Rose of Sharon.



HERE was a Vale where Roses bloomed,  
And all the live-long year perfumed ;  
And they were roses passing fair,  
Most meet for beauty's brow to wear ;  
So sweet, that not a nightingale  
But loved amid those flowers to wail ;  
And all confessed such Heavenly dyes  
Could only bloom in Paradise :  
Oh, canst thou tell, within that Vale  
Why Roses scent no more the gale ?  
  
For sunbeams there are still most bright,  
And softest dews of Heaven delight ;

And hoary Carmel's rugged crown  
Still rolls its genial currents down ;  
And teeming round, its fertile soil  
Implores the busy hand of Toil,  
While generous Nature yearns to bless  
Each thoughtful care with large success :  
Then, tell me, why within that Vale  
Those Roses scent no more the gale ?

O Sharon ! spot so famed of yore,  
Are all thy vaunted charms no more ?  
And must our footsteps only press  
Through a wide howling wilderness ?  
Alas ! thy very echoes lone  
Seem now to sigh in piteous tone,  
As if they grieved a stranger's eye  
Should e'er such shame and woe descry :  
Then, tell me, why within thy Vale  
Blooms there no Rose to scent the gale ?

Sharon ! shall flowers no more again  
Spring from thy ancient fruitful plain ?  
And must yon glittering sun illume  
Nought but a drear and voiceless tomb ?  
No ! brighter hours are yet in store  
When sin's dark reign of grief is o'er :  
Oh, then shall shine such glorious hues  
As ne'er was kissed by Israel's dews,  
And Roses deck thy happy Vale  
As never bowed to mortal gale.

### The Words of Consecration.



HIS is My BODY—Thou hast said,  
Thy dying showed the same,  
This is My BODY—of that Bread  
Four Preachers still proclaim ;  
And this Thy FLESH is Meat indeed,  
The Antidote of death, of endless Life the Seed.

Mysterious Words ! like Priests of old  
We eat the Sacrifice ;  
But half the meaning is not told,  
Untold the countless price ;  
We hear, and do Thy last Command,  
Our hearts adore Thy Words, but cannot understand.

I eat Thy FLESH, I drink Thy BLOOD,  
I cannot tell the rest,  
But this I know, 'tis very good,  
And I therein am blest.  
Thy Priests, Thy Word bring down the Same ;  
I from their hands receive, and take It to 'Thy  
Name.

### Sunday in Paradise.



S there a day  
In all the ever-brightening chain  
Of blessed Paradisal gain  
Most blest alway ?  
Does Sunday fall there with its thrill  
Of joy increasing still ?

When the blue sky  
Seems but the intervening screen  
Earth's nave and Heaven's choir between ;  
Do those on high  
Unite with our less worthy throng  
In one Cathedral song ?

Is the veil stirred  
By waftings craving entrance there,  
Of highest praise and deepest prayer  
Only Heaven-heard ;  
Revealing to each sainted Priest  
His people's Altar-feast.

Do Angels teach  
Some holy Sacramental lay  
That all their scholar-flock may say  
In lisped speech ?  
That tender speech for earth too sweet  
Only for Eden meet.

Ah ! who can tell ?  
Some memory that earthward clings,  
Some sympathy with former things,  
Some soft pure spell,  
May make the first day of earth's seven  
The best, ev'n in Heaven.

Our Sundays seem  
To meet those endless Sabbaths spent

In holy joy and sweet content  
 Beside Love's stream,  
 That bears all Souls yet on its breast  
 Unto eternal Rest.

**T**oo late : all Hope is past.



OO late ! all hope is past !  
 Not so, while life doth last.  
 Go ! wash away thy fears  
 With Sacramental tears  
 Of prayer-wrought penitence,  
 Sin's only recompense.  
 And having made thy shrift,  
 Go ! offer then the Gift  
 Which CHRIST commanded thee,  
 First-fruits of Charity.  
 Take, eat the Mystic Bread  
 Which raises from the dead ;  
 Will staunch the running sore,  
 The Oil of Gladness pour,  
 And pay the debtor's score :  
 Nor shrink, with trembling lip,  
 The Cup of Bliss to sip,  
 True Wine that cheers man's heart,  
 And soothes the rankling smart !  
 For JESUS, GOD and MAN,  
 The Good Samaritan,  
 To such as thee hath said—  
 'Tis I ; be not afraid :

And He, the Lamb and Priest,  
Himself will be thy Feast ;  
Fill thee with Heavenly Food,  
His Living FLESH and BLOOD ;  
Thy Wedding-robe put on,  
And own thee for a Son.

**WATER HOCH IN HIMMELSTHRON.**



FATHER, on Thy Heavenly Throne,  
O JESUS CHRIST, GOD'S ONLY SON,  
O HOLY SPIRIT, ONE IN THREE,  
The Ever-blessed TRINITY :

Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy God most High,  
So great in Sacramental Mystery,  
To us Thy Mercy and Thy Grace extend,  
Both now in life, and when our days we end.

O JESU, GOD and chiefest Good,  
Thou Very MAN of Flesh and Blood,  
Who in Thy Gifts most wondrous art,  
Who dost Thyself indeed impart :  
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, Thou Lamb of offering led,  
Who on the Cross Thy BLOOD didst shed,  
Unbloody for us sinners now  
A Consecrated GOD art Thou :  
Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, the pilgrim's Sunshine bright,  
The Way, the Truth, the Life, the Light,

Unseen—beyond all human ken,  
Yet here discerned by faithful men :  
    Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, of Souls the Shepherd good,  
Who feedest us with Heavenly Food,  
Who giv'st true Mercy from above,  
And unto death Thine Own dost love :  
    Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, of Life the very Bread,  
In Whom the faithful live, though dead,  
Through Thy most Holy FLESH and BLOOD,  
Of Souls the everlasting Good :  
    Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

JESU, Thou Prize of Christendom,  
Thou Pledge of Glory yet to come,  
Let us hereafter blessed rise,  
Thy Glory share beyond the skies :  
    Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

O Lamb of GOD, our Hope and Stay,  
In Mercy hear us when we pray ;  
Thyself, the Bread of Heaven, supply  
Both now in life and when we die :  
    Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, &c.

O JESU, Lamb of GOD, That here  
Dost ever unto us appear ;  
Let laud to Thee be always given  
In this blest Sacrament of Heaven :

Thrice Holy, Holy, Holy, God most High,  
So great in Sacramental Mystery,  
To us Thy Mercy and Thy Grace extend,  
Both now in life, and when our days we end.

The Soul-Dirge.



HE Organ played sweet music  
Whileas on Easter day,  
All heartless from the Altar  
The heedless went away ;  
And down the broad aisle crowding,  
They seemed a funeral train  
That were burying their spirits  
To the music of that strain.

As I listened to the Organ,  
And saw them crowd along,  
I thought I heard two Voices  
Speaking strangely, but not strong ;  
And One, it whispered sadly—  
Will ye also go away ?  
But the Other spoke exulting—  
Ha ! the Soul-dirge, hear it play !

Hear the Soul-dirge ! hear the Soul-dirge !  
And see the Feast Divine.  
Ha ! the Jewels of Salvation,  
And the trampling feet of swine.  
Hear the Soul-dirge ! hear the Soul-dirge !  
Little think they as they go,

What priceless Pearls they tread on  
Who spurn their SAVIOUR so !

Hear the Soul-dirge ! hear the Soul-dirge !  
It was dread to hear it play,  
While the famishing went crowding  
From the Bread of Life away :  
They were bidden, they were bidden  
To their FATHER's festal Board ;  
But they all, with gleeful faces,  
Turned their back upon the LORD.

You had thought the Church a prison  
Had you seen how they did pour,  
With giddy, giddy faces,  
From the consecrated door ;  
There was angels' Food all ready,  
But the bidden—where were they ?  
O'er the highways and the hedges,  
Ere the Soul-dirge ceased to play.

Oh, the Soul-dirge, how it echoed  
The emptied aisles along,  
As the open streets grew crowded  
With the full outpouring throng.  
And then again the Voices—  
Ha ! the Soul-dirge, hear it play !  
And the pensive, pensive Whisper—  
Will ye also go away ?  
Few, few, were they that lingered,  
To sup with JESUS there ;

And yet, for all that spurned Him  
There was plenty, and to spare ;  
And now the Food of Angels  
Uncovered to my sight,  
All-glorious was the Altar,  
And the Chalice glittered bright.

Then came the Hymn Trisagion,  
And rapt me up on high,  
With Angels and Archangels  
To laud and magnify ;  
I seemed to feast in Heaven ;  
And downward wafted then,  
With Angels chanting round me,  
Good Will and Peace to men.

I may not tell the rapture  
Of a Banquet so Divine ;  
Ho ! every one that thirsteth,  
Let him taste the Bread and Wine.  
Hear the Bride and SPIRIT saying—  
Will ye also go away ?  
Or—Go, poor Soul, for ever !  
Oh ! the Soul-dirge, hear it play !

### The Revelation of the Christ.

#### Wayfarer.



EHOLD ! I stand at the door and knock :  
Hear My Voice ; thy heart unlock ;  
It is I Who speak to thee,  
I will come in and sup with thee, and  
thou with Me.

*Soul.*

Who is this Who stands alone  
 In the shadow of the night ?  
 The rain falls fast, the night winds moan,  
 My joy has fled with evening light ;  
 The world's day waxes old, the stars are dim ;  
 Who says He comes to sup with me, and I with  
 Him ?

*Wayfarer.*

Sorrow-burdened Child of sin,  
 Open quickly : it is I :  
 See My Feet and take Me in,  
 They are bleeding wearily ;  
 Pierced through and bleeding are they : haste  
 and see :  
 I would come in and sup with with thee, and thou  
 with Me.

*Soul.*

Yes : the road is old and rough,  
 Narrow, strewn with many a thorn ;  
 I have tried it oft enough,  
 My feet too are pierced and torn ;  
 I am as Thou art. How sayst Thou to me  
 That Thou wilt come and sup with me, and I  
 with Thee ?

*Wayfarer.*

Heavy-laden, dim of sight,  
 Child of Adam, loose the door,

Even through the shades of night  
See My Hands how they implore ;  
For they are pierced and bleeding, all for thee ;  
Thus would I come and sup with thee, and thou  
with Me.

*Soul.*

Wounded Hands and aching Brow,  
Since the hour when Adam fell,  
Are the lot of man below ;  
Each man feels it—oh, how well !  
Thou art but one of us, Who claimst to be  
Both Guest and Giver, and to come and sup with  
me !

*Wayfarer.*

Yes : as thou art, so am I.  
Son of man, dost thou repine ?  
Doth thy brow ache ? Come, draw nigh,  
Raise thy eyes and look at Mine.  
Was ever sorrow like My Sorrow ? See  
With what a festal wreath I come to sup with thee.

*Soul.*

Fathomless Eyes of aweful Love  
Beaming from the thorn-crowned brow,  
Tell me who that garland wove—  
Strange Wayfarer, Who art Thou ?  
I dread, yet know Thee not. Oh, show to me  
Whence comes the Banquet which my lips shall  
share with Thee.

*Wayfarer.*

The shadows break, and morning-tide  
 Reddens the east with dawn at hand,  
 I lift the veil—Behold My Side !  
 Yet do I unadmitted stand ?  
 Be not afraid. 'Tis I Who speak to thee,  
 I will come in and sup with thee, and thou with Me.

Behold ! I stand at the door and knock :  
 Hear My Voice ; thy heart unlock ;  
 It is I Who speak to thee,  
 I will come in and sup with thee, and thou with Me.

**The Return to God.***The Voice of the Penitent.*

LORD of Mercy, King of Might,  
 In suffering Flesh for sinners given,  
 A stranger seeks Thy Altar's Light,  
 O high and holy Bread of Heaven ;  
 For here Thy SPIRIT long hath striven,  
 And here Thy fell foes still would stay ;  
 O royal Victim, Mystic CHRIST,  
 Come down in Thy high Eucharist  
 And take my sin away.

Thou hast another Cross in me,  
 A new rebuke Thy heart hath broke,

The pride that would not learn of Thee  
And chafed beneath Thy easy Yoke.  
O dumb cold heart to Lips that spoke  
In Love, O sloth that deadens sorrows !  
How long shall lips that nightly pray  
Confess the falls of yesterday  
Then make their guilt the morrow's ?

O Strength and Mercy ! grant once more  
Thy Strength in weakness mirrored be ;  
O Sacrifice of Love ! restore  
The cleansing Grace of tears in me,  
Of tears that should fall bitterly  
O'er contrite works till life is flown ;  
For oh ! such pain is Satan's loss,  
And whoso'er would find Thy Cross  
Must seek it with his own.

It is not with a passing pain  
Thy Children walk the narrow way  
When they have burst th' Accuser's chain  
And cast his cords of guilt away ;  
And none may tell but Thou and they  
What bright hopes have what strange alloy ;  
Unstoried conquests who may guess ?  
Each high heart veils its bitterness,  
And none may mete its joy.

Though in Thy Balance of their ways  
Their mansion in Thy House be won,

And only life the clog that stays  
 Their eagle-spirits from the sun,  
 They may not rest till toil is done,  
 They may not, dare not slumber now,  
 For where they linger sin is breath ;  
 They live—their life is daily death ;  
 They die—their death is Thou.

If Saints beneath the Altar cry,  
 If flesh-thorns buffet even these,  
 If Thou wert homeless, how may I  
 The chief of sinners hope for ease ?  
 Though what may come hath ecstacies  
 Repentance weeps o'er what is past ;  
 What though the first less dimly shine  
 Not grief alone but fear were mine  
 If mine were not the last.

The Mystic Bride is bridal-dight,  
 The eager Faithful ask their Food,  
 O Love of Love, and Light of Light,  
 This is Thy BODY, This Thy BLOOD.

*The Voice of the Beloved.*

Draw near Me, ransomed multitude ;  
 Do thou My bidding, faithful Priest ;  
 Be ye not fearful, I am He  
 Who said—Ye weary, come to Me  
 And I will give you rest.



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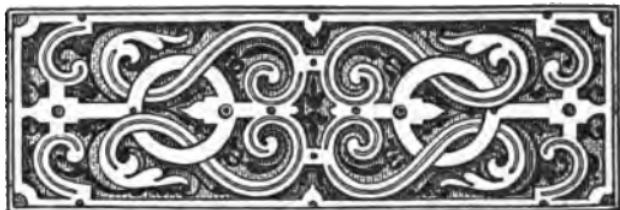
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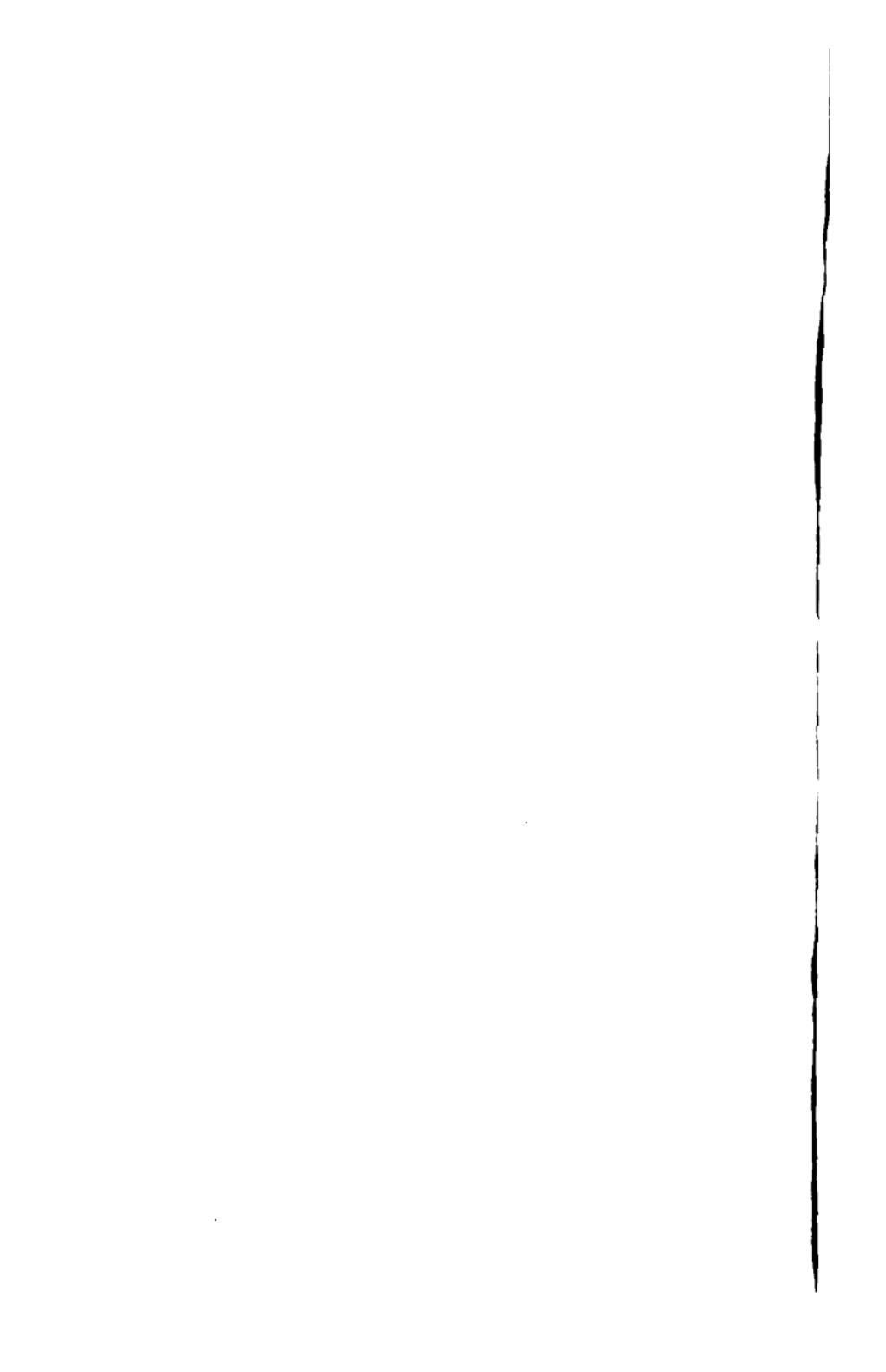
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### *Extracts from Reviews.*

thoroughly devotional mind to bear upon a choice which ranges from very early times up to the present, and the result is certainly an entire success."—*The Churchman's Companion*.

"The success which attended the publication of Mr. Shipley's *Lyra Eucharistica* has encouraged him to make the further experiment of a collection of Hymns on the leading events connected with our Saviour's Life on earth. We open this book with a feeling of confidence, arising from our experience of the compiler's ability, sound judgment, and devotional spirit, that neither in point of doctrine or poetic worth, shall we be disappointed with it. Those who know Mr. Shipley's former work, will only need to be told that in style of binding, paper, print, &c., it is uniform with it. It has therefore a captivating appearance, and it is as good as it looks. We might, had we space, select for quotation many favourable specimens as well of translations as of modern original Hymns."—*The Literary Churchman*.

"We have here another beautiful Volume of sacred Poetry, put forth, under the same able editorship, with the same tasteful and attractive embellishments of type and binding, by the same eminent publishers, as the *Lyra Eucharistica*, which we commended to our readers' favourable notice a year ago. The plan of the present compilation, if less unique and specific in its character, admits of a less limited range of choice and a more diversified interest in the variety of its subjects. The Volume is divided into sections, corresponding with the successive seasons of the ecclesiastical year; and Hymns relating to the several events in our blessed Lord's Life commemorated at the different seasons are grouped together under the appropriate heads according to their subjects. . . . We commend the whole Volume as extremely beautiful and religious to all lovers of the sacred muse."—*John Bull*.

"We cannot say that, upon the whole, we like *Lyra Messianica* so well as we did *Lyra Eucharistica*; and yet we are at a loss for a justification of this opinion, for here are, as in the former volume,

'The intelligible forms of ancient poets,  
The fair humanities of old religion,'

—to quote Coleridge. It is just as Catholic as *Lyra Eucharistica*, which won praise from the *Christian Remembrancer* and the *Spectator*, the *Wesleyan Times*, and the *Union Review*! It may be because the subjects are more varied and the attention of the critic consequently less concentrated. However, we can easily understand that there are many for whom *Lyra Messianica* will have greater charms than its elder sister. *De Gustibus*—and it is a small difference after all. The

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same principle, as Mr. Shipley tells us, underlies both collections. . . . If the criticism which we ought to have put into words has not been insinuated by these specimens we are at fault. Our chief difficulty in quoting these samples has been not the finding them, but the rejecting others almost, if not quite, as good in every respect." —*The Church Times.*

"This handsomely got-up Volume consists of English and foreign Hymns. The latter are from Greek, Latin, and mediæval sources. Swedish, Spanish, Italian, and German authors have also been translated; and, of the purely English Hymns, ninety are original. The Collection is a very complete one, and will make an admirable companion to a similar compilation by the same industrious Editor, which he calls *Lyra Eucharistica*." —*The Reader.*

"We are glad to observe that the present work, from the care displayed in its compilation, will be likely to secure a large share of public attention. . . . We have looked carefully through the book, and find in it much to admire. There is a relief in turning from secular poetry to really good poetry setting forth the goodness and majesty of the Creator. Mr. Shipley has exhibited much taste in his editorial duties, and has presented us with a Volume full of beautiful and sublime lays, that will be read with pleasure and profit. . . . The work is one that may be taken up and read with advantage by the real lover of poetry, for we do not see why the outpourings of a religious muse should not find as much favour with the public as the lyrical strains that convey ideas of human passions and aspirations. The sublimest as well as the most beautiful thoughts may be found enshrined in sacred poetry; and we hope the labours of Mr. Shipley will be appreciated as they deserve, for he has certainly succeeded in producing a Volume that cannot fail to please by its freshness and beauty." —*Public Opinion.*

"That the Volume before us will be appreciated by the more educated classes in the Established Church does not admit of doubt. The fact that the Editor's companion Volume, *Lyra Eucharistica*, has proved so successful is evidence of a manifest want; and its satisfaction will be all but complete by the publication of this work. Of its high literary merit, and the painstaking editorial care and patient labour of which it gives abundant evidence, we may speak in terms of high commendation. Considering the varied and difficult sources whence so much of the contents have been derived, the Editor has shown an amount of energy and resolution only equalled by the importance of the task he had undertaken." —*The Wesleyan Times.*

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“This is the companion Volume to the *Lyra Eucaristica*, noticed by us some time since,—its companion not merely in outward appearance, but in that reverence of tone and beauty of expression which we then earnestly commended. If we knew of terms that would more adequately convey our sense of the value of the work before us, we would employ them. Like its precursor, it is intended for devotional reading at home, and not for public use in the Church. . . . Speaking generally, the writers are the same as those who contributed to *Lyra Eucaristica*, but we note also some additional authors, who amply justify their selection to bear company with the elder masters of religious song.”—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

“This Volume looks at once elegant and ecclesiastical. It is a sort of sequel to the *Lyra Eucaristica*, and is collected by the same Editor. The Hymns in the present collection chiefly concern the Life of CHRIST, and are ancient and modern, English and translated. Very few Hymns belong to a high class of poetry; in these, as in other religious matters, it is thought wrong to apply the severe rules of criticism which are enforced in ordinary mundane literature and art. Mr. Shipley has inserted some fine compositions, real sacred songs, in this Volume.”—*The Globe*.

“We are indebted for this admirable collection of Hymns and Verses on the Life of our Blessed Lord to the success which has been so well achieved for a kindred collection, entitled *Lyra Eucharistica*. That, we are told, was a first experiment; ‘and the results which have attended the publication of that Volume,’ the Editor remarks, ‘seemed to warrant the issue of the present book.’ The former Volume, in fact, has not only led to this, but it must have prepared for an appreciation of it. There is here a good development of much which was there suggested. Not only is the range of sentiment vastly extended, but its sublimity is highly increased. . . . Altogether, it is at once a most interesting and valuable collection of sacred verse—and not only of ordinary sacred verse, but of that which is the highest, the sublimest of all verse, since its theme is the grandest, as it is the divinest, which can engage the poet's thoughts, or give rapture to his strains. The Volume is got up with the same exquisite elegance, and has the same characteristic features, as gave such outward attraction to the *Lyra Eucharistica*, to which it is, in all respects, a most fitting companion. Its warm acceptance among English Churchmen cannot for a moment be doubted. They owe, indeed, no slight debt of gratitude to Mr. Shipley for furnishing them with such a Volume.”—*The Church Review*.

“Next to Theologians, the greatest literary benefactors to the Church have been her Hymnographers. We happen to be writing

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on a day well fitted to remind us of this fact,—the feast of the great S. Thomas Aquinas, who shone like a burning light in both departments of religious lore. The sacred truths which the Theologian elucidates in his study, the Hymnist invests with those attributes of popular interest and poetic beauty which enable the faithful at large to appropriate and apply them as a portion of their own inheritance. . . . Meanwhile Catholics may well be grateful to Mr. Shipley, not only for presenting to them some of their old favourites in the form of a spirited and elegant translation, but for introducing to them many choice specimens in the same department with which they are less familiar.”—*The Dublin Review*.

“A new volume of sacred verse, by the Author of *Lyra Eucaristica*, contains a large and choice selection of devotional poetry from various sources and of every age of the Christian Church. Ancient Breviaries and mediæval Missals furnish some of the Hymns, and in their quaint symbolism betray their origin through their English dress. The translations are well done, and many of the Latin and Greek Hymns are now first published in verse.”—*The Westminster Review*.

“This is the ninth instalment of Mr. Shipley’s researches in devotional literature, in prose and verse, and we think it is likely to be as acceptable as any one of its predecessors. Mr. Shipley prefaces the Poems with an interesting historical account of them, and of the objects kept in view in the present selection. . . . Some most pertinent observations are made on the value of the ancient Hymns, and on our duty to use them. . . . The selection is an admirable one; and complete Indexes furnish full information respecting the sources of the Hymns, the first lines of the Latin ones being given. There are in all 343 pieces.”—*The Clerical Journal*.

“Mr. Shipley’s two handsome volumes [*Lyra Messianica* and *Lyra Eucaristica*] are most valuable contributions to the everyday literature of the Church. Neither trouble nor expense appear to have been spared in their compilation, and the result is well worthy of the pains bestowed.”—*The Church and State Review*.

“Amongst other Hymns the Editor has, with a few exceptions, avoided inserting Hymns already well known and printed in various collections. Besides translations, selections have been made from the published works of many of the first writers of sacred verse in the present age. The same rule is applied to these as to the other selections, and scarcely any are admitted the popularity of which has obtained for them a considerable notoriety. Some of the pieces are of considerable merit and beauty, but as a rule they rarely rise above mediocrity, while the sentiments expressed are sometimes questionable. . . . We do not know when the present passion

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for selections of poetry of every kind will cease. A love of poetry, especially devotional poetry, is a highly commendable taste, but we think that it is far better to be contented with a moderate amount of good poetry than a large amount of indifferent specimens of verification."—*The English Churchman*.

"The reverend Author of the *Lyra Messianica* is already favourably known as a hymn collector by his previously-published volume, *Lyra Eucaristica*. He has gone to the source of the fountain for his inspiration, and dug into the mine whence the true metal is to be extracted. He has searched the ancient Service-books of the Anglican Church prior to the Reformation, the Missals according to the Use of Sarum and York, as well as the Breviaries of the Italian and Gallician Churches. He has collected also from the more famous Latin hymn-writers, S. Damiani, Innocent III., S. Bonaventura, and others. Nor has he neglected to avail himself of the treasures of the Eastern Church as made known to the English reader by the translations of Drs. Neale and Littledale. The various collections of mediæval Hymns published during the last thirty years have all been made, with the sanction of their respective Editors, to contribute to the perfection and fulness of this present volume. The Hymns are mostly of an objective character, and group themselves around the various events in the life and history of our Blessed Lord, accompanying Him through the successive stages of His humiliation to the record of His glory as an Ascended Man, 'exalted with great triumph into His kingdom in Heaven.' The Author has furnished a rich source of enjoyment to that now happily numerous class of readers who find pleasure in these elevating and cheering poetical illustrations."—*The Pres.*

"This volume, like its predecessor, *Lyra Eucaristica*, published under the same editorship, consists for the most part of a translation of ancient and mediæval Hymns of the Church, of which about ninety pieces are from Latin originals, sixteen or seventeen from the Greek Office Books, two from the Swedish tongue, three from the Italian, five from the Spanish, and twenty-one from the German. Some hundred and seventy are of purely English origin; and of these about ninety may, 'in their present form,' says Mr. Shipley, 'be termed original.' . . . It cannot be questioned that Mr. Shipley's volume contains much of antiquarian interest, poetic beauty, and religious expression."—*The London Review*.

"It is instructive to note how eager just now is every section of Christians, from the distinctly dogmatic even to the most latitudinarian, to gain for their different forms of faith the effective help of genuine poetry. Even those who are least inclined to pay much deference to the intellectual gift of modern thought, avail them-

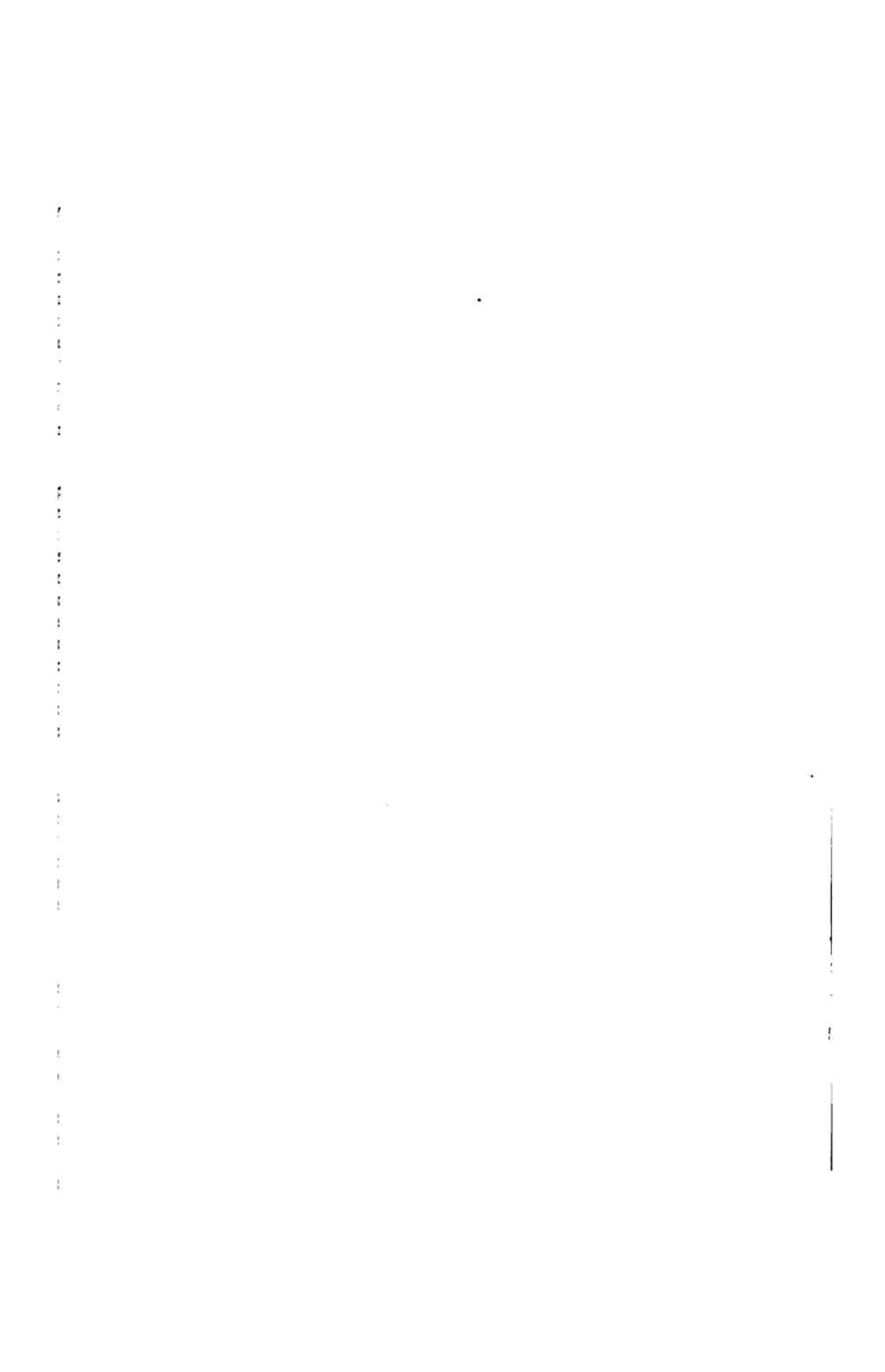
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selves of every current by which they can help themselves forward in modern taste and feeling, and from every quarter—rigidly spiritual no less than luxuriantly ritual, scrupulously rational no less than traditionally imaginative—we have selections of religious poetry to aid the inadequate efforts of spiritual terror, authority, and argument. . . . Mr. Shipley's Collection is full of fine pieces, but its very principle is to give us poetry that does not express our mode of faith now, so much as the 'definite and dogmatic truth,' and the mode of translation is often needlessly stiff. It is a fine collection of old Hymns, which, by their rendering into English, generally increase, instead of diminishing the distance between ourselves and them."—*The Spectator*.

"It is a wisdom as old as the Church of CHRIST to propagate theological ideas by means of Hymns. Songs are more powerful teachers than sermons. They are things of beauty as well as of truth, and linger in the memory through their artistic forms; they appeal to sentiment as the handmaid of conviction; they both gratify and nurture religious feeling. A Hymn may catch him who a sermon flies. It is not that it teaches us any new truth; it is not merely that it reminds us of any old truth. This might be done by the most homely prose. It is that it puts familiar truth before us in a form that both the heart and the imagination delight in. And the heart always retains the most tenaciously that which the imagination shapes for it. . . . Making full allowance both for the spirit of exclusion and the spirit of inclusion, the collection is a valuable one. It can hardly be regarded as the worship-book of any congregation; but it supplies a number of valuable Hymns and translations for the compilers of the worship-book that is to be; and, unlike Mr. Shipley and his school, Nonconformists will do well to use it and to make their worship as catholic as the Church of Christ. The Hymns of the ancient Church are the possession of no sect, the badge of no creed, but the glorious inheritance of the whole Church of God."—*The Patriot*.

"In a Book which contains most of what has been written of reverent and devotional Hymns in ancient and mediæval times on the Life of CHRIST it is not necessary to do more than indicate our favourites. Lovers of Hymns will have observed for themselves that, of all the phases of our Blessed LORD's Life, the Passion is that which has called out the most telling Hymns for devotional use. The more Hymnology becomes a science, the more this rule holds good, and the beautiful and touching exceptions which *Lyra Messianica* here and there supplies in its Ascension and Easter-tide selections do but prove what is continually observed. Rightly to appreciate the Book, readers must study it and use it as it is intended to be used—as a Book of devotion."—*Events of the Month*.

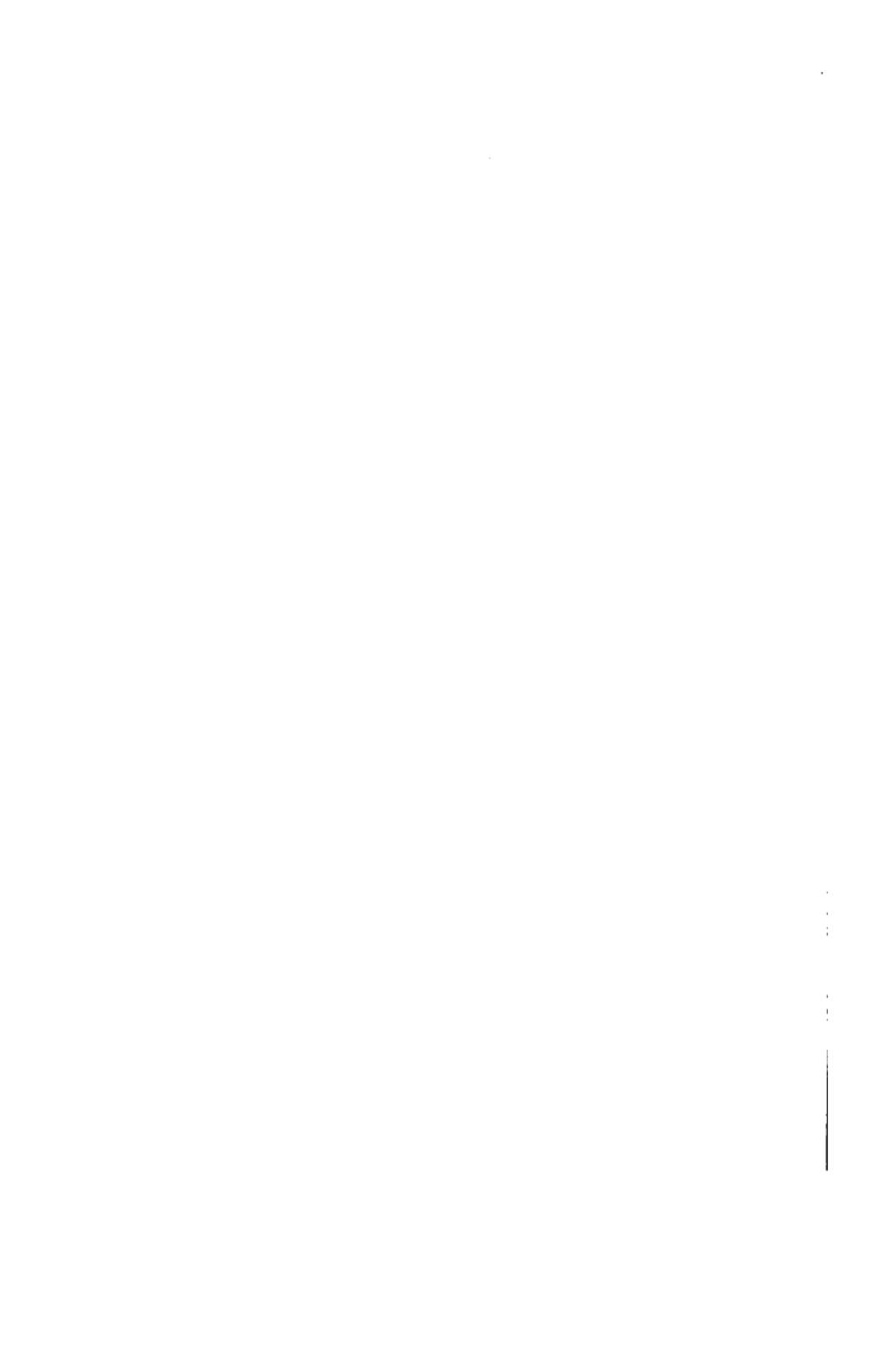
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